

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

OCTOBER, 1910.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XI.

Published Monthly

No. 10.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

Despite the worries or harvest time and its usual plethora of hard work day and night, many of our readers found time to send us a few lines appreciating efforts which we are making on behalf of our readers. One lady writes as follows:—

Home Publishing Co.,
Winnipeg.

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly. Kindly begin with the September number, as I have the August one already, and I do not wish to miss one copy. You seem to have taken "Excelsior" for your motto, as every copy is an improvement on the last. I have some copies of the magazine as it

as true as gospel. The All-in-One Pattern Chart is the invention of a designer of repute, who for the past 35 years has fashioned ladies' and children's waists, cloaks, and dresses for leading pattern houses. The Pattern Charts are the outcome of years of study. They are made with mathematical precision, and are so perfect that a child could not even go wrong if directions were followed.

There are five sets of charts, viz., ladies' dress and cloak, ladies' shirtwaist, girls' dresses, and boys' suits. The great feature of the charts is that on each chart you find a pattern for any possible size in any possible style. To be more explicit, we will take the shirt waist chart as an example. Let us sup-

AS an index to the popularity of The Western Home Monthly, the following declaration from our Circulation Department is interesting.

I, Walter S. Hamilton, Circulation Manager of The Western Home Monthly, of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, do solemnly declare that on August 15th we received a list from one of our travelling canvassing agents containing the names of One Thousand, Three Hundred and Sixty subscribers, each of whom had paid in advance the full yearly subscription price of The Western Home Monthly. On these names being placed on our mailing list, we found that ninety-two per cent were new subscribers, of whom ninety-five per cent lived in Western Canada.

I further state that these names had not been accumulating for a long period, as lists had been received a short time before August 15th, while another large one has come to hand since that time.

And I, make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true and knowing it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act."

WALTER S. HAMILTON.

Declared before me at the City of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, this 29th day of August, A.D. 1910.
JAMES D. CONKLIN, a Comr., etc., in B.R.

was eleven years ago, and would not lose them for anything, but when asking my friends to subscribe to the Western Home Monthly I always show them the very latest copy. This reminds me that two friends to whom I showed copies of your magazine are sending in their subscriptions at once.—Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) W. O. Anstey.

Do you feel the same way about the Western Home Monthly as Mrs. Anstey does? Is the magazine just as indispensable to you as it is to her? If you are satisfied, we want to know it; and if you are not, we want to know just the same, so that we can try and merit your approval next time. Write to us anyway.

The premiums which we are offering our subscribers for the coming season are of even greater interest and more intrinsic value than those of former years. We particularly desire to call the attention of our lady readers to the Home Pattern Cutting Outfit, which is the most useful and remarkable premium we have at any time offered. To secure the exclusive rights meant a large expenditure, but we believe that the cost will be fully warranted by the service we render our readers. The All-in-One Pattern Chart is the greatest invention of its kind for women who do their own sewing. It is really so wonderful that you will scarcely believe all our claims, but the moment you get one of these charts and read the simple directions you'll find every one of our claims

pose that you have three daughters, five nieces, a mother and a grandmother, each of whom wants a shirt waist. No two of them can wear the same sized waist; no two of them want to wear the same style of waist. Under ordinary circumstances, you would have to buy a different pattern for each one of them. With the One-in-All Chart, however, you can make a perfect waist for yourself, your mother, grandmother and nieces. Wonderful! Isn't it? Now, then, how much more wonderful is it when we tell you that this same chart will furnish you with patterns for every lady from 17 to 70 in any conceivable style? It is hard to believe, but that is just what the All-in-One Chart will do, and the same idea applies to the cloak, girl's dress and boy's suit charts. With these All-in-One Charts you can cut clothes all your life for your whole family and all your neighbors' families in any number of styles. The Charts are so constructed that changes in styles do not affect them in the least. The directions furnished are so plainly printed on each Chart that it is impossible for you to make a wrong pattern. Think of it! If you are a dressmaker these patterns will save you hundreds of dollars. If you are a housewife and sew only for your family, the saving is proportionally great. The woman who desires to economize in money and labor cannot possibly allow this opportunity to pass by.

A glance through our premium list cannot fail to be of interest to every reader of the Western Home Monthly.

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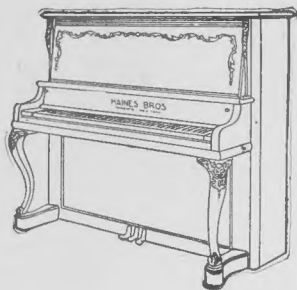
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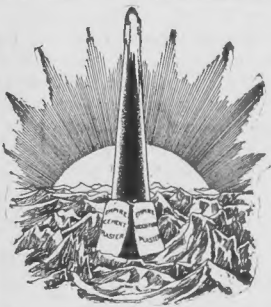
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The Voice of The West.

THE PEOPLE HAVE A RIGHT TO SPEAK.

In the last issue of the Western Home Monthly reference was made to the western visit of the Premier of the Dominion and some of his colleagues. During the course of that visit the people of Western Canada lived up to their reputation for hospitality. It is easy to be hospitable to those who possess charm of manner and winning personality. Yet that did not stand in the way of plain speech, and the direct representations of the working classes and more particularly the farmers on matters touching their welfare and the welfare of the Dominion was truly refreshing. And why should not the people speak plainly to the members of the Dominion Government? They are no gods—these men—but rather servants, whose first duty is to carry into effect the wishes of their masters—the people. We say this just now because of the remark of a somewhat prominent speaker to the effect that a certain course, highly advantageous to the west, was impossible, as the minister in charge of the Department viewed the matter in a different light. The theory that national policies are to be determined by the personal feelings of those who chance to occupy office is altogether wrong. Personal opinion is no account at all unless it reflects the opinion of the people. It is the duty of ministers to go among the people, to study their needs and their interests and then to legislate accordingly. The Premier and his party have done well to come amongst us. They should by this time be fully alive to our needs and our desires. It is for them, when they return to the Capital, to press for the legislation we require, and to protect us from the legislation we have reason to fear.

THEIR VOICE ON THE HUDSON'S BAY ROUTE.

The most important question on which there was full expression of opinion had to do with the completion, the ownership and control, and the operation of the Hudson's Bay Railway. There is no possibility of mistaking the views of the West on this point. The road must be completed as soon as possible. It must be owned by the people and operated in their interest. It must not be handed over to the Canadian Northern or any other of the great companies nor to any private corporation, either completely or in part.

IMMEDIATE ACTION NECESSARY.

The road is a short one and not too difficult to build. There is no good reason why it should not be rushed to early completion. Laborers can be had; material is available, and the country is ready and anxious for immediate construction. There is no reason for delay. The Premier and the Minister of Railways seemed to recognize this fact but there was lacking an emphatic declaration as to the intention of the government. A plain unequivocal "yes" is more to the western people than columns of well-turned phrases that may mean one thing to the west, another to the east, and still another to the companies who are expecting a plum. It is not enough to say that the government will proceed without delay. We have had examples of "proceeding without delay" in the past and it is not much wonder we have grown skeptical. How long did it take to complete St. Andrew's Locks after the promise was made that the work should be undertaken "without delay"? Must we be equally patient in the case of the H. B. Railway? It would have been sweet music to western ears to have more emphatic assurance on this point. The government may as well understand that the condition of the support of the west is immediate attention to this matter.

THE ROAD TO BE OWNED BY THE PEOPLE.

But, not only must the road be completed at once, it must be owned by the people. This means that it should be built by the government. In any case the people will pay for it. They have already paid for three transcontinental roads, although they do not own them, and all they ask now is a fighting chance. They want one loophole of escape from their self-imposed servitude. If bonds were guaranteed for the building of this road (and it has been rumored that they will be guaranteed for twice what it will cost to build the road, in fact that very proposition is said to have been made in government circles) the people would pay the piper in the long run. Then why should they not own what they pay for? It is said that the Minister of Finance objects to government ownership. What has that to do with the question? There are other Ministers of Finance to be had. It is said that the Minister of the Interior looks kindly towards Mackenzie & Mann. The Minister of the Interior is a very estimable man, but he may as well understand that there are others capable of taking his position who will look kindly on the people rather

than on these magnates. The West stands for it most emphatically—that the country must own the road when it is completed. It is ready to pay the money; it is ready to pay it at once, but the road must under no circumstances be handed over to any of the three great companies now in existence or to any other private company. It is idle to say that the Railway Commission will control the rates. It has never done so in an adequate fashion and it will never do so in the future. Nobody can control such organizations as the great railway companies of Canada. On the other hand they control not only legislatures, but so many members on both sides of politics in the Dominion Parliament that they can do as they like. But a halt must be called right here and now. This new road must not be handed over to any one company as a monopoly, but running rights must be guaranteed to all on fair terms. In any case such arrangement must be made that the farmers will find in the road to Hudson's Bay a competitor to our present lines. This is the one essential feature of the whole scheme. Unless the government will concede this it had better not go on with the prosecution of the scheme at all. The people of the West can wait until they have a government that will carry out their wishes in the matter.

WHY THE PEOPLE WISH TO OWN THE ROAD.

If anyone should ask why the western people should be so anxious to have this road controlled and operated by the government this one answer is sufficient—that it would mean immediately a saving of ten million dollars a year to the West, and ultimately a much greater sum. A correspondent in the Toronto Globe has clearly demonstrated that there could be saved 5½¢ per bushel which is the price from Fort William to the sea by way of Welland Canal and 4½¢ per bushel because of the short haul to the Bay instead of the long haul to Fort William—a total of 10¢ a bushel. On one hundred million bushels this would mean ten million dollars more per annum for the farmers than they now receive.

WHY THE COMPANIES WISH TO OWN IT.

It is no wonder that Mackenzie & Mann or the directors of other of the great roads should sit up at nights wondering how they might secure control of this new road. It would pay them very well indeed to spend a few millions to bring about this result. As a matter of fact a few million dollars is a bagatelle, all things being considered. If any one of the three existing corporations owns the road to the Hudson's Bay it will never become a competing line. The cost of transportation will remain just what it is. If it does become a competing line there is bound to be a reduction in rates from the moment the road is in operation. It is no wonder if during the next few months these companies do no move heaven and earth to prevent such a thing as control of the new route by the people.

HOW THE PEOPLE'S WILL MAY BE THWARTED

Should any of our readers be so simple-minded that they cannot understand how the peoples' will might be thwarted in matters of this kind it is only fair to say that when a great company gives \$1000 towards the election expenses of obscure members of Parliament on both sides of the House such members are inclined to look kindly upon any demand of that company for favorable legislation. When one of these companies gives one-half a million, more or less, to the general campaign fund the votes of a whole party may be relied upon, and, perhaps, when permanent positions of affluence are thrown in the way of ministers themselves they may find arguments for private ownership that are unanswerable. And it is not altogether impossible to get some newspapers into line. Yes, a few million dollars properly spent at the psychological moment may work wonders. The psychological moment is just now. Parliament meets in November and no doubt legislation will be brought down touching this matter. Again we say that the West will stand for nothing but national ownership and control. It wants no partnership; it wants a reduction in rates; it wants competition; it wants the toiler on the farm to receive the benefit of his toil; in other words it wants a square deal, and it will have it eventually.

EASTERN INFLUENCE.

It has been going the rounds that eastern influence is going to force through Parliament a measure whereby the construction and operation of the road will be given to Mackenzie & Mann and it is said that this legislation will be brought down before the next census is taken so that the influence of the prairie provinces will not be felt. Should such a course be taken we would only remind the eastern

provinces that nothing is finally settled until it is settled right, and that what one parliament does can easily be overruled by another. Mackenzie & Mann have had enough out of this country. Their methods of securing funds it is not necessary to discuss; their manner of building their lines, and of treating the communities among whom they operate are known to all. For them to seek this further favor, a favor which means millions every year out of the pockets of the western farmers, would be going a little too far. Let us trust that it is all idle rumor. Better a thousand times that the Toronto Globe should continue its opposition to the road as a road, than that it should favor bringing it under private control. If the east is afraid of the cost, let the whole thing be laid on the shoulders of the western provinces. They will take chances as to the feasibility of the scheme, but they must be assured that the road will be a competitor to those that now exist.

EAST AND WEST ARE ONE.

If the people of the east were only awake, as our honored premier and his colleagues are awake, to the magnitude and possibilities of the West, if they clearly perceived the advantage to themselves of a rapidly developing territory which they must supply with manufactured goods, they would hesitate to take a course which must tend to impoverish their best customers. We cannot believe that any such step will be taken, but knowing the corporations with whom we might have to deal we sound the note of warning. In this matter the West must have its way.

THE NATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

Although the argument for public ownership of the road brought forward most frequently is the financial one, it is by no means the most weighty. Our national peace and harmony depends upon the confidence which our people have in their government, and their feeling that they are being fairly treated. There is nothing makes for disunion and anarchy more surely than the robbing of the masses to make the few wealthy. This is why in protectionist countries there is either a class reduced to practical servitude or an organized revolt against existing conditions. It is the reason why in our own land there is such an intense feeling against those railroad owners who by many and devious ways have grown enormously wealthy at the expense of the people. If we were convinced that these men and the governments through whom they work were as honest as they are astute there would be no word of censure and no feeling of revolt. But the hard word cannot be withheld, and the feeling of revolt is growing with the seasons. Now our people want their own and they will have it. This is what the government at Ottawa must understand.

REASONS GIVEN FOR REFUSAL.

Among the reasons advanced for granting the privilege of operation to one of the big three is this that the operation of the Intercolonial has been carried on at a loss. It would be as sensible an argument for one to say that because he opened a blacksmith shop in an obscure country district where horses are scarce, and where the shop was in charge of a spendthrift who only half understood his business, that, therefore, blacksmithing is a poor business altogether. The fact is that the Intercolonial though only a small fraction of a road could be made to pay handsomely if given half a chance. There is no one understands this better than the ministers themselves. And as for a road like that contemplated it would surely pay, and if not the people are willing to suffer the loss. The farmers of the West are just gamblers enough to take chances on the venture. They have as much right to get a chance as Mackenzie & Mann or any other private concern.

Another reason given for not meeting the wishes of the people is that the experience in building the Grand Trunk Pacific has not been a very happy one. Then let us have the whole truth with regard to this experience. If all the facts are given it will be found that there is absolutely nothing to prevent any government from undertaking the construction of the road, provided it sets about the work in a business-like way and there is every reason for asserting that the only fair and patriotic method of handling the road after it is constructed, is the method advocated by the people of the West.

Yet notwithstanding the arguments in favor of a competitive road, and notwithstanding the emptiness of the objections to it, there is a possibility and may be a probability, that Canada will lose its last opportunity. If so there is but one explanation that can be given, and every school boy in these days can give it.

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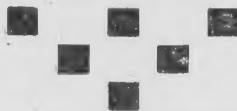
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The Girl and The Boss.

Forrest Crissy.



EVER since the work of throwing the long steel span across the stream at Stilton's Gap had begun, Carmody had boarded at Mrs. Stilton's. But Mrs. Stilton confessed with shame in a backyard conversation with Mrs. Callahan:

"I don't know nothing more about that man now than when he come here three months ago. There ain't a sociable hair in his head. He won't even talk to Mary—and most of 'em are glad to pass a word with her. He's the first mortal man I ever see that I couldn't draw out when I had a fair chance. There he's been settin' right at my own table for these three months, an' scarcely a livin' word out of his mouth! If I was asked I couldn't tell whether he's got folks or not. It don't hardly seem decent to have a man under your own roof for this long time and not know whether he's married or single, got relations or alone in the world, worth a farm or living from hand to mouth. Mebbly I wouldn't take it to heart so much, Mrs. Callahan, if I

and deftly worked over him until consciousness returned.

One evening after the foreman had left the table, while Mrs. Stilton was away on her annual visit to Toronto, Carmody suddenly spoke to the quiet, sweet-faced girl who had served him at the Stilton table since the work began:

"Do you know if the Keegan family is—well if the widow is in need. He wasn't working for us, you know, but that doesn't make any difference."

There was a quiet gentleness and a suggestion of sympathy in the voice which overcame the girl's shyness almost before he had done speaking. She had stood holding the bread plate as she answered:

"Yes, sir. The children come to my school—I teach the district school and—help out here for my board. I'd rather do that than board 'round as the teachers before me have done."

Carmody noticed the flush that crept into her cheeks as she made this explanation and noticed, too, that the flushed face had a peculiar winsomeness and pathos.

"I went home with one of the children last night and found what I was



The corn crop in harvest time.

wasn't New England born. Yankee folks, you know, are sociably inclined, and a man like Mr. Carmody goes against their grain. Something mighty queer about that man!"

"Mike says," volunteered Mrs. Callahan, "that he's a gr-rreat boss! When he gives the worruid things go. An' he's not fallin' behind in his board?"

"Never a day," admitted Mrs. Stilton, "but he's queerer'n a black-haired Swede. It does make me creep to see a man take all his natural talk out in staring at the mountain tops. But I will say that he's got the most engagin' smile when he chooses to use it. An' there's no doubt that he's a gentleman born."

To all the men in the white tents of the camp, he was simply the Big Boss. And he was a bigger boss than ever after the night when a dozen jugs of whiskey had been smuggled into camp and a riot between the mixed nationalities had started. Suddenly John Carmody had appeared in the centre of the mix-up, dealing a few blows here and there, and felling several bullies who had terrorized whole camps when on a drunken rampage, and who were known as "kickers and biters."

Alone the Big Boss had quelled the riot and smashed the jugs—and became the talk of the hamlet and camp. Again he "made good" with the men when a riveter lost his balance and fell into the deep hole of the stream below. Carmody was on the lower part, and as soon as he heard the cry, made a dive for the pool. He and the riveter came up together, and Carmody towed the stunned man to shore, dragged him up

afraid of—that the two older boys had dropped out to go down to the mine. Mrs. Keegan is a little above what you might expect—cleaner and prouder, and just wrapped up in the thought of giving the boys an education. And they're interested in their school, too. But he left nothing. When they use up what they have in the house they'll have to be taken care of by the township. She has a little baby and can't go out to work. I'm afraid it was wicked, sir, but I almost wished he had been working for the Company when he was killed—then he would have got something."

"Did you give her anything?" he asked, ignoring her confession.

"Yes, sir," she faltered.

"I thought so," he commented—and smiled his rare smile, warm with approval.

"If you're not too tired when your work is done, you might take me to their cabin. Perhaps I can do something which will at least keep the boys from the mine—that's a hard life for such young fellows!"

That evening, as they picked their way along the narrow mountain path, he drew her out of her shyness until she was giving him a history of her school and its small comedies. At the point where the path turned the shoulder of the mountain she stopped, and pointing to the river below, twisting and foaming along its rocky channel, exclaimed:

"Isn't it splendid? I come here often and just sit and watch it as long as the light lasts."

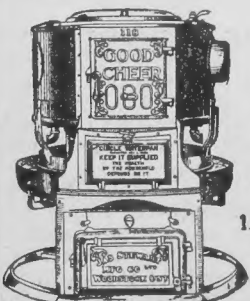
"Yes," answered Carmody, "it's beautiful. There's a whole lot to it that



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one doesn't see at first glance—" but as he spoke his eyes were fixed on the face of the girl, touched by the last glow of sunset. At the cabin Carmody's eyes were quick to catch the good fellowship in which the children held Mary Kauffman and the deference of the woman towards the girl.

Retracing their moonlit way, Mary broke an interval of silence with the remark:

"I don't see how you did it! There isn't a prouder woman within twenty miles of the Gap than Mrs. Keegan; her father was a boss and she can never forget it, and yet she took from you enough money to keep them all winter—with the boys in school, at that—and didn't seem to have the notion that she was receiving charity."

"I don't want anybody to know about this Mary," he said, "can I depend upon you to see that Mrs. Keegan doesn't let a hint of it slip into the ears of the community?"

"Yes, sir," the girl answered, "her gratitude would be the only thing that would make her do it. I think it is beautiful of you to do so much for them."

While Carmody came with Mary occasionally to the cabin, he more often met the girl at the shoulder of the mountain where, on the occasion of her first visit to the widow, Mary had called his attention to the grandeur of the river tearing its way between the narrow sides of the Gap. They had never met by appointment, and perhaps the girl had quite forgotten that she had told Carmody that she often came there to feast her eyes and rest her soul—but the Boss had not! And it is certain she did not realize that, in those meetings upon the shoulder of the mountain, it was of herself and her world that they invariably talked. There had not been a human being in the whole settlement up to the time of her acquaintance with Carmody began, to whom she had felt free to talk of the things that were in her heart. The realization that the people with whom her lot had been cast could not understand the things about which she most wished to talk had caused her to withhold companionship from them.

But this sensitive reserve made her only the keener for the real companionship which Carmody offered her—and in so quiet a way that she had no feeling that it was being offered. So it came about that the girl in these meetings above the rapids, did most of the talking, and the Boss listened, for the most part, with now and then a question or a smile which drew out fresh revelations of her history and her character.

The nearest approach to a word of sentiment from the lips of The Boss was when the girl told him of the grief and loneliness following her mother's death and realization that she was left absolutely alone in the world so far as relatives or support was concerned.

"It strikes me that some get more than their share of the hard knocks," was Carmody's comment. And then he added:

"If you were in trouble now, you wouldn't feel quite so desperately helpless, would you?"

"No, sir," she answered without restraint or embarrassment, "after knowing how good you are to those in trouble, I couldn't feel quite so deserted as I did then. But the Mennonite family with whom I went to live were good to me and gave me a chance to go to school. They fed me well—but I was hungrier for sympathy and comfort than for food, and they didn't know how to give me that, excepting in the way of religion. And even in their religious life they are as quiet as they are honest and earnest. Sometimes I used to get so wild to let out my feelings instead of forever keeping them in that I used to go up into the haymow when they were away and just scream!"

Occasionally, Carmody had, when in the humor, talked of the big bridge and of the satisfaction it gave him to think that every bolt and nut and rivet had been put in place to stay; that there had not been a single thing slighted or a dishonest evasion or trick in the whole work; that he liked to build

bridges, not only because it was his business, but also because there was a joy in looking back at the work—perhaps when lying awake at night—and thinking that the safety of perhaps thousands of people could be trusted to those spans. And then the girl would grow enthusiastic and say: "I think it's something like that in teaching school, too."

One evening, as the softness of summer still held the ground against the overdue frosts of autumn, Mary found Carmody waiting for her at the Shoulder Rock. Before, she had always had plenty of time in which to dream before he came—and often he did not come at all, for their talks were by no means at regular intervals. To-night, however, he was not only awaiting her, but there was something in the smile with which he welcomed her that betrayed an unusual quality in his mood. As she took her usual seat on the roots of a pine she vaguely wondered what made him seem a little different than before.

He looked up quietly, however, and in his ordinary tone of voice remarked:

"I've been wondering just how I seem to you?"

"Why, how do you mean?" she asked in return, with a little startled laugh.

"Old? A lot older than you, for instance?"

"Why, no—I hadn't thought of it that way. I guess I hadn't thought of it at all. I—"

"Never mind," he interrupted. After a moment's silence, in which he looked dreamily down the Gap, he arose and seated himself beside her on the yielding pine needles, clasping his knees with his hands and again gazing abstractedly into the gorge.

She had become used to his lapses into silence and understood them too well to speak.

"Mary," he finally said, "have you had the least suspicion that I have come to love you, that I want to take you away with me as my wife when the big bridge is finished?"

Her face went white under his steady eyes. She did not attempt to speak, but only shook her head.

"Well, I have. And before I ask if you love me—or if you will—I want to tell you how you seem to me. From boyhood I've been rather solitary and inclined to keep to myself. Then, too, I got interested in doing things before I was fairly out of my teens. The work fascinated me and I gave myself to it with all the energy of a solitary man. There were family obligations and burdens, too. Between all these things and the fact that the nature of my work took me much of the time into out-of-the-way places, I have had comparatively little association with women. But after I had watched you for some time it grew upon me that you were sweet and good and—well—just the kind of woman I'd like to live with always. This became clear to me after we had had our second talk under these trees. Our friendship had been so matter-of-fact, so simple and unsentimental—to put it that way—that I felt reasonably sure you hadn't thought of anything but just simple, straight-forward companionship with me. And so you met me on that ground without any hesitation, or fear or—nonsense. It has seemed to me that you came about as near to thinking out loud with me as a girl can with a man. And everything I learned of your thoughts and feelings in that relationship made me more and more sure that you were as sweet and good as you seemed. Every day has made me care more for you. If you will marry me, Mary, I'll always be good to you and true to you and—"

Tears were in the girl's eyes as she cried out:

"You mustn't! I couldn't let you marry me. You're The Boss—and I'm only—"

"The fact that you've waited on table at Mrs. Stilton's makes no difference. You're a school teacher, which is a much more intellectual pursuit than being a boss over a gang of laborers—when it comes to comparing things of that sort. I should be the one to hesitate on that ground—if either of us

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should. Of course, there's a chance that I might not be able to give you all that some men might—but I'm going to urge you to take the chance, dear."

He took the hand that rested beside him on the matted pine needles. At last she looked up and straight into his eyes, saying:

"What have I thought of you? I've thought about everything that's good, I guess. I've thought that it was impossible that you should ever love me, and that I must drive the very idea of it from my mind every time it came. And I have. At least I've tried to with all the determination I have. But I couldn't help thinking that you were everything that I could love in a man; that you could tell me more by just sitting quietly and not speaking that any man I have ever known could say by a great deal of talking. And you do love me. Oh! I hadn't dared dream it—not for a second! You never can know what it means to me, for no one has ever said that to me since mother died. Oh, if you'll love me always, and always tell me that you do, I'd be your wife and live in the poorest cabin in the mountains."

When they returned to the house the girl instinctively sought to release herself from his arm, but the Big Boss

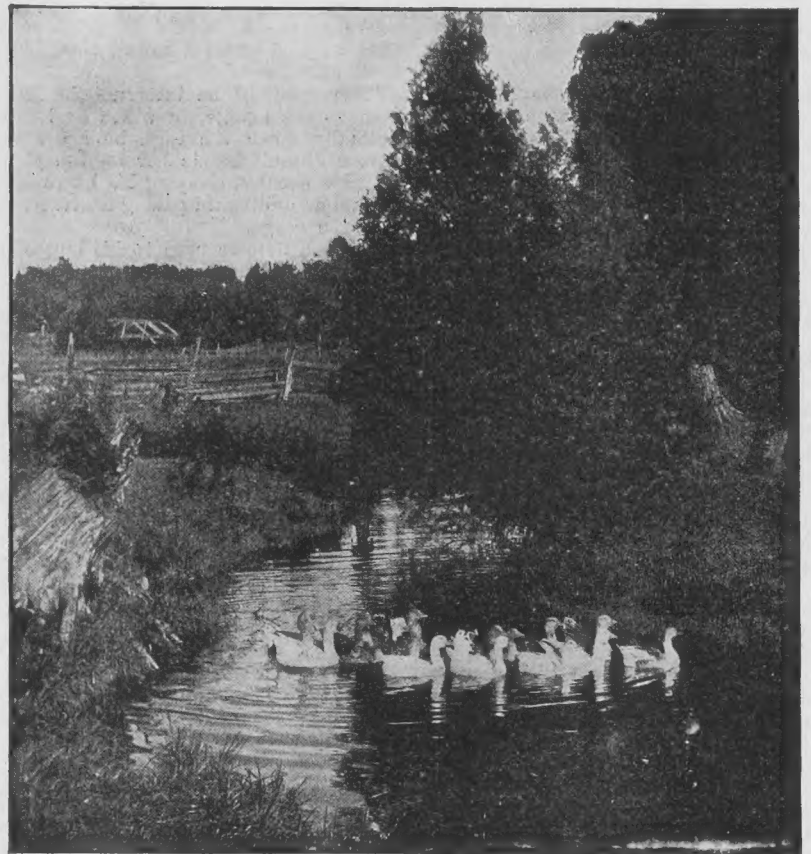
good than anything else in the whole world besides the fact that you love me and are going to be my wife day after to-morrow, when the last rivet is in place and the official inspection is completed. But I recognize that it's as much for you as for me that they have this feeling. I heard one of the old Irishmen say: 'Sae's a sweet little colleen that th' Big Boss be gettin', and just think dear little lonesome girl, we're going to be together always after the wedding.'

"But it just came to me last night," said Mary, "that you'll have to keep right on working—probably harder than ever—and that means you'll be gone from home a good share of the time. Couldn't I go too—and stay with you out on the job, the next time?"

"But you wouldn't mind staying behind if it seemed best, would you?" he asked, very seriously.

"Yes," she added with her queer little laugh, "I would. Years and years I've been without anybody who cared for me especially, and now I can't endure the thought of being separated from you for a month—or even for a week. Oh, it's sweet to be loved!" and the girl laid her cheek against that of The Boss and cried tears of joy.

The wedding of the girl and The Boss is history at the Gap. After it was all



A quiet morning among the shadows.

said: "No. I'm going to show them that you belong to The Boss, and that he's proud of you."

"Mrs. Stilton," said Carmody, his arm still about the girl's waist. "Mary and I are to be married the day the big bridge is finished. She is going to take you to Toronto to-morrow to help her get some new clothes, and I'm going to Montreal. I'll be back in four days, and then, if you'll consent, we'll have a wedding in your house. Of course, all the expenses of every sort—"

"Land alive!" exclaimed the gasping widow. "If the big bridge hain't give us a romance like the ones in th' story papers!"

When the word reached the men that the completion of the bridge meant "wedding bells for the Big Boss," the impetus which it gave to the work was astonishing. There was so keen a desire on the part of the men to bring the date nearer that Carmody, on his return from Montreal, was obliged to resort to special measures of precaution and inspection to make sure that this enthusiasm did not result in a slight to the work.

"Mary," he said to her at their last meeting at Shoulder Rock, "the spirit which the boys down there in the camp have shown towards us does me more

over and the train was pulling into Montreal, the girl looked into the eyes of John Carmody and said:

"It's all been so strange, so exciting, that I haven't asked much about the little home that you have provided. Is there furniture enough so that we can go right into it to-night?"

"Would you rather, dear," he asked, "than go to a hotel, or stop with my friend John—even if it is just—"

"Oh, ever so much!" she declared. "No matter if it is just a room or two. It'll be our home and I can't wait till I get into it—not one night, even! Is there any furniture there yet?"

"A bed and bureau and a few chairs," he answered.

"And a kitchen stove?"

"Yes—a sort of stove that will answer the purpose."

The big blue eyes of Mary were dilated with wonder and excitement as John Carmody led her through the iron gate of the train shed into the station and thence upon the street with its babel of cabmen and cars and wagons.

"It makes me a little afraid," she said, drawing closer to him and clutching his arm more tightly.

"Why!" he suddenly exclaimed, "there's John's carriage. Stand here a moment and let me speak to his driver."

In an instant he was back at her side again.

"How kind of John to send his carriage to take us to our little home. We'll get inside while Clive, the man, gets your trunks and puts it up in front."

As he opened the door, she gave a little startled cry, and he exclaimed:

"Flowers! On my life! If John keeps up this kind of attention to my little wife all the way through I'm afraid you'll—"

But he said no more as her head dropped upon his shoulder and she cried softly. Then she looked up and said: "It isn't at all a dream, is it, dear? Don't tell me that it is—that I'm going to wake up in my lonesome little room at Mrs. Stilton's with no lover, no husband."

"Pinch me and see," he answered gaily—giving her own arm a squeeze.

"There," he exclaimed, as she laughed, "I guess I do like you best when you laugh. But I want some tears—of a kind that comes from happiness that's too big for words."

As the carriage rolled down the long boulevard his strong arm was about her and he found more words of tenderness to pour into her ears than he had ever used in all his life before.

Suddenly he peered out of the carriage window and exclaimed.

"Why, here we are almost at John's house! It's the big place with the iron

undertone. "I'm more afraid than ever. It's just like a palace. I didn't know there was such magnificence in the world."

"But you're not going to be afraid of John, are you? He's just—"

"Is there a Mrs. John?" this time the question came in a shaking voice, and he could feel her arm tremble.

Suddenly his face became curiously grave and yet alight with joy and a boyish sort of merriment.

"Yes," he answered and there she is—and he turned her gently about and brought her face to face with her own image in the tall old-fashioned pier glass which reached from the floor almost to the ceiling.

"Yes," he repeated, "there she is—and she's the dearest, sweetest woman in the world!"

But a strange agony of incomprehension was in her face, and he knew that the truth of the situation had not yet dawned upon her. Slipping his arm about her he bent until his lips were near her own and said, in a tenderness and seriousness which could not be mistaken for jest:

"My dear little girl, you're Mrs. John—I'm John and this is your home—your very own."

A little cry came from her lips and in a second she crumpled into his arms, limp and unconscious. When she opened her eyes she was in a chamber more beautiful and dainty than she



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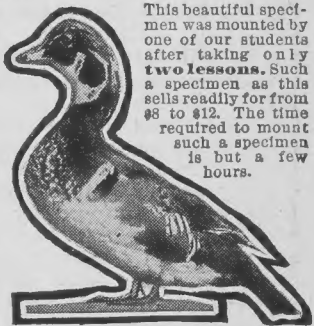
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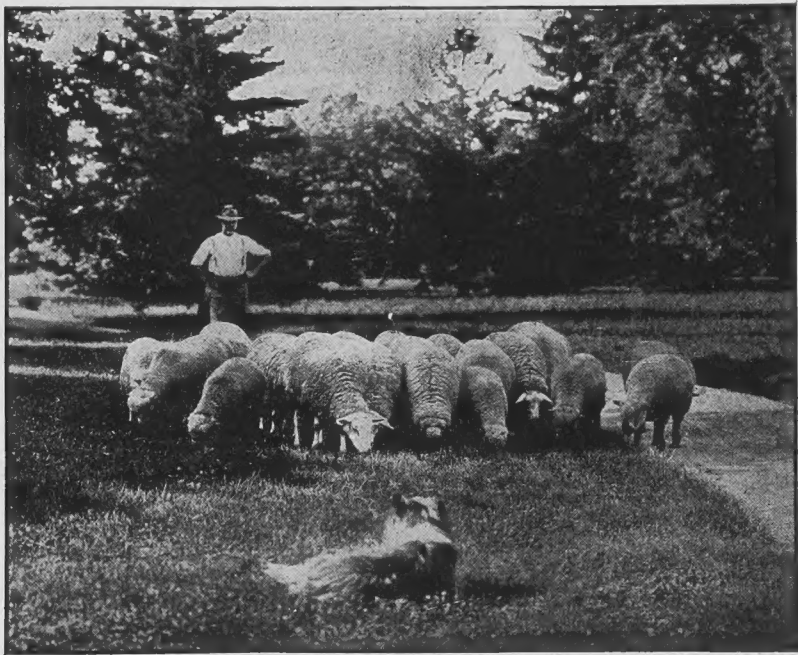
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A faithful helper.

fence just ahead—the one that takes up the whole block. Wouldn't it be rather nice to stop just a moment—long enough to thank John for sending the carriage and for the flowers?"

"But it's such a grand house—and he must be very rich," she answered, timidly.

"He is," admitted John, "about the richest man I know. But he's been very close to me, dear; we've known each other for years—and he's just as plain and simple as—"

"Would it please you very much?" she asked.

"Yes sweetheart, very much!"

"Then we'll stop—but I'm afraid."

"Afraid of John!" he exclaimed, with a boyish laugh. "It'll all vanish the minute you know him."

Then he called up to the driver, and a moment later the carriage had wound along the white driveway, between banks of shrubbery and under splendid trees. She even caught a glimpse of flower beds, rich with blooms, and of a fountain's spray sparkling under the electric lights.

A servant opened the carriage door and another bowed low and flung open the big door at the top of the wide stone steps.

"We'll go right into the drawing room and John'll be there in a moment. That's the way I always do in John's house. He'd not think it friendly of me if I didn't."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a frightened

knew how to dream of; a white-capped maid was vanishing through the door and John was bending over her, kissing her hands and exclaiming:

"Forgive me, dearest. I'm such a bungler of a man. I should have known what a strain it has all been."

"But is it true, dear? All this?" she questioned, eagerly.

"Yes," it's true, Mary. It's your home. It's been mine for years. I'm not simply the boss. I'm the contractor and I only staid on the job because you were there. In fact I haven't had any need to stay in the business for several years. I have more money than we can well spend in all our life together. But I couldn't keep away from the work. I'd lived my life in it, and every now and then the old longing for building would come over me and I couldn't resist. There was nothing to keep me then. Now there is—and I promise never to take a job that will take me away from you for a single week. Do you forgive me for the little—deception—I've practised? I didn't think it would be more than you could stand—like this."

And for her answer she drew his face down to hers and closed her arms about his neck.

W. J. Bryan: We hear nowadays that people are losing their love for what is true and right. The same sort of thing is said in every age.

A Turkey Tragedy.

By Edwin Hobbs.



"I DON'T deny they're pretty fine birds," said Rogers, when I stopped to admire his plump turkeys; "but there ought to be just about five times as many. There was an even hundred and three to start with, but at least a dozen died because the fool hens dragged them through the wet grass when they were little. My opinion is that no hens and no women have any business fooling with turkeys."

"Women?"

"Women, sir. If it hadn't been for women there would have been a hundred and three, leastways ninety, deducting the dozen the hens killed."

Something was evidently on his mind, so I did not interrupt to correct his arithmetic, but encouraged him to proceed.

"Yes, sir, women. You see, my wife had always attended the poultry, and I don't deny that she did well enough generally. She made all the groceries last year out of eggs and spring chickens, and made a goodish bit, too, out of turkeys in years gone by. But this year—just you wait a bit." He shot out a broad hand and caught a bronze beauty for my inspection.

"Just feel that crop."

"Pretty full."

"That ain't the point. Put your finger underneath. So."

"It seems like a scar; almost like a seam."

"It is a seam. That is some of my wife's needlework. But I cut out the work for her."

"What was that for?"

"It was like this. I came home one evening and the poultry yard looked like Pittsburg after a strike riot. The dead and dying were everywhere. Some were kicking a little; some were all screwed up into knots of feathers; and whole dozens of them were stone cold. Every pesky one of them was poisoned."

"Who ever did such a thing?"

"Mrs. Rogers did it. Not on purpose, of course. You see, we had emptied a barrel of pork, and I had unthoughtedly turned the brine into the swill barrel, and there you have it. My wife mixed corn meal with the brine, and the salt had killed them. Leastways, they were not all dead, but would have been if I had not come along to be Red Cross society, army surgeon, and all the rest. The old lady was trying to pump water down them with a syringe, but it wouldn't work. I says to her, 'Get your needle and thread and see if you can repair the damage you have done.' So I takes my jack-knife (I had just ground it and it was good and sharp), and then I slit their crops open, put my finger in, and took the stuffing out. What do you think of that?"

"It was heroic treatment, certainly."

"I says to the old lady, just as calm as could be, though I was mad clear down to my boots. 'Now, see if you can't darn them birds up. They say it's never too late to mend.' So I held them and she darned, and maybe I 'darned' a little, too, as you may say. Anyway, we got them all done, and after a few days they seemed as well as ever—the dozen and a half that was left, only a couple went the wrong way and died."

"I hope you will come out all right with these."

"I calculate, too, I shall take care of them myself, and when the time comes to market them, J. Rogers himself will see to it, and maybe take care of the money. There would have been none to market but for me." And then he grew confidential. "Still, I don't mean to hog it all myself. I shall let on that I am going to, but I am going to buy the old lady a new dress and bonnet, and perhaps a rocker, just as good as that turkey money will buy. And when I bring them home I shall say, 'There, Mrs. R., you may thank your husband

for all them fine things. But for my presence of mind in an emergency you never would have had them,' and then it will be a closed incident, as the diplomats say. A married man must crow a bit, but not keep it up too long."

Several months afterwards I saw Rogers again. He nodded distantly, as

though he was not anxious to enter into conversation.

"How are those turkeys getting along?" I inquired.

"Turkeys? O, yes, I did have some turkeys, come to think of it."

"How did you get along with them?"

"All right."

"Did you market them?"

"Yes." And then with an effort he began talking of the weather and ex-President Roosevelt's travels, and the Egyptian troubles, and Tur—and then he pulled himself up short on the first syllable. Something had happened that

he did not care to discuss. Just then his wife came into the store, and for her husband's good I asked her about the turkeys. His face had grown red as a gobbler's wattles in spring. Her's wore a look of placid triumph.

"I will tell you all about it," she said. "For three months that man made my life wretched over those turkeys."

"Mrs. Rogers!"

"You did; you know you did. There was scarcely any living with him. We had turkey morning, noon and night. He served them up at every meal and lectured me about them week-days and



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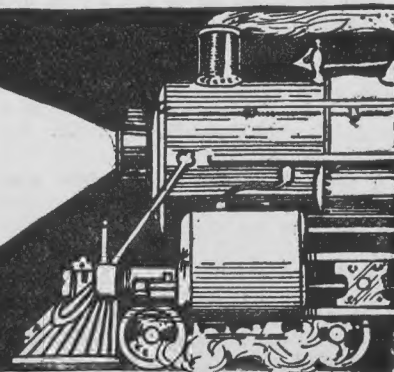
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Sundays. And it was all his own fault."

"Mrs. Rogers!"

"It was; you know it was. And I could not buy a yard of calico or get a pair of shoes mended without hearing of our loss. When the market reports showed turkey high, he figured how much we had lost. When the price was low, he calculated how little we should get for the few left. He even told the deacon that he could not subscribe to the church this year because his wife had poisoned the turkeys."

"That was only a joke, Maria."

"And then he took the eighteen to market and sold them for thirty-four dollars and twenty-five cents, and fooled the money all away in fifteen minutes. He said he laid it on the post office desk and when he went back for it, it was gone. Just as likely he lent it to some confidence man."

"No, I didn't. I lost it as I said I did. And I was dead sorry for it, Maria," he added meekly; "for I meant to spend it all on you."

"Fudge!"

"I think he did, madam," I interposed. "He told me beforehand about the dress and rocker he was going to buy."

Mrs. Rogers looked somewhat mollified. "Well, I am satisfied, anyway. I can get along without those things so long as it has made him stop his turkey talk. I am glad he lost the money. It serves him right."

Just then Rogers remembered important business in another part of the town, and he was no sooner gone than his wife stepped up to me with the ghost of a wink, and said:

"Will you do me a little favor?"

I assented, of course.

"The fact is," she went on. "I found the money in the lining of his overcoat the next day, and I want him to have it without knowing how it came. If he should find out I should never hear the last about that hole in his pocket, and the turkeys would break loose again, like as not."

She handed me a packet.

"Will you please copy the letter and mail it to him with the money in a day or two?"

I hardly relished the commission, but felt bound by my promise. This was the letter, which was mailed in due course, and probably closed the incident effectively:

"Mr. J. Rogers.

"Dear Sir,—We are sorry to learn that you were unfortunate enough to lose a sum of money that you received for the sale of your wife's turkeys. We understand from common report that you had accidentally poisoned some of them earlier in the season, and that your family is in great distress on account of your misadventures. For their sakes we enclose, as a charitable contribution, the enclosed sum of thirty-four dollars, as we do not like to see the innocent suffer from the incompetency of others. We hope it will be a lesson to you. You need not inquire the names of your benefactors, as we do not let our left hands know what our right hands doeth.—Yours, etc., X. Y. Z."

"P.S.—Be sure and buy your wife a new dress, bonnet, and rocker; for she needs them bad enough."

Alice.

By Elizabeth Forman, Alberta.



ALICE West sat on the door step of the little frame shack, on the Canadian prairies, that for two years had been her home.

She was lonely, heart-sick, discouraged.

For three weeks she had been alone on the homestead, with a cow, some chickens, a pony, and a dog.

Only once in all that time had she seen a human being. That was when the emigrant wagon had stopped at the well for water.

At first she had tried to be very brave and say that she did not mind it. She loved the wild flowers that grew in such profusion on the prairies. She loved the croaking of frogs and the quacking of ducks in the pond close by. She loved the timid antelope that sometimes came close, only to flee at the first sign of life. She loved the blue outline of the mountains on the western horizon, and she loved to watch the curious ranch cattle that would come and circle around the tiny fence that kept them away from the shack. Great wild-eyed fellows they were, with long ugly horns and sleek, fat bodies.

But as the days wore on she began to long for something more than these, for human companionship and human sympathy.

She had grown home-sick, although, she told herself bitterly, home had never been very much to wish to go back to, for her mother had died in her infancy, and a step-mother had soon come to take her place. Then, from time to time, other sons and daughters had arrived, and, excepting as a maid of all work, Alice had always felt that she was needed but little in the home—still, it was home, and her father was kind.

From the time that she was a very little girl she had desired to become a nurse. She entered a hospital, but after four months of strenuous work her health began to fail.

Traces of the malady from which her mother had died began to appear, and the doctors earnestly advised her to give it up.

With a heavy heart she returned to her home; then she met Phillip West.

She had known him but a short time when he began to make love to her; he wished to marry her.

Alice had known so little of love or kindness in her life, that Phillip had easily won his point.

They were married, and, like many others, were very happy for a short time, then Alice was conscious of a change, and her woman's intuition soon showed her the reason.

She had poured upon her husband the love that might have been given to mother, father, brothers, sisters, had her life been a different one. He was her all, while to him she was only a small part of life.

In a way of his own he did love her, but, nevertheless, he began to forget and neglect her shamefully.

Alice was very proud, so, whatever she felt, she kept to herself, not even allowing her closest friends to see or even suspect that she was suffering.

What the end might have been it is hard to say, but just at that time the land was seized with a money panic, and Phillip, with hundreds of others, was thrown out of employment. The bank in which he had worked for many years had failed.

To Alice this meant only an opportunity to win Phillip back to herself.

She had read much of Western Canada—that land of "the last frontier," and she begged Phillip to go there and begin anew.

They sold their new home and their furniture, and with what money they could get together, some of which Alice had inherited from her mother, they went to Canada and took a homestead.

Homesteading in Canada retains many of the hardships that our forefathers faced in years gone by, and Phillip and Alice soon realized this, yet they "stayed with it," and in various ways the first two years were spent.

At the end of that time their money was almost gone, and they were in debt besides, for living is high and homesteads do not pay—at first.

So Phillip went to Calgary to look for work, leaving Alice alone until such

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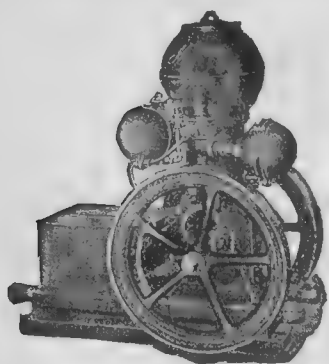
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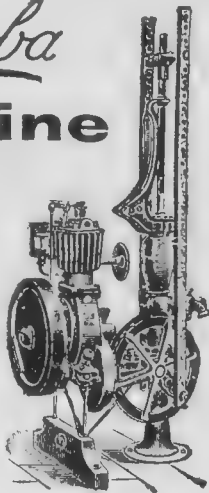
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time as, if he succeeded, he should send for her to join him.

It did not occur to him that it was hard for Alice to stay alone; indeed, it did not occur to him at any time that anything was hard for Alice.

All the hardships of those two years he considered had been borne by him; in fact, he was blindly selfish until his eyes were opened.

When Phillip West arrived in Calgary he met an old-time friend who offered to take him around the city in his run-about and help him in any way he could to obtain work.

Accordingly, the next morning, after an early breakfast, they set out.

Their horse was high-lifted, and inclined to be afraid of almost anything. As they drove through the subway a sudden spring sideways, which took both men by surprise, threw Phillip out of the seat, striking his head on a cement block and breaking his right arm.

He was removed at once to the hospital, where doctors and nurses spent most of the day over him.

By evening he was conscious, and asked the nurse to telegraph for his wife to come to him.

The telegram was sent without delay, but, happily, it mis-carried, for Phillip had forgotten that Alice had no money, not even enough to pay the man who would have to take the message to her from the nearest station, which was fifty miles.

She could scarcely borrow enough money for the journey, for no one had it to lend, nor could she sell anything for money, for no one had money to buy, and, anyway, she was six miles from the nearest of her neighbors.

Alice rode eight miles on her pony every week for the mail, but as she did not come or write in response to the telegram, they did not send her any more word of Phillip, and while she waited and watched, week after week, for a letter from him he lay in the hospital very ill.

When he was able to be up and move around a little, he sat for a short time every day on a sunny little veranda on which his room, and several others, opened.

He was very impatient to resume his search for work, for his illness had made the need much greater than before.

As he was sitting on the veranda as usual, one day his attention was drawn by voices that he could not help but hear.

"You're looking fine; you'll soon be out again," a rather pleasant voice was saying in a room close by.

"Yes, I'm going out in the morning on the seven-thirty train," he heard the voice again. "No, I didn't expect to go so soon, but I have the best of reasons. You no doubt remember that photograph that I have showed you so often. Well, last week I met the original for the first time in many years. Bob, I thought the world of that girl, and it nearly killed me when she was married, especially when I was told that the man she married wasn't half good enough for her. I have a friend about a hundred and fifty miles from here who owns a large ranch, and last week I paid him a visit. I rode with him one day while I was there to look for some lost sheep, which were very valuable. We separated near a large canyon and were to go through by two different paths and meet on the other side, and in that way cover more ground. As I was riding along alone, thinking what a wild, lonesome place it was, I saw a figure high up among the bushes on the other side. I stopped my horse and watched for a few minutes. It was a woman picking berries. She had a small tin pail tied around her waist by a bit of cord, and was hanging to the bushes with one hand, while she picked with the other. I was wondering how she got there, and if she was alone, when suddenly I saw her slip and fall. I tore all my clothing, and scratched my hands and face getting to her, to find, that of all the women in the world, she was the very one that I was trying to forget. I carried her to her pony, and leaving my friend to look for me, as well as his sheep, I rode home with her. She managed to ride, but every step that the

pony took made her face grow paler, and twitch with pain, for her ankle was dislocated. When we got to the shack where she lived there was not even enough wood cut to make a fire, and there was scarcely anything in the place to eat. I cut up some wood and made her some toast and tea, and then, as it was night, she insisted that I should leave her. I did, but I returned in the morning with the best team and the easiest buggy on the ranch, and I brought her here with me. My sister is with us, and we are all going to start to the States in the morning; then, just as soon as she can get a divorce, she is going to marry me."

"Isn't that rather a risky business?" a new voice asked.

"Not a bit of it," returned the now familiar voice firmly. "I mean well by her. That husband of hers left her there alone. She hadn't heard from him for weeks, and when he was there he treated her brutally."

Phillip, listening, was trembling with rage. That Alice was the woman in question he had no doubt.

She had picked berries in the canyon, near their homestead, for two summers and had never met with an accident before.

He started towards the door from which the voice came, with his mind made up to tell that young man a few things, but the bruise made on his head by his fall had been much more serious than the doctors had led him to believe, and the excitement was too much for him. He fell unconscious almost at the very door to which he had been going.

For three days his mind was partially blank, and he lay very still, then suddenly one day he remembered the mission upon which he had been going and the voice which he had heard.

He started up in bed, and it was only because of his weakness that the nurse was able to force him back.

He asked her about the patient in the room from which he knew the voices had come. "He was a baseball player who was injured in a game," the nurse told him, "and he left yesterday to join his league in Vancouver."

With him the hope of finding the speaker was gone, and Phillip almost fainted when he was told that it was three days since his relapse. Alice would be in the States!

With an iron will he set himself to get well. He felt that he must.

His friend called daily to see him, and one day came in with news. "I've got the best thing out for you, old boy," he told Phillip. "Some time ago, when you first got hurt, a certain firm here promised me to give you a position. I had them in mind that day when we started out, and when you got laid out I went to see them myself. They wrote to your former employers for references, and found you entirely satisfactory. The manager told me this morning that you can go to work any day for a hundred and twenty five a month, and a steady raise if you make good."

Phillip thanked him as best he could. The one thought in his mind was Alice, and the man who meant well by her.

Phillip grew so restless that at length the doctors decided that the best way to cure him was to let him go, so they did.

After a hurried call on his future employers, he boarded the train. He was impatient at every delay, and as it was night when he reached his station, he was obliged to wait until morning before he could start for home, for the drive was long.

It was twilight on the next day when they came in sight of the shack. That cool, delicious twilight after a long Canadian day, but its charms were lost on Phillip.

A sickening certainty chilled him. He could not tell why he had come home, yet home had drawn him back. Now his heart sank, for he could see from afar that the shades were drawn on the windows, the cow and the pony were not in the tiny pasture, and the little dog did not come out to bark at them.

He paid and dismissed the driver at the gate, telling him the way to a ranch where they could keep him and his team

over night, then he walked slowly up the path alone.

He was lonely now, even as lonely as Alice had been, as he sat down on the door-step outside the locked door.

All his anger was gone, only a hopeless longing for Alice remained.

In his loneliness he saw himself as Alice must have seen him, he saw Alice as he had never seen her before, he felt as he knew that she must have felt, as he sat there with his head buried in his hands; he could understand now, and he pitied her. He could even forgive her for going away.

Phillip had sat for some time, giving himself up to bitter thoughts, when suddenly too soft, warm arms were wrapped around his neck; he heard a glad little cry, and he felt kisses on his forehead.

Looking up through a mist of tears he could see Alice—his patient, faithful Alice, her brown curls blowing in the slight breeze, her cheeks red, her lips rosy and smiling. He could see the saddled pony standing by the well, he could hear the dog's glad bark of welcome, yet he could scarcely understand. Had he fallen asleep in his misery—these things could not have been more unexpected or dreamlike, but he could hear Alice unlocking the door, and drawing up the shades, and lighting the fire and pouring water in the kettle.

He sat again in his own big chair and watched her as she moved about preparing his supper.

Everything seemed to be in perfect readiness for his home-coming. She had brought with her on the pony a big basket. From it she produced a loaf of fresh bread, a jug of thick sweet cream, a dish of wild strawberries, and some of his favorite cookies.

The berries brought back to him the memory of the voices in the hospital. "Where did you get them?" he asked.

"Mrs. Smith and I were over to the Cripple's coolie yesterday," she replied. "We have been going there almost every day to pick berries. I was afraid to go in the canyon alone, so I shut up the house and took the cow and the chickens over there. They wanted me, and I was so lonely here, and I was glad to go. I knew that if you came home without first sending me word that you would have to pass the Rose ranch, and Mrs. Rose promised to send Willie over to tell me if they saw you."

"How is your ankle?" he asked.

Alice stuck a neat foot from her cotton dress and looked at it for a moment in a puzzled way, then her face lighted, pleased that he should remember to ask. "It was my wrist that was hurt, but it is all right now."

Her answer gave Phillip a fresh tinge of pain, for he remembered that shortly before he left, she had been helping him to move a heavy box and had hurt her wrist. He had been angry because they had to give up moving the box, and then he went away and left her with her wrist still far from well.

He made several good resolutions as he sat there watching Alice prepare the most delicious meal that he had tasted for weeks. Of one thing he was certain to Alice he was going to be one of the kindest of husbands. He would show her at least that she was appreciated, for Phillip saw his mistake.

Almost anywhere within a hundred and fifty miles of Calgary one might see canyons and shafts and women picking berries. It was another man's wife who had gone to the States with "the man who meant well by her."



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"Not Wanted."

By TEMPLE BAILEY



THE book fascinated the Little Girl, although she dared not touch them. The big house was filled with books. There were shelves and shelves of calf-bound ones in the Grave Gentleman's study, and even in the pink-and-white room of the Butterfly Lady there were novels with paper covers, which the Butterfly Lady read propped up on her frilly pillows.

In this literary land of plenty the Little Girl would wander starved and thirsty, to sit down at last before her own little treasure-store with its rows of precious volumes, many of them sombre fat ones with golden globes on the brown covers. It was because of these very brown books that she was at last brought into sympathetic relations with the doctor.

The doctor came every day and knelt by the Little Girl and put his ear against her heart and listened with his watch in his hand. "How much were you out of doors yesterday?" he would ask.

"Oh, a lot," she would answer indifferently.

"And you didn't read a bit?"

She would blaze at him reproachfully, "No."

And he would laugh and say, "Well, be sure you don't read. You must get well and strong and not tax that little brain of yours too much."

"Do you know Little Nell?" she asked suddenly, one morning, as she stood rigid within the circle of his arm, her heart pounding against his ear.

"Yes," he said, "she's an old friend of mine."

"Well, could you stand it, never to read about her, when you want to and want to and want to?" she choked.

"So that's it," he said slowly, looking up, and she discovered for the first time that his eyes were kind.

After a moment he said, "How would a half-hour do? But you mustn't read any more than that."

"Every day?"—with hope in her eyes.

"Yes, one half-hour every day. And it's a promise, you know. And, look here, I would stick to fairy tales. Let Little Nell alone for a bit."

"Oh, doctor dear!" She was breathless

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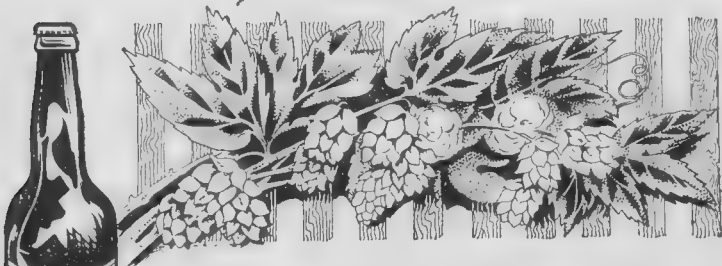
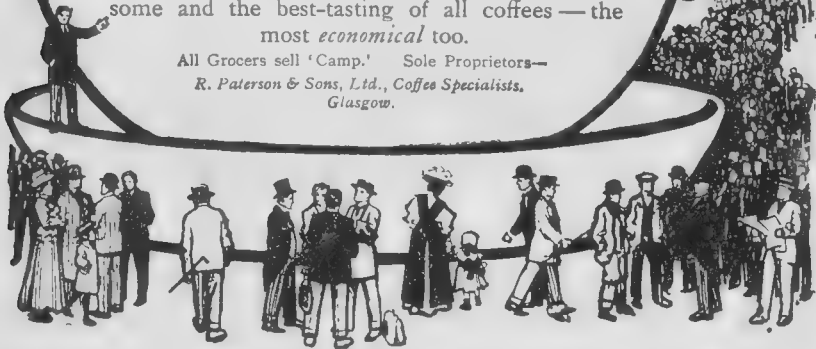
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with quiet joy, and the doctor smoothed her shining braids until her heart stopped its spasmodic thumping, and then he went upstairs to see the Grave Gentleman and the Butterfly Lady.

The Butterfly Lady was working pink roses on a strip of white satin, and the Grave Gentleman had to be dragged from his laboratory for the conference.

"She isn't any better," the doctor told them; "her brain is too active, and her heart's all wrong."

"My family have always had active brains," the Grave Gentleman asserted, with pride.

The Butterfly Lady cast a glance at the doctor from under her down-dropped lids. "Hearts in my family have always gone wrong," she murmured.

The doctor reddened and twitched himself nervously in his chair. "Her brain has been forced," he blurted out. "It's a wonder she isn't a chattering idiot."

The doctor rose. There were sparks in his eyes. "She is too much alone," he said. "I am going to let her read a half-hour a day, instead of forbidding it entirely, for she is worrying. What she really needs is young companionship children or animals."

"Children make so much noise. I must have quiet," was the Grave Gentleman's statement.

"A puppy, then."

"I don't like dogs."

"Or a kitten."

The Butterfly Lady threw up her fluttering hands. "I hate cats."

The doctor groaned as he went down stairs.

The little girl found a half-hour a day such a teeny, weeny time. At first she tried dividing it—fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the afternoon. But that plan failed. It was impossible to leave Sinbad up in the air with the roc, or to desert the Swiss Family Robinson at the moment of shipwreck, to turn from the White Cat just as she shed her skin; and as for closing the fat brown book on Mr. Pickwick at the Christmas dance, it couldn't be done!

Hence the morning fifteen minutes always lengthened to a full half-hour, and there you were with the day before you! And it was such an endless

day, with oases in the way of luncheon and dinner!

In the barren stretches the Little Girl sat in front of the library fire, and thought and thought, and thought. Sometimes she would hear the swish of silken skirts as the Butterfly Lady went to and from her carriage. And now and then the Grave Gentleman stalked in to get a book and out again in silence. The little Girl, big-eyed and lonely, would wish that they might stop and sit with her, but they never did, and one day she fell asleep on the rug, and there the doctor found her.

That very morning he had an interview with the Grave Gentleman and the Butterfly Lady that left them white and shaking.

The Butterfly Lady followed him downstairs. "How could you say such things to me!" she reproached as they stood together in the lower hall.

"You have neglected her."

"For the sake of old times you might have been kinder."

"I am a busy man," he said gravely. "I had forgotten old times until the other day you called me in to attend to the child."

"You said you would never forget."

"I was very young," he replied quietly.

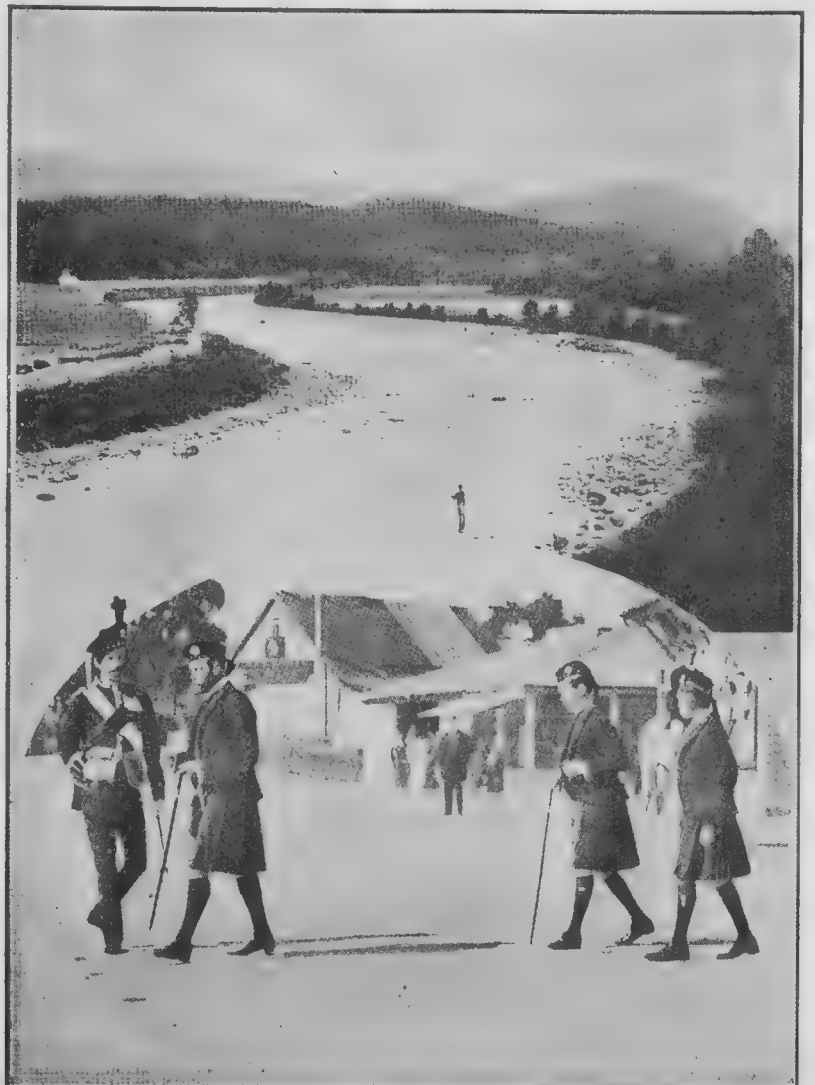
At the very first opportunity he took the Little Girl with him in his motor, and they rode away together through the long miles of streets. After a time they came to the country where the apple trees were pink and white by the roadside, and the lambs frisked in snowy bunches across the green pastures.

"Where are we going?" asked the Little Girl, with her cheek against the doctor's rough coat-sleeve, for the doctor had a way with him. It was just as if he loved you, and you couldn't feel afraid!

"We are going," said the doctor, "to a little red house with a garden in front, and in the little red house lives a little old lady who has four big cats and a brindled dog and a cow and a tame crow."

"Oh!" the Little Girl sat up and stared at him with shining eyes. "It sounds like a fairy tale."

"It is a fairy tale," said the doctor, "and you are going to live there for three months."



King George and His Sons in Highland Garb at their Scottish Home.

The Little Girl considered him gravely, then she laid her little hand on his big one, and so they rode together in silence until they came to the low red house.

As they whizzed up to the porch the little old lady, with the brindled dog and the tame crow in attendance, came out to meet them. In the background were the four big cats, and the little cow moped in the distance.

"This is my Great-aunt Betsey," said the doctor.

"How do you do, Fairy Godmother?" said the Little Girl quaintly, and held out her hand.

"Such foolishness—at my age," chuckled the Fairy Godmother, but the doctor said, "The name just fits you," and they both laughed.

The Little Girl's summer experiences at fashionable resorts had not prepared her for the fascinations of the little farm—of new-hatched chicks, of pink-and-white little pigs, of kittens in a nest of hay, of waddle-tailed ducklings, of wobbly-legged calves, of bees in weather-beaten lives, of a well with a bucket that went down with a clink-clank of chains, to splash mysteriously in depths below; of a cellar, dim, dark, apple-scented; of a dairy, immaculate, with yellow cream rising in shining pans, and with a little round churn for making butter.

After the doctor had taken his leave she had some of the butter on a great slice of bread, with a cup of milk from the little cow, and a glass dish of preserve. The dish had a ship on it, and the preserve had been made from strawberries from the Fairy Godmother's own garden.

At bedtime the fire was lit in the fireplace, for the night was cool, and in front of it sat the four big cats warming their toes, and the brindled dog lay with his nose on his paws, and the tame crow was perched on the back of the wooden settle on which sat Great-aunt Betsey with the child in her arms. There was a dreamy silence, until the Little Girl said, "There isn't a book in your whole house," and Great-aunt Betsey replied, "Yes, there is one on the round table, and it's the Bible."

"We haven't a Bible in our house," said the Little Girl. "Tell me about it."

Then the little old lady told about the sheep that was lost and the Shepherd who went out into the wild hills and found it; and the Little Girl said, "He was a good man," and the little old lady quavered, "He was the Son of God."

That night as the Little Girl lay in the middle of a wide feather-bed and looked out at the stars, she said softly, "He is up there," but she forgot about the Book when the biggest cat came and curled itself up on the counterpane.

But the next day when the doctor came the Little Girl remembered, and she asked, "Do you know about the Son of God?"

The doctor looked into the depths of her eyes and answered, "I did know, but I had forgotten."

"You can read about Him in the big Book on the round table," the Little Girl told him. "Tonight I am to hear about the walking on the sea."

When the doctor came again she asked, "Did you read about the walking on the sea?" and the doctor said, "Yes."

Then the Little Girl said, "It was nice the way He said, 'Peace, be still!'"

And the doctor, looking off toward the low hills where the sky was gold with the sunset, murmured dreamily, "He was the Prince of Peace."

There was no need of books now, for the twilight brought stories of a Babe in a manger, of a Boy in a temple, of a City whose streets were of gold, whose walls were of jasper, and whose gates were twelve pearls.

"Don't make her too good," the doctor warned Great-aunt Betsey.

"No one can be too good."

"But she might slip away from us. It's the good ones that go first."

Jealously, therefore, he looked after the Little Girl's body, while Great-aunt Betsey tended her soul, and the Little Girl grew straight as a young sapling.

One night as she lay asleep in the little old lady's arms he came in out of

the wind and rain and stood looking down at her.

"What happiness to have a child like that," he said.

"Some day —" began Great-aunt Betsey, but he stopped her with a quick gesture.

"I put that away years ago," he said, his eyes brooding on the fire. "I think sometimes of dream-children—she is like them."

"And her mother ruined your life," complained Great-aunt Betsey.

He shook his head. "She changed the course of my life, but it is a much better life than if it had been lived with her."

"Is she happy?" questioned the little old lady.

"She will never be unhappy," he said. "Such women never are. But her husband bores her."

"And the child?" asked Great-aunt Betsey. "Who is she like, the father or the mother?"

"Like neither," he said.

Three months passed, and it was time to go home.

"But I don't want to go," said the Little Girl. "I want to stay here."

"There are your books," wheedled the doctor; "you can read now, if you wish."

"I don't want to read," said the child, a shadow in her eyes. "I want to go fishing with you, and catch the little golden fish."

So the day of departure was postponed, and they sat all the morning in an old punt on the pond, and dropped their lines in among the lily-pads and caught little shining fish that had spots like jewels on their sides. At noon they ate their lunch of chicken and bread and butter and berries, with a little round white cream cheese to top off with, and they came home in the fragrant twilight, hand in hand, and looked at the evening star and talked of the shepherds and the wise men.

And that night, when the child was in bed, the doctor struck his hand heavily against the mantlesheaf and said, "It is cruel that she should go back."

"It is her home," said Great-aunt Betsey.

"But her father crams her poor little mind, and the mother starves her poor little soul. What right have such people to a child?"

"Oh," said Great-aunt Betsey, "we cannot understand."

"I shall never understand," said the doctor bitterly.

When the Little Girl's trunk was all packed, and she was waiting for the doctor to come and take her away, she put her arms around the brindled dog's neck and cried and cried. And when she came to say good-bye to Great-aunt Betsey, she grew very white. "I can't say it," she sobbed, and the doctor came up in his motor just as she swayed and said, again, "I can't say it."

He was out like a flash, with his hand over her heart. "Listen," he said quickly, "you are not going home. You are to live here. Do you hear, precious heart? You are to live here with Great-aunt Betsey, and the brindled dog; and the four big cats, and the little cow." He tried to laugh, but his voice broke as he gathered her into his arms.

The colour came back slowly, and her eyelashes flickered and showed her eyes. "Truly?" she whispered.

"Truly," he breathed, with his cheek against hers.

They carried her upstairs and laid her on the wide feather-bed, and after a time she fell asleep happily. Then he took a newspaper from his pocket and handed it to Great-aunt Betsey silently. On the front page of the paper was a picture of the Butterfly Lady and of the Grave Gentleman.

"It was a terrible motor accident," said the doctor. "The Butterfly Lady is dead, and the Grave Gentleman has shut himself up in his laboratory, and has told me to keep the child."

Great-aunt Betsey sat down, trembling. "Terrible!" she whispered, in her old, old voice.

"Terrible!" echoed the doctor's lips, but in his heart he said, "The child is safe."

James J. Hill: The best argument for good roads is to ride over a bad one.

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The Home Life of our friend The Glaucous-winged Gull.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

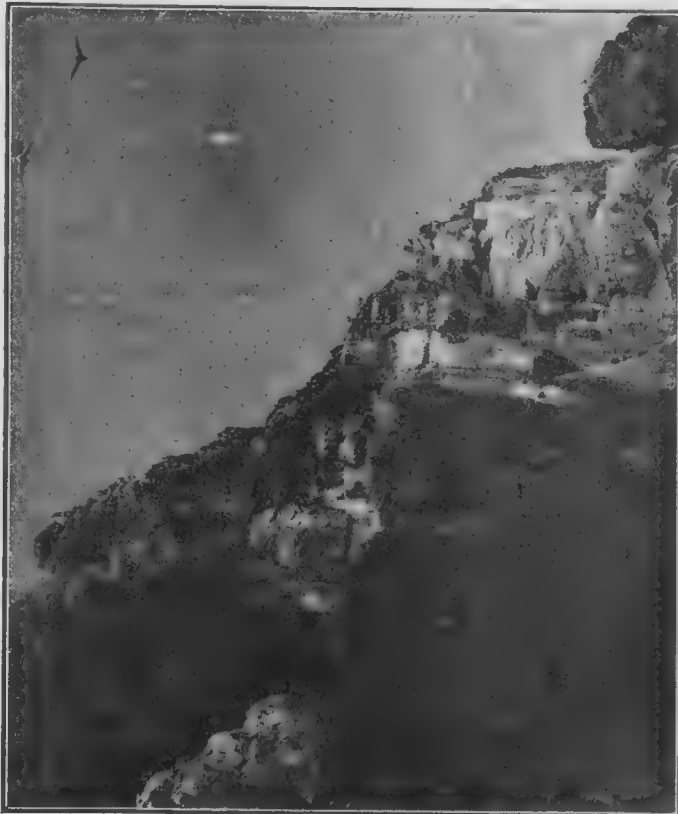


If you would see the full home life of the Glaucous-winged gull with its love songs and dainty courtship, if you would hear its odd cries that are sounded on the breeding grounds only, you must seek out some lonely rock, where no water runs, where few hardy plants can live, where the surf rolls forever. Such an island is the Mittenatch that lies off Cape Mudge, in the middle of the Gulf of Georgia. Fritz, my assistant, a lad of few years and many actions, and I arrived there one bright June day. As viewed from our flat-bottomed steamer—viewed between rolls and pitches as she slid heavily down the waves like some steam tormented sleigh—it is a perpendicular mass of metal bearing rock, all standing on edge like some giant's staircase. All the dark grey face of the island is bluff, the waves, with ceaseless undercutting, breaking



She watched the camera closely.

every shelf and ridge and chimney step, in the gullies and crannies, in the sea caves and honeycombs stood, or flew or scrambled the sea fowl.



They watched us from every cliff top.

off sections yearly. To add to the general destruction, British war vessels have targeted their guns upon the bald cliffs. All along the ridges white dots told of our anticipated studies. From end to end of the two big steppes gulls and guillemot, harlequins and cormorants sailed and curved and squabbled. Fritz was in a dreadful way to get ashore, in fact so much so that he vainly rowed the first boat of camp duffle, standing up manfully, seaman fashion, facing the bow, putting in long hard strokes. I heard the engineer say, "loose your painter, boy, you'll get along faster." Shamfacedly he untied the rope and sped swiftly ashore. Soon the steamboat rolled gracefully away, our tent was up, our cameras in shape. Here we were alone amidst five thousand sea fowl, no water save that in our ever useful coal oil tins, just enough food to last ten days, some two hundred films and two unblemished note books.

We took a careful survey of the island; Fritz rowing—a most excellent exercise for a growing boy—I could hardly keep from calling him "Friday"—but dreading that "Crusoe" might stick I forebore. All along the cliff-tops, a hundred feet above, all along

Chief among these, the big white Glaucous-winged gulls held all the prominent points. When rounding the most easterly point we came upon the separate roosting grounds of the immature birds, gulls in the gray plumage of the first year and the more spotted gray coat of the second year. There were also pure white gulls here with gray mantles on their wings and yellow bills and a big red spot underneath the lower mandible, the legs flesh color to gray—the true Glaucous-winged gull, but these non nesting ones were aged adults, barren females, widows and widowers by natural causes or by accident. All of these kept themselves separate from the two great upthrown steppes that formed the two series of breeding cliffs; here they sat on this low point, day after day, just feeding and sleeping and sunning away the time. They flew noiselessly away at our approach.

Now began days of hard climbing, nest hunting; note taking. Here were at least fifteen hundred nesting females, Glaucous-winged gulls. We should find the grass and weed formed nests on every ledge and staid and steppe. We did. We should find the olive or olive green or gray eggs, eggs all spot-

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ted with red or brown or black; in every nest. As it was now the middle of June and these birds begin to lay on the 5th; averaging year by year. Did we? No. Almost every egg had been stolen. Instead of finding four thousand five hundred eggs, allowing each nesting bird a full set of three, we found not more than fifty gulls' eggs on the entire island. Red man, white man, crow; all had daily visited this lonely island and taken of the harvest of fresh eggs.

We, therefore, turned our attention to the few birds that were nesting. On the summit of an excrement stained cliff one watchful female stood over her eggs. By daily adding a rock to a pile we finally got the camera close enough to connect the discharge line. None of these birds approach the visitor, nor do they defend the eggs nor even the young. In the next picture we show you the typical position of the nesting female and her timorous guardian male, another nesting female just popped her head up as Fritz cried exultantly "We got them that time." Now imagine this position. Here we were in the very heart of the breeding grounds, on the best island. We had yet many days to stay; but so persistently was the island robbed (the crows could be seen at all times sitting near the nests, just waiting until hunger or alarm drove the female off, then the greedy bird flew down and pecked a hole in every egg or; if in a hurry, drove its bill into the large end of the egg, tipped its head back and flew away with the egg impaled upon its bill) that I asked the lad "Do you think we will have to be nature fakirs and collect an egg from three nests for a picture of a full set." Imagine this occurring on the far off Gulf of Georgia, in the Southern Pacific. Bestir yourselves all ye men that have the love of the birds in your hearts. I tell you that in all my years of work; in all parts of this continent; all or nearly all of the nests I have seen were fully or partly robbed.

Well, we finally found the nest pictured. It had the full clutch; three. Just a grass and weed circle and three eggs that matched as well as do the buttons on my lady's tailor made. Where are the other four thousand four hundred and fifty eggs? Look and I will show you a few of them in this Indian's basket. He was of the Coast Indians, the Salish, of the village of the Sliammous. His forefathers had for generations gathered the eggs, why not he? Any day it was possible to scan the heights and see some active klootchman; with her baby hanging by a hair, so it seemed to us, from the roughly knotted shawl that hung over her shoulder. Up and down the broken ledges, where even

a careful, unladen boy took watchful glance at the friable edge that led to death on the fallen, crushed boulders below, along the narrow nesting shelves these lithe mothers with their young went, with never an inch to turn in, forward they must go, and all for a few strong, red yolked, harsh tasting gulls' eggs. I am speaking of the white man's taste. These tribes eat these when they are partially incubated.

Everywhere we went broken egg shells proclaimed the bird robbers. At one shell-fish formed beach, where the tides of centuries had thrown up a connecting neck between the two great steppes, we saw a party of Indians at breakfast. All the men were away for the salmon fishing. Here were just the women folks and the youngsters. Gulls' eggs, raw sea urchins, cod fish boiled; exactly as it came out of the water and some flapjacks of the most untearable consistency—as we saw a babe try to tear a bit off for a young crow they had captured. Another captured crow lay dead in the lap of another widely staring youngster—mayhaps a bit had been torn off for it. This party soon crept into the big war canoe, put up the tattered sail and scudded away over



Fritz coralling young gulls.

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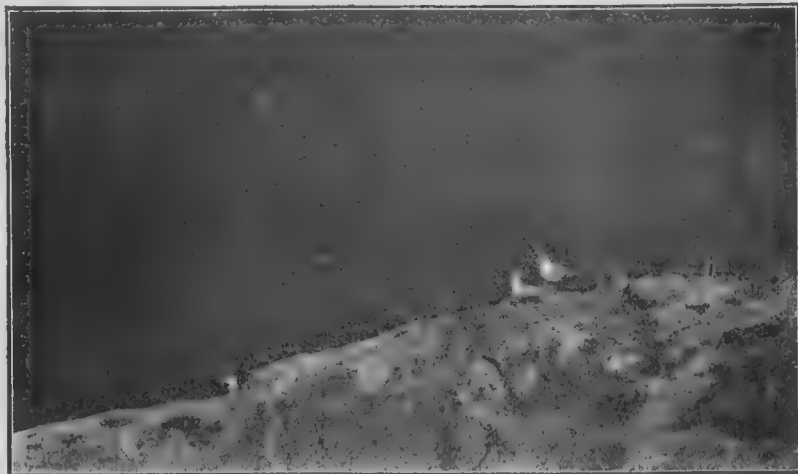
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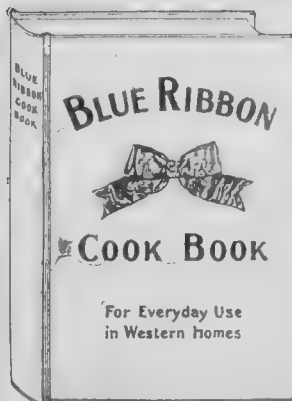
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the tide rip riven waters like some great marine centrepied—but they did not extinguish their breakfast fire and for three days it raged until all the beach thravn timbers were destroyed. I know they do this on purpose at times, as many of these rocky islands contain, in the earth filled levels between the ridges, great crops of garlic, the dearly loved wild onion of these coast tribes. Fire cultivates it and at the same time heat destroys the eggs and flames scorch the poor helpless young of the wildfowl.

Men, native to the scene, tell us that if the first clutch is taken the second eggs will be laid ten days later and then two will be a set, if these in turn are robbed another two weeks will elapse and only one egg will then be laid—thus bringing out the young so late that they may freeze, as did many on this island last year. These men had noted this. I have not disproved it, although I have found nests; ones that had been robbed, containing two eggs, and also three eggs, for the second set. All the birds leave their nests during the bright days and let the sun do all the hatching for them. On rainy days the birds sit tight. Often I have touched eggs in many nests, on cool days, and found them positively stone cold, just the temperature of the stones about them. We usually find one bird at or near the nest every day, often after the poor bird has been despoiled of her eggs.

One bright morning, whilst we were

picturing on the north end of the Mittenatch, a canoe load of Indians approached the southern and unseen. Within ten minutes, just the time it took us to rush there; as the gulls, by their incessant alarm calls of "Pollee! police!"—it sounds like nothing else—had given us warning, these six men and women and boys had completely robbed the small southern spur, detached at high tide. Every gull's egg, fresh, five days gone, ten days gone, now reposed in their moss-divided baskets. I tried to explain to these natives that they could not eat their cake and have it; they left smiling broadly. But we have plans laid that we hope will protect the poor birds next year. Down we sat, Fritz to see if the pirates actually left, I to note the actions of the despoiled birds. They sat mute and motionless. I had expected to hear harsh cries and see much flapping and circling. No, they seemed to be dumfounded by this second complete robbery. All that afternoon we never heard more than a low "quroo, quroo, quroo," a plaintive murmur that seemed to run through the mass.

A full thirty days have elapsed, by careful watching and guarding; and breeding of a crop of future enemies, we have succeeded in bringing out in our huge hatchery some of the most ungainly youngsters we have ever seen, they "peet" to us from high set ledges, they cry to us from behind great element slid boulders. We set cameras



A Shammon egg robber.

for them, and the big-footed young march sedately away. Fritz took them out and held up the young from a nest on the very cliff top—fluffy, yellowish down coated chaps, with many irregular black spots scattered all over them, bills as black as coal, big, strong, palmated feet, with the fourth toe developed. With a dark brown iris and a blue pupil and all ready to fight at the hand that holds them—although some of this pecking is to find out if the hand is like the mother's bill and contains freshly caught fish, nicely suited to the size of their hungry, and should be, thirsty throats never a drop of water do they get at first. "A crick, a crick" they cry and trot off like young ostriches. Why they are not blown off those airy nests, on the dizzy edge on high ledges, why they do not tumble out of the honeycombs in cliff side, where some canny birds laid their eggs is more than we can tell, but we remember that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge and are content. The birds fly above us calling harshly, "Qui, Qui, Qui, Quick uk" but never offering to approach us as we sit with squabbling young in our hands. We note these cleanly birds keep clean nests, removing shell, bits of fish, etc., although the excrement is on the rocky ledges not far off. The adults are

a circle of ten miles they fish, getting all the small fishes, smelts, oulachan, gar, pipe fishes, sea perch, also sea urchins, foliatum, limpets, snails, the strongly hooked bill being well adapted to catch fish or tear off shell fish. All the day long they fly backwards and forwards, the males empty mouthed; early in the season, the females with fish for the young. All carry shellfish to break them on the rocks. I have seen one of these gulls drop a cockle nine times on the soft earth; and then not having broken it leave it, never once showing it had knowledge enough to select a rock for it to fall on, although they had rock broken them thousands of times before. I have never lived amongst a more peaceable lot of birds. The only quarrels I see are when a too venturesome rival intrudes right into the home circle, or when two almost collide in flight, then bills are locked and wings wildly waved and down they drop shrilling. This usually occurred during the evening float. Every night, when the heat of the sun was lost, all the birds rose in a white cloud and made an ariel procession about the island, each flock flying forward a few yards and drifting back until the nesting ledge was beside them. This was one of the most presence compelling sights I have ever witnessed. Fritz and I would lie spell-bound for an hour watching this sil-



The big footed young marched sedately.

clean as we see them bathe at sunset, exactly as a tame canary does.

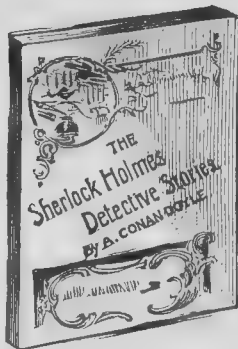
Now we hear a new note about us, from end to end of the two big steppes rings out the cry "Scarr, scarr." The air is instantly filled with wheeling, screaming gulls. Anon we find the reason. A big bald-headed eagle is passing over, rather low down, and the whole colony are attacking him in turn. We watch these gulls, birds that allow a crow to rob them and a human to despoil them without once offering to attack, watched them chase this misnamed king of birds, aye, even one gull continued the chase and sped the big eagle on his way. But we also note that these harmonious living gulls resent the approach of other species of gulls. Every evening, just as the sun is sinking behind the distant snowy tops of Vancouver Island, many Hermann Gulls fly along. All of them are obliged to roost below high tide line by the owners of this breeding island—the Glaucous-winged. We have figured the nest damaged eggs as five per cent. of the total.

Early in the morning the first circling hosts fly upwards, crying "qui, qui, quick uk." Off to the tide rips they speed, leaving the nestling mothers alone on the cliffs. These garrulous birds squat on the water, using low quacking gabbles, "Ka, ka, ka, gow, gow" keeping this up incessantly. In

ent, marvellous white procession. That they never collided filled us with wonder. It was only the rare squabbles of the ones that almost did that made the floating, silent mass more impressive.

All over these grey rock ledges, with their soft top carpeting of "rock crop," pink and blue and yellow, Nature's mats for these huge steppes, was enacted the comedies of the mating and the love making. After each robbery of the eggs the female became a constant attendant on her lord and master. Never did the first mate Eve so innocently and sweetly tempt her lover. The proud white male, with his yellow bill half raised and black eye flashing stood at attention. Before him, in all the self abandonment of love, with many a faint nod and bend, with head well lowered and body brushing the ground uttering the cooing notes as sweet as any doves, meekly changing her position from side to side if happily she can catch and hold that glancing eye, the beautiful female waited upon her mate. At times he did cast a glance down at her—then far afield he looked; at times he actually yawned, as if surfeited with her sweet obedience. Now his head is positively turned away. Gently, Oh! so gently, she lifted her curved bill and tapped him lightly on the lore. Still inattentive. Again the gentle touch, again the low cooing note. Now a sudden alarm sweeps like a whirlwind through the

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colony, and all the birds rise in the air "Police, police" they cry. Wildly they whirl for a few minutes, then, like a mass of leaves disturbed by a rude gust and discarded, they settle, each to his appointed place, and again before our wondering eyes the interrupted comedy is resumed.

The exquisite beauty of the long gloaming on these barren rocks kept us late afield. While the gulls were noisily calling we too spoke loudly, but, as the sun descended, and all its red fires cooled down into mysterious purples, and all the strident cries of the glaucous-winged gave place to low

notes, that ran as the murmur of a distant sea, we too spoke in low tones, awed by the mystery that we call sleep. Here, with dying sun and closing wild flower and sleepily murmuring birds we tasted to the full that sweet content that knows no desire of possession. Now the distant peaks are black, the forward ledges show indistinct white points where the forms of the gulls outline them, the wind has died away, the soft sluicing of the tide as it passes seaward but accentuates the silence and lo, the breeding ground of the Mittenatch is sunk in slumber.



Nests on edges of steep ledges.

A Summer Holiday.

By "Sheila."

There comes a time to all of us when "the common round and daily task" does not furnish all we want or ask, and we long for a change. If we live in flat Manitoba, we wish for the mountains, and if we have Celtic blood in our veins we imagine it is the lure of the land, of the mist and mountains that calls us, and that if we could tread the heather, and smell the peat reek of the Highlands and hear again the whaups and peewits calling, we would come back refreshed. But no—it would take too long, and we must think of some other place for our holiday this summer of 1910—so we decide to cross the Rockies without stop, as a great longing to get quickly to the sea has taken possession of us. The railway journey across the prairie is very pleasant. Regina, Moose Jaw and Calgary all look full of life and the promise of the future, and it is pleasant to see how contented the people in the stations and on the streets look. At Calgary we reached the foothills, and are on the alert for the first glimpse of the Rockies. The scenery is grander than we anticipated, and the lakes, with their vivid greeny blue, wonderful to behold. These are splendid sights, and the deep ravines almost take our breath away as we look from the dizzy heights. On we whirl, sometimes high up the mountains, then running beside lakes that look like mirrors, reflecting every tree and every white cloud in the blue of the sky. At last Vancouver is reached, and we feel glad to leave the train. Vancouver with its fine harbour and picturesque situation is fast becoming the gateway between the east and west, and will in the near future be a big city. It is now in the making, and it is interesting to see the signs of its growth. We enjoyed our drives through Stanley Park, which has been left in its natural state, and is said to contain some of the largest trees in the world. English Bay, with its many crowds of pleasure seekers, is well named, and is like an English watering-place in miniature. Victoria and Seattle

we can only mention as most interesting and well worth a visit. It was in Vancouver we decided to take the Alaska trip on the "Princess May." We felt it was the sea breezes we wanted, and we had read of the wonders of Alaska and the Klondike, with the high mountains "plum full of hush" as Service puts it. The trip up the British Columbia coast to Alaska is well worth taking, and in the nine hundred miles from Vancouver to Skagway there are many magnificent sights. The weird, rugged and snow-capped mountains clad with spruce half way up, have a grandeur all their own. The glaciers which are seen after we reach Frederick Sound, and the many places the steamer stops at, makes the trip an enjoyable one. We were fortunate in our travelling companions, and made friends whom we hoped not to lose sight of. There were also some old friends in the shape of books we had with us—one of them Brete Hart's poems, with its "Heathen Chinee," "Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Her Letter," which brought back another holiday in another land. Then Skagway is reached, and we spend two days wandering about the almost deserted place. At one time ten to twelve thousand people lived there, for thirty years ago it was the gateway of the Klondike, where gold was said to lie for the gathering. We had luncheon at the "Park Trail Inn," and the landlord, who had been there since '97, had many a story to tell. We heard of the notorious "Soapy" Smith, who terrorized the neighborhood. He and his gang dressed as miners, met the boats and invited the newcomers into their saloon, where they were either robbed or a worse fate befell them. The stories seemed too awful to be true and reminded us of the highwaymen tales of our early days. The houses stand just as the inhabitants left them, partly furnished and, in the yards, overgrown with grass, rigs and carts are crumbling away. There it stands, surrounded by the high snow-capped mountains, telling of a past that

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is gone forever. We were not sorry to leave the place behind as the sun was setting and we sailed away. About two o'clock in the morning of the 5th August a few hours after leaving Skagway, we were awakened suddenly. Strange that we should know what it was—we who had never heard the sound before. Yes—we were on the rocks and the ship stood still. Then came hurrying feet and we were told to come on deck as soon as possible. It was an anxious time till the boats were lowered, all sorts of questions kept coming to our mind—"Would the ship keep afloat till we all got off, or would she fill and sink, taking us down with her?" The lights still burned which helped us greatly, and in the distance we saw light, which proved to be the lighthouse on Sentinel Island. We were not very far from land, but the tide was in, and it seemed a long distance off in the dark. The life boats were hard to lower, and it seemed sometime before we reached the water after we got into the boat. The "Princess May" proved to be fast on a rock, and all got safely on shore. As the light came we found ourselves sitting on the lighthouse stairs, gazing out the little window, silent, with a gratitude too deep for words. It was a strange sight in the kitchen, where a fire had been lit and a crowd were drying their clothes and telling their experiences. In an hour or two the suit

cases came on shore, and we began to feel more comfortable and ready for the "Georgia," which, thanks to wireless telegraphy, had been sent to take us to Juneau. All the inhabitants seemed to be on the quay when we arrived at midnight, and we were the observed of all observers. One remark we overheard was "We did not look very drowned after all." We were three days in Juneau, and it rained nearly all the time and we were not too comfortable, so we welcomed the "Princess Beatrice" the C. P. R. sent for us, when everything was done for our comfort, and we quickly reached Vancouver once more, only being three days late. But somehow the zest had gone out of our holiday, and we thought longingly of our dear and quiet little home in the "Prairie City," and felt we could not be there too soon. The scene had changed too, and every place was misty and gray with rain, as we started on our homeward journey. The Arrowhead lakes and Crow's Nest Pass are fine, and we spent a day at Nelson on our way through. It is sad to see the devastation the forest fires are making all through that part of the country. Our train goes spinning along and we welcome the prairie, and think of home, having had enough of the mountains for the time. So we come back to the routine and work of our city, satisfied with our holiday, and gladdened by the welcome of friends.



C.P.R. Steamship "Princess May" Wrecked on Sentinel Island, Alaska, August 5th, 1910

A Hallow E'en Party.

(By a Scottish Contributor.)

Scottish people the world over would not think that the 31st of October had really, truly been and gone into the past, unless it had been observed as "Hallow e'en." Hallow e'en, or the evening of Hallowmass, the feast of all saints, is still as much to the fore as it was in the days of Burns in Bonnie Scotland, and wherever her sons do congregate, keeping alive and fresh Burns' lines:—

"Some merry, merry country folks
Together did convene,
Tae burn their nits, an' pu' their
stocks.
And haud their Hallow e'en."

In Scotland, we place a great deal of stress on getting the right Hallow e'en "atmosphere," and, as in days of yore, all the elves and witches of Fairyland were to be abroad that night, decorations must be weird and "witchy." The witch with her tall conical cap and her broomstick, must be much in evidence; also black cats galore, Jack o' Lanterns, rosy red apples, etc. For table decoration, a Jack o' Lantern shade might be put on the gasolier, cut from cardboard and painted black, eyes cut out, nostrils and mouth ditto, through which the light

gleams faintly and mystically. (1) From this might depend paper festoons to each corner of the table terminating each in a black cat. These can be cut out from black tissue paper and pasted on pasteboard, a little piece (or leg) of pasteboard also pasted on, serving to keep him standing. Underneath the Jack o' Lantern might be a little wooden tub filled with red apples, and with a witch (also cut from black tissue and mounted on cardboard) perched here and there on the brim and around the edges. Some of the witches must be made to be looked at from both sides, that is, have a black witch on each side of the cardboard where both sides show. Another centrepiece (2) is a tripod of sticks from which depends a "witches cauldron," and with witches grouped around. The place cards might be black cats. If the eyes are put in the witches or the cats, these can be done with white water color paint. Some folks adhere to having

"The real old fashioned Hallow e'en," while others content themselves with the "Hallow e'en atmosphere" and depend altogether on the decorations for their name of Hallow e'en party. In that case, say the party is a dance



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Send for our price list. If interested in our line it will pay you to write.

INDIAN CURIO CO. Dept. C. WINNIPEG

IN a personal letter to the Principal, one of our ex-students in the country says, "I certainly never regret that I took a course in your Business College. It is the best that any young man can do. Now I am Secretary-Treasurer of the Town Council, the Agricultural Society and Board of Trade as well as a number of other private business bodies."

It is our experience that the boy who takes a business course as part of his training is generally the one who forges to the front. Write for our catalogue and enclose this ad.

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is about over, now it is time you were figuring on

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Size 22 x 22—4 rooms, **\$412.⁵⁰**

Supplied in 12 sizes and designs and ready to occupy within two or three days after delivery at station. Seven thicknesses of material. Absolutely wind proof and cold proof. There is nothing like it on the market. A complete floor plan and book of instructions accompany each order. **SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.**

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party, lighting ought to be done entirely by candles, or, better still, by Jack o' Lanterns and, perhaps, a moon. A good simulation of this can be had by placing a strong electric light in a box which has a circular opening in front, which may be covered with frosted glass or, better still, with cheesecloth which has a funny "man in the moon" face painted on it. The guests should each be crowned with a black witches' cap when they come in, and all waitresses, etc., must be got up in imitation of witches likewise. On arriving at the party, the guests as they arrive are surprised to see the door opening silently into a dimly lit hall, and to see only a hand (from behind a curtain) signing to them to go upstairs, other hands pointing the way to the cloakroom en route. But it is when the real old-fashioned Hallow e'en is gone in for that the jaded hearts of habitual party goers rejoice and become young again. The old time custom of

Pu' in the kail stocks

is not now so much observed, as most prefer the fun to be indoors. In Scotland, the green kail is pulled off leaf by leaf as needed, and the stalks are left, and these shoot again and again with tender green shoots, often remaining in the ground till next spring, when they are rooted out to make room for fresh plants. Long ago, at Hallow e'en merry makings, lad and lass went out hand in hand to the kailyard, where they pu'd (pulled) their stocks with closed eyes. Even with their eyes shut they groped to find a straight one, for

it) three times round her head, and flings it over her left shoulder, when it generally forms some initial. The laughing girls are sure to find an owner for the initial, which can be "front" name or surname as suits.

The three "Luggies."

To again quote Burns:

"In order on the clean hearthstane
The luggies (basins) three are ranged;
And every time great care is ta'en
Tae keep the luggies changed."

The three basins, ranged on the hearthstone or on a table, contain clean water, dirty water and no water at all, respectively. The girl who seeks to know her fate is blindfolded, and led up to the basins, at one of which she must point. Should she point to the one containing clean water, she is to be happily married, the one containing dirty water signifying marriage to a widower, while the empty "luggie" denotes single blessedness.

The lucky bag

is another rite we used to observe on Hallow e'en in bonnie Scotland, in fact, people who hold Hallow e'en in the good old way keep up all these yet. Into a bag is put a ten cent piece, a ring, a crooked stick, a sod of earth (wrapped in a bit of paper), and a number of little bits of cloth, red, blue, black, green, all these little parcels being wrapped separately in paper and securely tied. The player is blindfolded and led up to the bag, into which she puts a hand and withdraws one of the little parcels. There ought to be a par-



The Hallowe'en Pumpkin as it grows in Manitoba.

a crooked stick meant a crooked partner for life. If a lot of earth hung to the root every good luck was to follow a happy marriage, if little or no earth, fair or no luck at all. Oftentimes, forsooth! has the question been asked and answered at the "pu' in o' the stocks," the fulfilling of which marred or blessed two lives for ever and aye!

The burning of the Nuts

is another typical part of a Hallow e'en night. The nuts were put on the ribs of the grate (on the top of a heater would do) and toasted. Each girl or man put on two and named them male and female. "This is Miss So-and-so and Mr. — she knows who!" If they roasted quietly side by side, finally burning quietly side by side, a happy wedded life was foretold; if they started aside with a bang, a rupture in the courtship. This forms a nice rest after a noisy game.

Apple "dookin'"

or ducking for apples, is only gone in for now by the juveniles, that is, catching apples in the mouth that are floating in a basin of water. Apple peeling is, however, still gone in for. This is done by girls to determine the initials of their future husband. The apples might be brought in by girl "witches," in little wooden tubs. Each girl chooses a sound apple and starts to peel it from the stem to the blossom end, great care being taken to keep the peel unbroken. As each girl declares her's peeled, great interest is manifested by her girl friends, as, seizing the peel by one end, she twirls it gently (so as not to break

cel for each of the girl players and, in a separate bag, a parcel for each of the boys. The ring shows who shall be married first, the coin a fortune, the crooked stick, a widow or widower, the thimble, hard work all their lives; earth, single blessedness; red cloth, soldier; black, doctor or minister; blue, a sailor; green, a farmer. In the boys' bags the bits of cloth can be omitted and something else substituted; small pail, a dairymaid; Pierette, an actress, and so on.

Another way

is to have little saucers along one end of the table; in them, a sprig of heather, laurel, nettle, crooked stick, holly, ten cent piece, and some earth. The player is blindfolded and turned round three times, then led to the table. He or she points to one of the saucers, which is supposed on this mystic eve to foretell her future. Heather means a speedy and happy marriage; laurel, an unhappy marriage; nettle, that he or she is to be jilted; holly, marriage late in life; crooked stick, a union with a widower; and the earth, no marriage at all. Every Scotch reader who reads of these games must recall the many merry eves in the days of long ago, when he saw these rites gone through, the merry, happy country folks with their ready quip and joke, their hearty enjoyment of their Hallow e'en, and he will read, perhaps through his tears, recalling the days that are gone and the sweet faces that now he sees only in his dreams. Ah, the days that are no more, how sweet you were, how happy and free from care! How loving the

dear ones now, it may be, still in death. How it brings back, this talk of Hallow e'en. memories weat, yet bitter, to the exile from home. A willing exile, perhaps, but still an exile! Even Christmas with its family re-unions does not call up more tender memories than does the thought of the auld time Hallow e'en! Another,

A more modern game

Is shadow pantomime, which requires a rehearsal or two before the night of the party, a few girl friends being asked to help. The "stage" requires little properties. An arched door leading from one room to another being the chief asset. If not available, a doorway into the hall is chosen. Across this a curtain or sheet must be tightly stretched and a lamp placed at just the right angle; a little rehearsal will show just where. Behind this curtain, the girls, dressed as witches, etc., perambulate, riding broomsticks, and going through all sorts of ridiculous antics, sometimes appearing to fly upwards on their broomsticks, or to descend abruptly from the skies. This effect is, of course, produced by jumping over the light from the shadow, the other from before the light to the shadow, but it looks quite wonderful and mystifying to see a succession of witches who seem to have made an aeroplane of a common or garden broomstick and who ascend and descend with equal facility. Many other games will suggest themselves to an ingenious hostess which can be modified to suit the Hallow e'en spirit.

The Square Piano.

A year or two ago the trade was much concerned over the reported burning of several square pianos in the United States, and history seems to be repeating itself in a slightly different and better way in Winnipeg these days.

Lately, Western Chicago seems to have been afflicted with an accumulation of square pianos, judging from the advertisements in the daily papers. We read of one firm offering them at \$50.00 on easy terms; another at \$40.00 each, payable \$1.00 down and fifty cents a week, but it remained for the Winnipeg Piano Company to reach the climax by advertising that they will give away their square pianos absolutely free, including stool and cartage.

The offer is extended to Winnipeg churches, missions, lodges and any charitable institution, application being filled in the order received. This is certainly better than burning them, and we have no doubt will result in increased publicity of the right kind for the Winnipeg Piano Company.

One thing is sure, the next dealer who wishes to deal with the square piano question will have a hard proposition to beat.

Tracing Her Five Dollars.

"Hereafter," said the pretty girl, "if anybody sends me five dollars, or a hundred dollars, or a thousand dollars, or any amount of dollars, I shall just tuck them away in the savings bank with a 'Thank you' and no questions asked. It doesn't pay to be too proud and inquisitive in a case of that kind. I lost five dollars not long ago on account of pride—two times five dollars, in fact."

"The first five dollar bill was handed to me when I sat at my writing desk. Instead of putting it away at once in a safe place I stuck it into an envelope and left it there. Later I wrote several letters, and when I again remembered the five dollar bill it was gone.

"My natural supposition was that I had sent it away in one of the letters I had just written. All those letters except one were business letters. The exception was to Billy Strong. I immediately wrote to all my correspondents and explained what I had done, and asked them to examine their envelopes for a trace of the five dollars. The promptness of Billy Strong's reply was beautiful. He sent me five dollars. Fortunately, he said, he had not destroyed the envelope, and there, tucked away in

one corner, he had found the five dollar bill.

"Naturally I felt pretty good over that outcome of my mistake, but the next morning, when the second chapter began to unroll, I didn't feel quite so comfortable. I found then in the top envelope of a bunch that I had previously overlooked a five dollar bill.

"It is no use for anybody to try to imagine how I felt, because it can't be done. I spent half a day puzzling over Billy's motive in sending me the money. Finally I came to the conclusion that he must have construed my letter as an ingenious way of asking for a loan, and he had forthwith responded in the same roundabout fashion. I wrote Billy a stinging letter. I asked what he thought of me, anyhow! That by putting such a construction on my letter he had insulted

me, and that it was all over between us. Of course, I returned the five dollars.

"About two hours after I had mailed that letter chapter No. 3 began. Ellen Fariss and I use that writing desk in partnership. The first thing I knew she was upsetting things in general looking for a particular envelope.

"What kind of an envelope was it?" I asked.

"One of those plain white ones," she said. "It was right on top of this bunch. I stuck a five dollar bill in it yesterday."

"At this point in Ellen's explanation I collapsed. It was her money I had returned to Billy, and I had to take the last five dollars I had in the world to settle with her. I haven't heard from Billy, and I have not had the courage to write again. I said that all was over between us, and apparently it is."

Signed Articles.

Young writer (to editor of Monthly Review)—"If you think my article so good, why don't you let me put my name to it?"

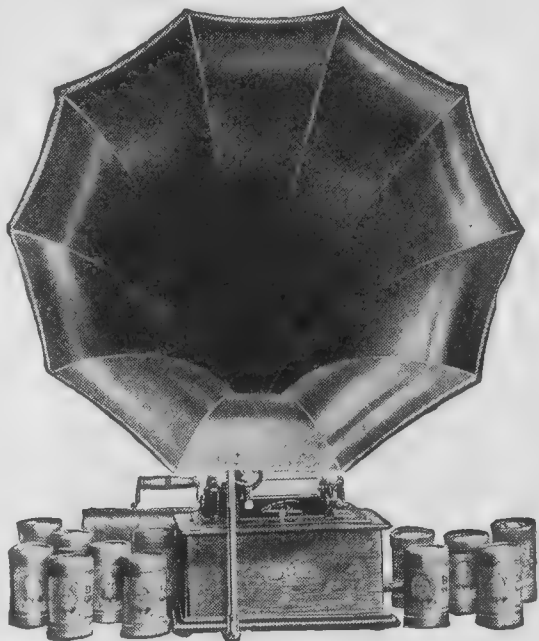
Editor—"Because nobody would read it if I did."

Young Writer—"But you had an article by the Duke of Ditchwater in your last number, and you put his name to it."

Editor—"Exactly; but nobody would have read it if I hadn't."

Economy in advertising won't make up for extravagance in other things.

Your advertising may be rare, or it may be well done, but its method must be medium.



The Edison!

The latest style Edison Phonograph in our new outfit No. 9—this superb entertainer, Mr. Edison's latest, final improvement of phonograph—shipped

FREE

Yes, free. I don't ask a cent of your money—I don't want you to keep the phonograph—I just want to give it to you on a free loan—then you may return it at my own expense.

Read the Offer: I will ship you free this grand No. 9 outfit, Fireside Model, with one dozen Gold Moulded and Amberol records. You do not have

to pay me a cent C. O. D. or sign any leases or mortgages. I want you to get this free outfit—the masterpiece of Mr. Edison's skill—in your home. I want you to see and hear Mr. Edison's final and greatest improvement in phonographs. I want to convince you of its wonderful superiority. Give a free concert; give a free minstrel show, music, dances, the old fashioned hymns, grand opera, comic opera—all this I want you to hear free of charge—all in your own home—on this free loan offer.

MY REASON—My reason for this free loan offer, this extra liberal offer on the finest talking machine ever made—see below.

MR. EDISON Says: "I Want to see a Phonograph in Every American Home."

The phonograph is the result of years of experiment; it is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He realizes fully its value as an entertainer and educator; for the phonograph brings the pleasure of the city right to the village and the farm home. Now, the new **Fireside Edison Phonograph** of our outfit No. 9, 1911 Model, is the latest and greatest improved talking machine made by this great inventor. Everybody should hear it; everybody must hear it. If you have only heard other talking machines before, you cannot imagine what beautiful music you can get from the outfit No. 9. This new machine is just out and has never been heard around the country. We want to convince you; we want to prove to you that this outfit is far, far superior to anything ever heard before. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

MY REASON I don't want you to buy it—I don't ask you to buy anything.

But I do feel that if I can send you this great phonograph and convince you of its merits, of its absolute superiority, you will be glad to invite your neighbors and friends to your house to let them hear the free concert. Then, perhaps, one or more of your friends will be glad to buy one of these great outfits No. 9. You can tell your friends that they can get an Edison Phonograph outfit complete with records for only \$2.00 a month—\$2.00 a month—the easiest possible payment and, at the same time, a rock-bottom price. Perhaps you, yourself, would want a phonograph, and if you ever intend to get a phonograph, now is the chance to get the brand new and most wonderful phonograph ever made, and on a most wonderfully liberal offer. But if neither you nor your friends want the machine, that is O. K.; I simply want you to have it on a free loan, and perhaps somebody who heard the machine will buy one later. I am glad to send it on the free loan offer anyway. I will take it as a favor if you will send me your name and address so I can send you the catalog—then you can decide whether you want the free loan. There are no strings on this offer, absolutely none. It is a free loan, that is all. I ask not for one cent of your money. I only say if any of your people want to buy a phonograph, they may get one for \$2 a month, if they want it.

Now, remember, nobody asks for a cent of your money. I want every responsible household in the country, every man who wants to see his home cheerful and his family entertained, every good father, every good husband, to write and get these free concerts for his home. Remember, the loan is absolutely free from us, and we do not even charge you anything C. O. D.

Write today for this interesting catalog, FREE



Just sign and mail the coupon at the right, and get this FREE catalog. Write today.

Write for the FREE Edison Catalog

In this catalog you will find a complete list of music and vaudeville entertainments. You can pick out just the kind of records you want for the entertainment you want on this free loan in your own home. Get this catalog at once, then you can decide whether or not you want a free loan and when you want it. You can also decide just the music you want. Remember, I will appreciate it as a favor if you will give me the opportunity of sending you this latest style machine—the climax of Mr. Edison's skill—on this free loan offer. I will appreciate it especially if you will send me your name and address anyway right now, so I can fully and clearly explain our methods of shipping the Edison Phonograph on a free loan. **SIGN THE COUPON TODAY. Do it right now.**

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The above six for \$1.00 postpaid if you mention this paper.

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284 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

The Last Fight Between the Sioux and Crees.

An Episode of Old Fort Walsh.

I noticed recently the report of the mounted police surgeon of the Mackenzie River county, in which he commented favourably on the nerve and stoicism displayed by the natives of the North in undergoing the most difficult and painful surgical operations without the use of anaesthetics. The perusal of this report has brought to your correspondent's memory an incident that happened at old Fort Walsh in the early eighties.

Old Sitting Bull, at that time, was located at Woody Mountain (having taken refuge there after the fight of the Little Big Horn), and, although he and his immediate followers were nominally peaceful enough, his kinsmen of the Missouri River agencies were constantly harassing hunting parties of Crees that had the temerity to carry

digging rifle pits the Crees held their ground for two days, but at the expiration of that time, the firing becoming too hot, they scattered out over the prairie, leaving most of their ponies, tepees and camp outfit in the possession of the raiders. An aged squaw brought the news of the fight into Fort Walsh. The old woman had travelled a distance of sixty miles on foot with the news of the disaster. A rescue party of Cree braves at once started out to the assistance of their people, but as it was reported on their return that there were still some wounded Crees scattered over the prairie, a relief party of police was sent out to make an exhaustive hunt for all wounded and to bury the dead. This party was in command of D. N. Molson (a cadet of the well-known Montreal family of



Crimean Veterans at the Funeral of Miss Florence Nightingale.

on their hunt too handy the "border line."

For there ne'er was a time
On the Marche parts yet
When the Cree and the Blackfoot
met,

When it was a marvel if
The red blood ran not
As the rain does in the street.

In the autumn of the aforesaid year a Sioux war party, presumably from Fort Buford, Mont., ran into a hunting party of Crees in the vicinity of "Old Man on His Back," called by the Crees, "Kishsay nu ashi Kiehick," the well-known landmark not far from Milk River. The Crees had circled round from Fort Walsh to the head of the Swift Current, and from there to the Old Man on a buffalo hunt which had proved very successful. It was a large camp, and although most of the tepees were pitched close together in the immediate vicinity of the Old Man, many of them were scattered singly and in groups along Battle Creek, clear across the boundary line.

The Sioux from the surrounding buttes kept up a continuous long-distance firing upon the Cree tepees. By

that name), and had for its chief scout Billy Gladstone, a son of the well-known old fur trader. The old squaw, the Winged Mercury who brought in the news of the disaster to the Fort, and a Cree Indian whose brother was in the doomed camp, also accompanied the party. The Indian had heard that his brother was lying badly wounded under his cart a little south of the boundary line. The relief party, though delayed somewhat by a prairie fire, made their objective point in due season, but in spite of a thorough search they picked up only three of the ill-fated outfit, a man, his wife and little child. The man and woman were badly wounded and were slowly and painfully endeavouring to make their way back to old Fort Walsh. They had some cartridges left and enough dried buffalo meat to sustain life. The two-year-old kid had a buffalo blutter stretched around his neck after the manner of the times. The Cree Indian who was attached to the outfit now requested Corporal Molson to make another day's journey south-east and make camp on or about the international boundary, while he,

SCHOOL BOYS can get a gun metal, best steel, two bladed, gentleman's pocket knife, or a beautiful, gentleman's patent vest pocket pencil of a very superior kind, FREE OF CHARGE for a few minutes' work of a nature approved by parents and teachers, no risk. Address The Manager, P. O. Box 2234, Montreal.

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F. A. WOOD, Principal

Send Us \$2.50



Receive this child's late style dress, the material is all wool serge, Navy, good weight and fine for a warm fall and winter dress. The price is low because we secure the cloth in remnants from our Ladies' Suit Factory otherwise the price would be near double what we ask. The dress is made with a wide belt below waist from which spring a full pleated skirt. When ordering give age and if over 10 give bust, waist, and neck measure also sleeve measure of under arm seam also length down back from neck to desired length. \$2.50 is the price up to and including 8 years, over 8 and to 12 years the price is \$2.95. Order this dress to-day. You will be well pleased with it. Guaranteed to be just as represented. Add 20c. for postage.

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We stand back of every "SUN" Lamp because we know it to be the brightest, steady, cheapest, most effective, artistic light.

We guarantee every "SUN" Hollow Wire System to be the simplest, safest, most up-to-date gasoline lighting system. Catalog shows 108 styles fixtures, \$2.25 up. No agents—sold direct.

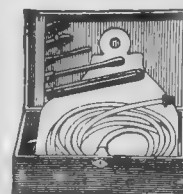
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Send us \$9.50

Receive this winter suit, consisting of a long winter cloak and skirt. The material is all wool frieze. The colors are Navy and Black. The coat is cut semi-fitting, with double-breasted front. The cloak comes well below the knees. The skirt is cut 7 gore made with welted seams. This suit is gotten up especially for Western winter weather. It is a two in one suit. A cloak and a skirt to form a suit. Order to-day. Order suit No. 55.

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Gene's Watch with Ring & Chain, 81-piece Dinner Set, 6 Triple Plated Tea Spoons, 6-piece Kitchen Set with rack, 40 inches wide Lace Curtain, Willow Chair, Rings, etc., given for selling the handsome line of Post Cards shown at 10c per pkg. Write us what you want and we will send you 20 packages Cards by return mail. We trust you. Premiums sent promptly when earned. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Write for 20 pkg. Cards and large colored Premium List today. **ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 712 CHICAGO**

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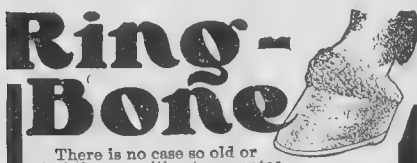
Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separators contain neither disks nor other contraptions, yet produce twice the skimming force, skim faster and skim twice as clean as common machines. Because Dairy Tubulars are so simple, they wash many times easier and wear several times longer than common separators. Tubular sales exceed most, if not all, others combined. Tubulars probably replace more common separators than any one maker of such machines sells. The World's Best. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries.

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Receive post paid this very attractive child's dress made from red plaid flannelette. It's a very attractive little dress and worth double what we ask. We offer it as a mail order bargain only 75c. The waist is joined to the full pleated skirt with a belt at waist line, trimmed with pointed straps and brass buttons. Made just as pictured, add 10c for postage. Order this dress to-day. Comes in ages from 4 to 12, order age wanted, Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

the Indian, would go over where his brother was said to be lying wounded and bring him back to the police camp. After a consultation with the rank and file it was decided to comply with the Indian's request. The party sympathized with the poor Cree in his endeavour to find his brother, and although they had no authority to cross the line officially, they had as a matter of humanity, or as one of the peelers forcibly put it, "There was no use allowing d—m red tape to interfere with an act of humanity," and that Uncle Sam was not likely under the circumstances to be a stickler about international etiquette. But although his camp was located, all search for the wounded man was futile, and it was presumed that he had been picked up by some passing trader. In due season the party arrived back at Fort Walsh and delivered up the rescued ones to their friends in Little Poplar's camp and there was the customary crying

and lamentation among the Cree mothers for those that returned no more. About a week after the return home of his party an outfit from some Missouri River point arrived at the post. They had with them an Indian boy whom they had picked up near the scene of the fight. A bullet from a .45 calibre Winchester had gone clean through the boy's leg, and as he had been so long without assistance, gangrene had started in, and the surgeon was obliged to amputate the leg. The operation was successfully performed by Dr. Kennedy, now a well-known resident of Lethbridge. The boy with his native stoicism, underwent the ordeal without a tremor, his only anaesthetic being an old tobacco pipe charged with a mixture half tobacco and half Knin-mic-a-nic. Pete, as the police boys called him, became a great favorite at the post and was for a long time the mascot of a troop.

—The Roman.



A pyramid of Youngsters at Whytewold Beach.

Chinese Tea Tasters.

To the Editor of the Western Home Monthly.

Sir,—It is a long way from Winnipeg, Canada, to Durban, Natal, S.A., but per favor of my brother residing in Yorkton, N.W.T., who appears to be a regular subscriber to your paper, I received a copy of your October, 1909, issue in which I found a short paragraph with the above heading, and thinking your readers might be interested to hear more on this subject from one who can claim to be one of the kings of the period of which the subject treats, I am sending you an account of my personal experience of a "Chaatsze" or tea taster, when that position carried great responsibility and received remuneration commensurate therewith. The close of the war with China in 1860, by which the great river Yangtsze was opened up for foreign trade, brought us 600 miles

nearer to the chief tea producing districts of Hopsu & Human. All the principal European firms at once prepared to open establishments at Hankow, and as I had late in 1862 received my appointment as tea buyer to one of the largest of these, early in 1863 found me, amongst many others, at the newly opened port, quietly waiting the arrival of the first "musters" (samples) of the new tea crop. These arrive about the end of April or the beginning of May. The excitement then commences, and every tea buyer is busy from morn till eve or as long as daylight continues, tasting, and valuing. The native brokers hurry from one "houg" (place of business) to another, eagerly anxious to obtain bids and if possible bring off the opening contract. A very few of the buyers had been up at Hankow during the previous season, but the bulk were new to the

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Makers of the celebrated H.B.K. Mackinaw Clothing and other warm wearables for winter weather.

Send 50c and receive Five Pair of Hose Feet Post Paid. The part of a lady's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stockings at a low cost. Add 5c for postage. N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.



place, the men they had to deal with and their surroundings. Great responsibility rested with the man making the first purchase because there were numerous agents working merely on commission whose instructions were not to open the market, but as soon as the market was opened then to operate to the best advantage; hence the first transaction virtually settled prices for the season.

I was working for an independent firm with "carte blanche." The only instruction I had was to buy or not to buy as I thought best. At the end of the season the result only would be considered, hence my responsibility was heavy. On leaving Shanghai I had explained my intention of only buying the finest "chops," or parcels, to be had, thereby making a name for the firm as shippers of the best teas of the season. Carefully selecting these I kept in touch with the brokers having these for sale, and for fully a fortnight daily attempts were made with a view to business. At last the seller came to reason and some 2,500 chests were settled on my firm's account, and the market was opened. Operations then became general and in the course of a few days thousands of chests were purchased. That evening I went as usual to the Club, but soon found the atmosphere too warm. Not a man would speak to me and several whom I asked to have a game of billiards refused absolutely; in fact, I found myself placed in "Coventry." During our dinner I discovered that my chief had been thoroughly inoculated with what in these days we should call the "irresponsible chatter" of the disappointed ones, and then, almost for the first time I realized the full measure of my responsibility. "Coventry" continued for two or three days when a most unlooked for piece of luck (I can call it by no better term) came to my rescue. There were no cables in those days, but a steamer arrived with news that Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the



Contentment.

Exchequer at home, had in his budget reduced the duty on tea to 6d. per lb. It also brought us the information that one of the largest firms in Shanghai, immediately upon receipt of the news, had chartered a small steamer to convey same to Hankow, and undoubtedly had the plan succeeded their representative in Hankow would have not only opened the market but scooped in all he wished before the arrival of the regular steamer with the mail. Unfortunately for them, but fortunately for me and those who had followed my lead, failure overtook the venture. Such was the eagerness of the charterers of the S. S. "Elgin" to get her away that she was dispatched without her clearing papers, intending to run past the ports enroute unobserved. When, however, she got a few miles beyond "Kin Kiang," the last

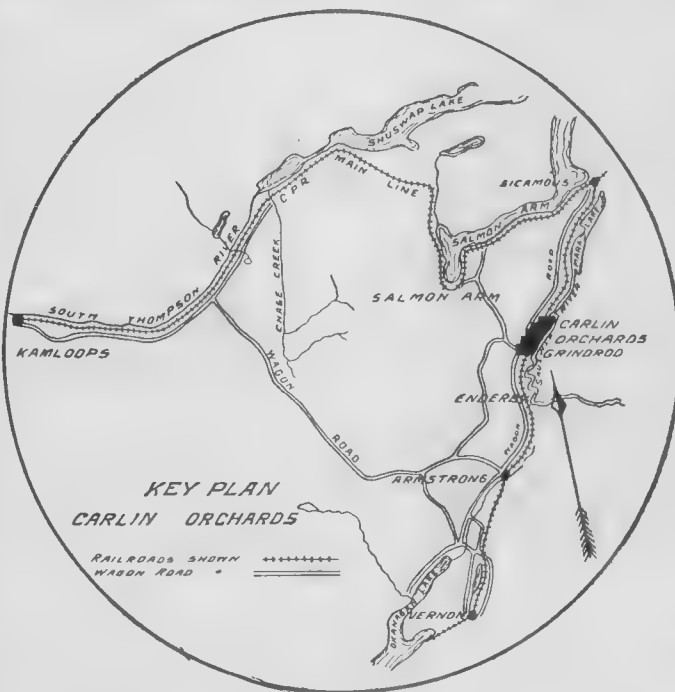
port before reaching Hankow, the captain found himself short of coal. There was nothing to do for it but sending a boat back to his agent at "Kin Kiang." The customs authorities, always on the alert, dispatched an officer and promptly seized the steamer and took her back to the port, where she lay for quite a year and a half, pending an action in the law courts, which eventually ended in the confiscation of the steamer. The arrival of the regular mail steamer with these items of news released me from "Coventry" and increased the value of all purchases to date fully by 3d. per lb., so that everybody in the settlement was happy save the firm who thought to steal a march upon us. The effect upon the market was an immediate rise in prices. My purchases went home in the celebrated clipper ships "Sliver Eagle"

and "Coulmakyle" and realized from 2s. 9d. to 3s. per lb., and were afterwards resold to Russian buyers at considerable advance. The Russians had not then established themselves in Hankow but purchased in London.

There are one or two slight inaccuracies in your paragraph. These, however, I pass over save one, viz: that in which you state that "at the end of 10 or 12 years the tea taster's nerves and digestion are impaired." This is not my experience. After my return from China I was for 23 years a sworn broker in the city of London, daily tasting batches of tea from China, India and Ceylon, yet at 70 my nerves are all right and my first experience of indigestion has been within the last month, and I had to be told the nature of my ailment which was only of a few minutes' duration, and I have had no return.

The writing of these reminiscences reminds me of the great changes which have taken place in the China tea trade in particular and the trade in general. With the reduction of the duty to 6d. per lb. there sprang up the 1s. 3d. retail canister, and the Chinese (I presume) concluded the trade wanted tea for price. Anyhow, the finer qualities became less year by year until it would seem the Chinese have lost the art of making good tea, and China is now relied upon for the supply of common grades and the export has fallen from 120 millions to about 10 or 12 million pounds annually. The opening of the Suez Canal, the advent of the cable service and other innovations of modern commercial life have all helped in the downfall of a once glorious trade conducted by gentlemen in the most gentlemanly manner. One has only to spend a morning in the commercial sale room in Mincing Lane to see the immense difference which has taken place during the half century.

One little experience I must mention. In 1863 or 1864 I saw the S. S. "Anette"



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Offer decidedly remunerative and attractive returns. The cultivation of fruits in this province has become a most interesting art, and a highly profitable industry that provides the grower with a generous competence under the most ideal conditions and surroundings imaginable.

The most desirable fruit farming district in British Columbia is undoubtedly the Upper Okanagan Valley, where peaches, pears, grapes, apples and every variety of small fruits can be grown to perfection. The climate is particularly even and mild, the summer temperature ranging from 70 to 90 degrees, while in winter the average is 26 degrees above zero. No irrigation is necessary, the rainfall throughout the whole year being amply sufficient and well distributed.

In this Upper Okanagan Valley is the beautiful Carlin Estate, a portion of which has been subdivided by the owners into blocks ranging from 10 to 20 acres each and placed with us for sale. This most desirable fruit land lies along the Okanagan Branch of the C.P.R. and the Shuswap River as shown on the key plan.

The soil is excellent and the cost of clearing what little requires to be cleared will be small.

Carlin Orchards besides being most ideally located, are a splendid investment, because when once planted and the trees brought to bearing, a greatly enhanced value is assured.

Conservative estimates place the value per acre when trees begin to bear at \$500, and this figure steadily increases each year until at the end of the tenth year the value is \$1000 per acre or more. In the meantime, while the larger fruit trees are being matured, every ten acres under cultivation will produce at least \$1000 annually in vegetables, small fruits, poultry and eggs. An active, energetic worker and a more intensive system of farming will much increase these returns. We are offering Carlin Orchards at prices ranging from

\$100 to \$125 per Acre

Small cash payment down and the balance extended over a term of three years. We believe that Carlin Orchards are the very best opportunity that has been offered for some time to the man who wishes to become the owner of a small holding of good land in one of the most favored districts in the world.

After a thorough study of the Okanagan district, we feel thoroughly convinced that Carlin Orchards are the very best value in this wonderful wealth-producing valley. We know that this land will bear your closest investigation, and we earnestly urge you to conscientiously consider Carlin Orchards.

To aid you, we have carefully compiled authentic information regarding the land, climate, markets, transportation, etc., which we will be pleased to forward, together with maps and pictures. We believe it to be to your interest to acquire this information about Upper Okanagan Valley

Your name and address on a post card, or any particular inquiries you wish to make will receive a prompt reply.

Rogers, Black & McAlpine, Selling Agents
524 Pender Street W, Vancouver, B.C.

leave Hankow for London in the Cape freighted with tea at 32 guineas per ton, and I have seen tea brought home by Messrs. Smith's steamers in the Canala at 19s. per ton freight, extremes which only the Old Brigade, four of whom survive, have witnessed.

The years 1863 and 1865 stand up in the tea trade as record seasons for the quantity of China teas, and during my broking days I have more than once been to 1 by commercial men that no such teas had been seen since. In those years any parcels marked "DSS. & Co." could be sold in England without showing a sample.

Trusting this article may not be too lengthy for insertion, and thanking you in anticipation, I am, yours faithfully, J. H. Wood.

A Midsummer Night's Experience.

By R. K. Munkyttrick.

The summer before last I went into the wilds of Pennsylvania with a friend who had a cabin in the woods. One day after we had been at the cabin about two weeks my companion had to go to a town a few miles distant on a business errand, and I was left alone. I decided to go a-fishing. So I dug the bait, put the rod over my shoulder, and started on my way for the brook where we usually fished. It was a good three-mile walk from the cabin, on a path which lay mostly through the woods. The great beauty of fishing in this stream lay in the fact that the pickerel were so abundant that very little skill was required to insure success. In fact, I was so successful that I took little or no note of time, and before I was aware of it the sun was dropping out of sight. So with my pole and string of fish I started homeward, this time avoiding the wood path, and taking a short cut. After I had walked perhaps a mile I had to cross a large field. When half-way across it I was startled upon being confronted by a bull, with a picturesque mottled hide like that of a circus horse, and an eye whose ominous glare filled my soul with dire forebodings. There was not a tree near strong enough to hold me, and it was probably a thousand feet to the nearest fence. I discovered that I was close to a small pond, and when I had neared the edge of the water I discovered a flat-bottomed boat. Into this I quickly tossed the pole and string of fish, and pushed the craft quickly out. Then I grabbed the fence picket, which was the only thing I could find in the boat for an oar, and paddled to the middle of the pond. It was a very small pond, and I thought that if the bull should follow it would be very difficult to keep out of his reach. I had thought of poking him in the eye if he came too close, and of many other expedients in my fright. But he did not venture into the water. He seemed perfectly satisfied to wait upon the shore, tire me out and destroy me at his leisure. I turned my collar up as a protection against the mosquitoes, which were biting at such a rate that I thought they would divide me with the bull, who still stood at the water's edge glowering upon me in rosy anticipation. I was afraid to try and fall asleep for fear of being blown ashore by the wind; all I could do was to wait and the time dragged as I never knew it to drag before. I kept my eye upon the bull as well as I could, and my ears upon his bellow, for I knew not at what moment the whim might possess him to swim out and drive me ashore. My temporary security seemed to fill him with rage, and I fancied that he was often on the point of disabusing my mind of any feeling of absolute safety that I might entertain, for he frequently advanced into the water, and then as suddenly retreated as if from a dread of the chill. I knew that my companion at the cabin would not think that I was in any kind of danger, and consequently would not make a search for me, and if he should he would never find me. As the bull continued to roar there was a new straw for me to grasp at; his roars might be heard by the farmer who owned him, and might cause him to

think that the bull was sick and required attention. But when I realized that it was eight o'clock, and that the farmer had been sound asleep for an hour, I soon abandoned all hope of seeing him appear on the scene, and of my safe deliverance at his hands.

I felt certain that the bull's intentions were not of a kindly character, because he remained upon his feet and never thought of stretching himself. Once he waded into the water, and I thought he was bent upon capturing me; but after I had grasped the paddle, determined to make the chase as lively as possible, I discovered that he only wanted a drink. When he had slaked his thirst, it seemed to me that he had only done so to moisten his throat for a fresh effort after the manner of a lecturer, for he began to bellow again more furiously than before, and left no doubt in my mind relative to his general attitude towards me. Still I could stand the bellow if I could but escape the horns. And so the dreary dismal hours lagged on heavy leaden wings, and the damp, misty air made me think of malaria, and the sullen attitude of the bull upset my nerves and filled me with a pre-sence of innumerable awful things. I yearned and yearned for daylight. I

don't know how long I sat bent over in the boat with my coat collar drawn over my ears. But I do know that I finally fell asleep—into a sort of dead, dreamless sleep—from sheer exhaustion.

"Hi, there," was the shout I heard when I first opened my eyes and looked about, wondering how in the world I could have fallen asleep in such a situation. "Been a bobbin' eels all night out there?" continued the farmer on the bank.

I was still rubbing my eyes in a half-dazed sort of way.

"Pears to me this is very funny," said the farmer, "how you caught them pickerel, when there aint no pickerel in the pond, and when they wouldn't bite at night if there was!"

At the thought of a speedy deliverance I told him of my predicament briefly.

"Waal," he replied, with a bubbling bucolic chuckle, "You're a nice sort of city chap to try and get away from a bull by floatin' around here all night!"

"How else could I get away from him?" I asked with emphasis.

"How else?" said the farmer, laughing louder than before, and appearing to enjoy it all very hugely. "How else? Why, by walking away from him, of

course; don't you see that the gold-durned critter is tied fast to a stake to keep him from gettin' lost?"

Irishisms.

"He crossed the Atlantic twinty-six times, an' never got drowned but wanst."

"Indade. An' which wan of his trips was it he was drowned on?"

"I'm not sure, but I think it was the twinty-siventh."

"He was lucky. Mannay a man would have wint to the bottom on his fist v'yage instead of waitin' 'till the last."

"Right ye are. More people are drowned by water than by railroad wrecks."

"It's a fatal death, begorran."

The following is an extremely affectionate poetical epistle addressed to an Irish maiden:

"I'm yours to command, both in weepin' and laughter;

I'm awake all the night that of you I may dhrame;

I'd hang meself now if you'd marry me ather;

And though I may change I'll be ever the same."

ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN YOU AND AN EASY SHAVE



You are assured of one of two things in the Smith Perforated Razor Hone

Razor Satisfaction or Money Refunded

You are a man—you have hair on your face—therefore you have razor trouble.

Now just glance at the picture—a razor hone with small deftly rounded holes in its surface. This is the secret of razor satisfaction.

You might dislike to draw your razor over this at first, but this little article will absolutely dispose of that hacking, pulling, irritating edge on your razor which no amount of old fashioned honing will remove. The smooth razor hone is a failure. The enormous success of the **Smith Perforated Razor Hone** wherever tried has proved this. Barbers everywhere admit it—the proof to you is in the shave.

The flat hone is a failure because the forward stroke curves the infinitely thin edge one way and the backward stroke reverses it. The principle is at fault.

Examine the same edge after passing over the Perforated Hone. You will find it is straight up, incisive to the greatest possible degree, and firm. The wavering edge has been disposed of—broken off in contact with the sharp edges of the holes. Give your razor six strokes or hone it all day, the result is the same—the razor is in shape. The result is inevitable.

The natural grit stone from which these hones are made is found only in British Columbia. There is nothing else to equal it in the world, and the combination with the Smith invention makes the only satisfactory hone the world has ever known. We can prove this to you—prove it absolutely. Just pin \$1.00 to this advertisement and mail it to us. We will mail you a

hone. If at the end of one month you are not satisfied, just say so, and back goes your dollar. Do not wait a week to do this. You have a lifetime of shaving ahead of you. You get immediate satisfaction with this hone. The hone makes good or it costs you nothing.

THE SMITH PERFORATED RAZOR HONE COMPANY

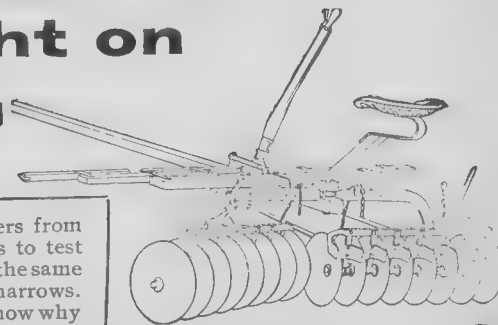
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We ask farmers from the United States to test the 'Bissell' on the same land with other harrows. Then they will know why Canadian farmers swear that the 'Bissell' is the best harrow in America. The 'Bissell' always wins field trials because it cuts easier, pulverizes better, has no neck weight and does the work quicker. Our Harrow Booklet explains its construction. Send to Dept. T for it. And be sure to remember that the genuine 'Bissell' has the name 'Bissell' stamped on each harrow.



T. E. BISSELL COMPANY, LTD., Elora, Ont.

JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., LTD. Sole Agents, Winnipeg

Good Cooking Makes A Happy Home

Is anything more irritating than to spend hours of careful thought and preparation on a dish or a meal, only to have everything spoiled in cooking? Nothing is more disappointing than to have to set such a meal before your husband—nothing is more embarrassing when a guest is present.

How different it is when everything comes out just right—done to a turn—perfect. How good and proud it makes you feel—makes up for the whole day's worries. How it cheers your husband—tired from his hard days' work. How it ends the day right for the whole family.

Why not have such a meal always. You can—easily.



Stoves & Ranges

make good cooking sure. Their special patent double flue distributes the heat over every part of the oven—baking everything absolutely evenly. With a Gurney-Oxford the under crust is always done as well as the upper—both perfectly.

In addition to perfect baking the Gurney-Oxford offers many other decided advantages.

The Oxford Economizer

Found only on the Gurney-Oxford, keeps your fire burning continually and evenly and saves 20% of your coal bill.

Gurney-Oxford parts are interchangeable, doing away with all trouble and waiting when you need repairs.

These and many other points mean untold saving in time, work and annoyance. Investigate them—prove for yourself what they will mean in your kitchen.

Clip and send us the accompanying coupon, indicating whether you prefer a steel or cast iron range and we will forward you a catalog with full information.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.
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Please send me your catalog descriptive of Steel or Cast Iron Ranges.
(Indicating which by underscoring.)

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PEOPLE WHOSE EYES BLURR

At far or near objects or who have headaches, should write stating age and the condition of their eyes to C. Hulett, D.O., who will return advice free of charge.
C. HULETT, D. of Optics, Cadogan, Alta.

The Farmer and The Grange.

The Real Significance of a Big Movement that is Changing Farm Life.

By Horace Markley.

All through that January day the storm raged mightily; it had begun soon after midnight, and the snow, falling steadily, was more than ankle deep when the dawn broke. With the coming of the day the cold became more intense, a wind arose, and the snow changed to fine, sand-like crystals, falling more swiftly than ever. Toward evening the wind increased, a howling, biting wind keen as a hunter's blade, which caught the surface of the fallen snow, mingled it with that in the air, and hurled it like veritable snow clouds in swirling, blinding masses before it, here and there sweeping bare some hillside, and piling up its garnered fleece in huge drifts.

Farmers gazing out upon it shook their heads and smiled. "We're in for a blizzard," many of them said, and children, pressing their noses flat against the window panes, to draw back quickly with a laugh and a shudder at the icy contact, drew quaint figures in the congealed breath upon the panes, and clapped their hands joyously at the thought of the fine coasting there would be.

Night came swift and early that day, and lights soon gleamed from many a window—symbol of warmth and happi-

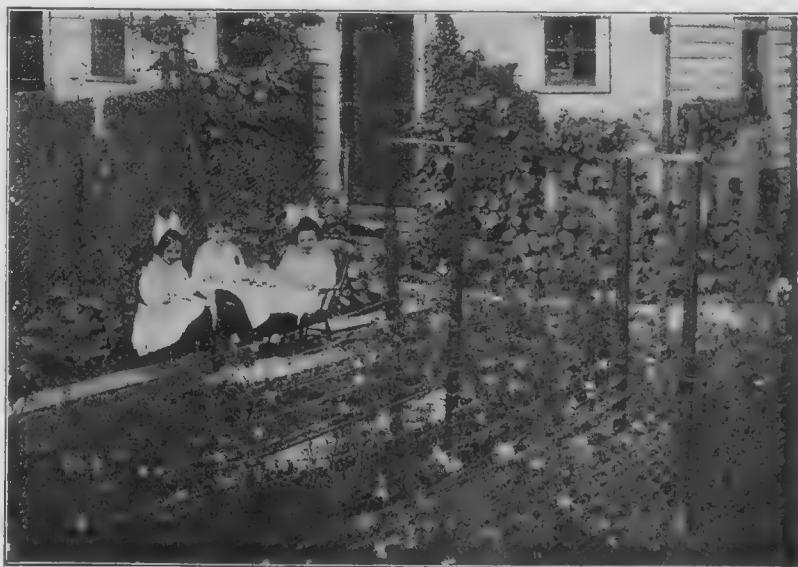
"He'll have to cut his way through the drifts if he does," interjected Al Mowry. "Jake says it's five feet deep at Bogert's crossing."

Abner Smith lived farther from the Grange than any other member. The Smith homestead was seven miles from the village, and not all clear going on the turnpike either. Yet, so far, Abner Smith had never missed a Grange night.

Even while they spoke there came the musical clang of scores of tiny brazen bells without, which, recognized by some, caused a rush from the ante-room to the entrance to give a welcome.

Sure enough, there was Ab Smith with wife and daughter and steaming team, and beside him, as he threw down the lap robes—a snow shovel!—a precaution he had taken in case the drifts were impassable for the horses.

That is one of the things the Grange means to the farmer. It means self-sacrifice. There is the work of the Grange to be performed; there is the companionship of neighbors and fellow grangers for miles around, who otherwise might not see each other for weeks or even months, especially the women folks; there is the pleasure of an evening spent together, and the spirit of it



One of Winnipeg's Amateur Sweet Pea Growers' backyard.

ness within. Presently weird, will-o'-the-wisp lights glowed without—lanterns swung to and fro by the brisk movement of their carriers as they moved from house to barn to do the evening chores, milking and feeding and bedding down and making all snug within the barns.

And this is Grange night!

Not alone for one, but for many a Grange. Not alone for a few score people in a scattered farming district, but in many Granges and in thousands of homes up and down the length and breadth of the land where the storm had laid its snowy swath the thought was uppermost: "This is Grange night!"

Getting There in Spite of the Storm. Down in the village the Grange Hall was lighted early, for there are always some who live near by and for whom severe weather is no deterrent, but for many a good neighbor and granger it meant miles of dark roads and none too certain traveling.

In the Grange Hall the earliest arrivals were gathered in little groups discussing the storm and the probabilities of attendance. The tinkling of sleigh bells became more frequent as the farmers began to drive up, and the bustle of arrival as the women folks hurried in, the stamping of snowy feet, and the exchange of greetings made a cheerful noise.

"Seen anything of Ab lately?" inquired one old veteran of the plow, whose blue eyes twinkled like distant stars whenever he spoke. "I'll bet he doesn't get here to-night."

all is: For the good of the order, their country, and their kind.

As life is made up of trifles, so the welfare of a nation rests upon just such simple things. Personal sacrifice, in the interest of the many, however seemingly trivial, is never lost. And this is not a solitary example that has been cited, it is but one of thousands of instances constantly recurring all over the country. To the majority of farmers Grange night means hitching up and a long, cold drive there and the same home again, perhaps very late at night. It is snug and cozy by the fireside in the farmhouse, and it means giving up a purely personal comfort and happiness for the conferring of a greater upon the many. Thus the granger learns that the meaning of life is the rendering of service.

The Grange means many things to the farmer, individually and collectively. Uplift—social, educational, moral; the strength of union, the power of co-operation; the growth of knowledge, the culture of intercourse, the broadening of travel, for in this latter respect the meetings of the State and National Grange take many members into far parts of the country. What all these things mean to the farmer only the years can tell, but it is rich in promise.

The Patrons of Husbandry, to use the general name—Grange being the name taken by each subordinate body—now number over a million members, and it is but little over forty years old. It is the youngest secret organization yet, it is by far the largest and most powerful. It will not be many years before its

SMALL ACREAGE FARMS IN B.C.

¶ We would like to get in touch with men who are interested in the possibilities of small acreage holdings in the fertile, lower Fraser Valley, in the vicinity of the cities of New Westminster and Vancouver.

¶ To the stranger in this valley the price of land will seem high but it is in no way as costly as prairie land when measured by productivity,—we can show you five acres of Fraser Valley land which, when given intensive cultivation, will produce far more dollars than 160 acres on the prairies. This is not idle trade talk,—the growers are here by whom we stand prepared to prove it.

¶ Suppose you buy 160 acres of prairie land at \$20 dollars an acre; your investments stands you \$3200. Five acres in this valley might cost you \$150 an acre originally but we'll allow \$150 (an extremely high estimate) on top of this for putting the land in shape, and still you will have only invested \$1500.

¶ If your 160 acres on the prairie gives you 20 bushels of wheat per acre and you get \$1 for it, your return would be about \$3000 gross. We can show you 5 acre tracts here which get half of this amount from eggs and poultry, not to speak of what the fruit trees and vegetable gardens are doing. We have seen one cherry tree yield \$22 worth of fruit in one crop.

¶ Then there are the climatic advantages and all that goes with them. There are no snows to contend with, no killing frosts, no droughts; and crop failures are hardly considered. The Vancouver and New Westminster markets alone afford over 150,000 consumers and this market is never adequately supplied. Importations are numerous. Eggs bring as high as 60 cents and average better than 35 cents; butter and other products are proportionately high and the whole cry is for the goods, so few people are on the lands.

PRICE OF LAND:—We have the choicest of the best land in the valley,—we are able to offer such to our clients because our Mr. Curtis travels the country continually,—the prices range from \$100 an acre upwards according to location and general conditions. DO YOU WANT PARTICULARS. Write

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Where Women Have a Vote.

The granger will tell you that the Grange is the most powerful force for good permeating our social order to-day, and if you ask him further what gives it this pre-eminence over other organized efforts of man he will likely sum up his answer in one word—woman. The Grange was the first society to recognize the rights of woman and admit her on an equal footing with man. Not as an honorary member, out of courtesy, or a desire that she grace the proceedings by her refining presence, but as a full working member, entitled to vote, hold office, act on committees, in every way on equality with man. Thus the Grange is not an organization of farmers. It is one of farmers and their wives. It is more than that—since either sex over fourteen years of age is eligible—it is one of farmers and their families.

The home is the highest type of social life man has evolved. It is the grace and purity of woman and the blessings of children that make it the most sacred spot on earth. What woman is to the home, so is she to the Grange, for the Grange is but a larger home. Our children grow up and go forth into the world to build for them-

too seldom. Even then such visits rarely run beyond a discussion of their daily lives and its petty cares. Whereas in the crowded Grange the more vital issues of the common welfare are oftenest discussed, compelling thought. It takes them out of their narrow grooves, the trivial cares of a hard, workaday life—the freest, purest life that can be lived, yet, withal, one circumscribed in its opportunities for intellectual improvement.

A Lesson in Potato Growing.

What the Grange means to the farmer in education is almost beyond words. It needs to be seen to be appreciated. It is the farmer's university. The Grange means giving to the farmer the knowledge by which he can make of the sturdy qualities which are his heritage a type of man who shall become a power in the affairs of his country.

An illustration of what the Grange means in this way was strikingly exemplified at a recent meeting I attended in York State. The lecturer was a woman. The subject she had set for the evening was: "Potatoes—how shall we grow them for bigger yields and high quality?"

The lecturer called upon one after another for an account of their methods and experiences. Some were good talkers



A favorite sport at Whyteford Beach, near Winnipeg.

selves these citadels of peace and happiness, and mother and father are often left alone, and home, though it is crowded with hallowed memories, is never the same. Then they have the larger home, where they meet as brothers and sisters—and for what? Always, and unto the very last, working for Home. And the work they do is woven in golden threads into the fabric of life, for their children and their children's children unto the remotest time. That is what the Grange means to the farmer.

It is the social side of the Grange that is becoming a mighty power in the breaking up of the isolation of the farm home. Of necessity, a farming community must be scattered over a large territory. While the rural free delivery, the telephone, many magazines and newspapers have played a great part in brightening the life of the farmer, they are only accessories, at best, and must come through his own efforts. It is only by mixing that human nature can lift itself constantly to a higher plane. The Grange is a magnet that draws the scattered elements together regularly, mixes, refines, gives new thoughts and impulses and sends them forth again better men and women.

To the farmer's wife it means even more than to the farmer, for the latter gets about, has frequent trips to market, meets his neighbors far and wide. But in the home the work is constant and hard, and even neighborly visits are all

and spoke interestingly and helpfully. Others were backward, ill at ease, plainly did not know how to formulate expression in a dozen words about practices in which they were highly proficient. This is the lecturer's opportunity to get them to thinking, to draw them out. There was one brother who was notably a good potato grower—a wrinkled, stooping, kindly-faced old man. Several times he arose as the lecturer called upon him, only to sit down again, saying: "I ain't no talker."

"Brother Burritt," persisted the lecturer, "you know more than any of us about growing potatoes. What can you tell us of your methods?"

"I dunno," for all the world like a school boy who has forgotten his piece.

"What kind of seed do you use?"

"Best I can buy."

"What variety do you find best?"

"Green Mountain and Irish Cobbler do best by me now. I've planted different kinds; some used to do well, but don't seem to do so good no more around here."

This was jerked out, a few words at a time.

He sat down quickly, hoping the inquisition was over.

"How do you plant, whole tubers or cut?" persisted the lecturer.

"Cut. About two or three eyes to a piece. Not partickler."

"How much fertilizer do you use?"

"All I can get. Never been able to get more than I would use yet."

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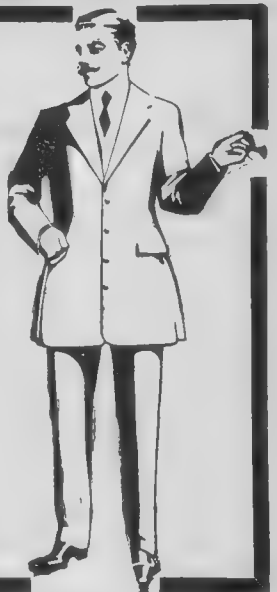
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"How do you apply your fertilizers?"
"Depends."
"On what?"
"If it's strawy, I'd plow it in; if well rotted I'd top dress after plowing in the fall."
"Do you always plow in the fall?"
"Depends."
"On what?"
"Condition of ground and what I intend to plant. If I had a good stand o' clover I'd wait till spring 'n let it get a good start and then plow it under."
"For potatoes?"
"For potatoes or anything."
"Do you use commercial fertilizers?"
"Tain't much good tryin' to farm without."
"With potatoes?"
"Potatoes or anything, to my way o' thinking."
"How much to a hill?" added the lecturer.
"About half a pound of the best quality. I mix my own an' I know what I'm using."
"You would not trust to the ground being rich enough to give you a satisfactory crop with stable manure alone?"
"No. If I could put on thirty or forty tons to the acre year after year I might risk it. But where I am stable manure ain't easily got. I reckon to about double the crop after doin' everything else I can to fit the ground by usin' commercial fertilizers."
"It seems to be your experience, Brother Burritt, that it is not much good trying to raise potatoes in this section without heavy fertilizing?"
"That's so, but that ain't all. If you don't cultivate right, an' spray right,

Grange to supply trained men for many an important position where the welfare of the community might be at stake in less scrupulous hands.

This is what the Grange means to the farmer. It has been a common impression that the cities, with their larger opportunities, have constantly drained the best element from the farms. It is a mistake. True, they draw an undue proportion, and many rise to eminence in leadership and attain wealth, but as good stock remains. If those who are left to the farm will but realize their opportunities to mingle with their fellows, to think, talk, act, to acquire that education, broadening knowledge which is the stepping stone to achievement, they can rise to positions of power where honor and useful lives offer a far higher reward than mere wealth. That is what the Grange means to the farmer.

What the Grange Hopes to Do.

The farmer in point of numbers comprises the largest body of workers in the country. In value and importance what he produces overshadows every other industry; on his efforts depend not only his own welfare, but that of every soul in the nation. He is the last of all to organize in defense of his home and his rights against the merciless exploitation of capital which has threatened the worker in other walks of life. To his credit be it said that in but half a lifetime he has built up an organization that promises to succor not only the tiller of the soil, but spread its beneficent influences over all mankind.

The Grange stands toward all organ-



Unloading Logs on Red Deer Lake.

your fertilizing won't do it alone. I sot myself for about three hundred bushel to the acre an' I reckon to divide it in about three. For the fittin' of the ground and right cultivatin' about a hundred, for right fertilizin' about a hundred, an' for right sprayin' about a hundred. The weather I throw in for good measure, 'tain't no use worryin' about that. If it's fav'able and you've done your part, then crops is good. If it ain't, then you lose. But you won't lose so much even then if you does what's right. In farmin' you got to know what to do, an' then do it, no matter what the odds against you, and then most times after the fight's over you're not clean busted up."

There was much more to the same purpose. It was like pulling teeth to get Brother Burritt to talk. But he got over his timidity toward the end.

There is your school, your university, and these boys and girls of a larger growth are getting up in class and reciting lessons. Not lessons learned from a book and conned by rote, but lessons from their own experience right out of their book of life. The subjects thus discussed at each meeting touch upon every conceivable topic pertaining to the farmer's welfare, individually and as a whole. Such practices aid the faculties of thought and reflection. They draw the thoughts out of a man and make room for new ideas. It develops the dormant faculty of speech among the farmers, and will give an increased appreciation of the value of knowledge.

If the farmers use this high school aright it will have a strong tendency to develop a sense and a power of leadership, and it will be possible for the

ized efforts of man to emancipate himself in much the same relation as our country from its inception stands toward all nations and governments of the past—making a determined effort to prove that the people can rule with equal justice for all, and without classes, and with plenty and happiness for all who will work. The farmer, who has been the last to offer resistance to industrial oppression, is preparing himself, through the Grange, to bear the brunt of the struggle to bring about a better order.

The spirit of the enthusiastic granger is best expressed in the lines penned by a farmer a century ago:

It's coming yet, for a' that,
When man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

That's the goal your granger is aiming at. A lofty notion, perhaps, but one that is very real to him. He believes that this big, powerful organization which is called the Grange can be used for the common weal, and he proposes to wield it for that purpose. How great is this power the farmer is just beginning to realize. He holds in his hands the nation's sustenance; let him withhold his bounty and the teeming cities would soon become waste places; he can dictate to rulers, he can command the moneyed kings, the powerful of the earth to do his bidding, he can wipe out forever the laws that cunning and greed have written, and he can enact new laws set down in the purity and strength of manhood. He can give work to the needy, feed the hungry, lift up the downcast, banish suffering, and let in happiness. And it is the farmer alone who can do this. Man, what a glorious privilege!

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An American business woman, of Providence, recently obtained possession of a Japanese secret for form development and wrinkle removing, which she tried on herself with astounding results. All hollows in the neck and chest were quickly filled in, and the bones were soon covered with firm, but soft, yielding flesh. The angles in the shoulders disappeared, her bust increased in size several inches, and was made firm, shapely and symmetrical, instead of small and undeveloped. The wrinkles in her face went away as if by magic and her complexion became clear and beautiful. Now she is the admiration of everybody.



She now offers to send absolutely free to any woman whose figure is undeveloped or whose face is marred by lines and wrinkles, full particulars of this simple method which will enable you in the privacy of your own home to add inches to your bust, to secure a captivating figure, like the patron whose picture is shown herewith, and to make your face clear and radiant.

All our lady subscribers who wish to be handsome and well-formed will receive full particulars absolutely free of charge (provided they send two-cent stamp or stamped envelope for return postage) by writing to Miss Janet Gilbert, 990 G. H. Daniels Bldg., Providence, R. I.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

The Gaberlunzie.

Neiffu's o' meal, and gowpens o' groats,
Lumps o' puddin', and banes gat he;
Wi' dauds o' bannock, an' lickin' o' plates
That made him as blyth's a beggar
could be.

He had wallets ahint, and wallets afore,
In as gude order as wallets could be;
Ane lang-kail-gullie hung doon by his
side,
An' a muckle rowt-horn to rowt on
had he.

Robert Burns Thomson.
(Grandson of Burns).

A Democratic Farmer.

Some old friends of mine knew Adam Brydon, and assured me they believed the story below to be perfectly correct. They said "it was just like Old Adam!" The story told of this man was this: He thought the taxes too high, and made some trouble and delay about paying his amount, and when, after some threatening "notices," and some more delay, he went to "pay up," they would not take his money. "It was out of

Office in London, and sent back, with the contents. How he had the matter finally settled is not now known.

Hie away! Hie away!
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackbird sweetly sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it.
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool and green;
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away! Hie away!
—Sir Walter Scott.

"To gang to pigs and whistle"—to come to ruin, or to fall to fragments. But whoever invented the saying was not thinking of swine, but of pottery-ware, so easily broken.

Some years ago—I don't know how it is now—Scotland had 6,500 University students. England had 6,000. And, speaking of students, a few years ago, the Jews in Berlin, Germany, had sixteen



Mounted Police and their Dog Train.

their hands now; and must be paid into Court, with expenses!"

So, as it was called "the King's taxes," he sat down and wrote the following letter to King George the Fourth:

"August 6 1829.

"Dear Sir,—I went thirty miles yesterday on foot to pay your taxes; and after all the bodies would not take them, saying it was now too late, and now they must be recovered by regular course of law. I thought if you were like me, money would never come wrong to you, although it was a few days too late; so I enclose you £27 in notes and half-guineas, which is the amount they charge me for the last half-year, and fourpence halfpenny over.

"You must send me a receipt when the coach comes back, else they will not believe that I have paid you. Direct to the care of Andrew Wilson, butcher, in Hawick.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,
"Andrew Brydon."

"P.S.—This way of taxing the farmers will never do; you will see the upshot."

This curious epistle was addressed:

"To His Majesty, George Rex,"
London."

Some of his neighbors said he got a proper receipt from "George Rex"; but the fact seems to be that his "money-letter" was opened at the General Post

times as many students in college (in proportion to their numbers) as the rest of the population.

Pedantry always considers the argument gained, if secured by a quotation. —Sir Walter Scott.

She came to the green braes of gay Teviotdale,

When the sun of the summer shone bright;

And the flocks of the mountain, and woods of the vale,

Seemed wreathed in a lovelier light. For she came like the spring, when cold winter is gone,

And the flower by the fountain has sprung;

And the harp e'en itself was more sweet in its tone,

When the songs of the minstrel were sung.

—Henry Scott Riddell.

Meg Dodds on Marriage.—"If naeboddy but wise folk were to marry, the world would be ill-peopled."

A Thoughtful Town Councillor in Edinburgh admits that a Sunday open-air concert draws a crowd; but he also submits that a dog-fight would have a similar effect.

Robinson Crusoe.—Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, was a Scotsman, born at Largo, in 1676. He shipped on board the "Cinque Ports," when 27 years of age, for a voyage to

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the "South Seas." The captain's name was Stradlin. He was probably a troublesome "hand"; and when in the South Seas was put off on an uninhabited island, Juan Fernandez, west of South America. He had his sailor's "box" with him, and a gun and some ammunition. The latter soon ran done, and when he wanted a wild goat for food—the only animals on the island—he had to run them down on foot. He was there four or five years, and when at last he got off he returned to his native place, and lived the rest of his life quietly. He had had enough of roving.

Then grudge no means to fix more sure These anchors of our hope.
The men who wield, for rich and poor,
The tiller and the rope.
If British bounds must still contain
A people bold and free,
Our path is plain, we must retain
The sceptre of the Sea!

their measures from the human body. The trouble was—there were large and small bodies—well-proportioned and ill-proportioned ones. Thus, the "inch" (breadth of the thumb); the "hand" (the breadth of the hand); the "span" (the reach of the hand from the tip of the middle finger to the tip of the thumb); the "cubit" (from the elbow to the end of the middle finger); the "yard" (the length of the arm); the "fathom" (the distance of the two outstretched arms); the "pace" (the double step, a thousand of which made a "mile"; Latin "mille.")

In addition to these, we have the "pole" or "rod," 16½ feet; anciently really a rod or pole. And, strangest of all, a "furlong," the length of a furrow. I remember ploughing in one field on my father's farm, a quarter of a mile long. And he made me turn in the middle, and make two lengths of it. "It put the team out of breath," he said. There was your "fur-long."



Cloud effect on Red Deer Lake.

Sandy Yellowlees was at a dinner, rather more pretentious than he had been accustomed to. When the dessert was reached, the waiter was about to remove his spoon, and give him a smaller one.

"Na, na!" said Sandy, grasping his spoon. "My mooth's juist as big for puddin' as it is for kail!"

Measures of Length.

Nature delights in variety. And you cannot get anything of such exact and unvarying length that you could safely use it as a standard of measure. In despair of anything better, the French, in their proposed "metric" system, take a degree of latitude, and work it down in fractions; and offer us this to compute measures of length with.

The ancients did infinitely better, though with less exactness. They took

Now, if we could get an "inch" to start with, we could have a "natural" starting-point. Our Scotch ancestors tried it. The Scots Parliament made the lawful inch to be the average breadth of the "thumbs" of three men—one a large man, one a small man, and the third a medium-sized man. But after a time it was thought they could do better; and so the last attempt of this venerable body, in this line, was to lay down that an inch should be the length of three barley-corns—from the middle of an ear of "bear," and "but the tails." That is, without the "tails." When I first learned a little of arithmetic at a New York public school, it was: "Three barley-corns make one inch; twelve inches make one foot, etc."

The fact is, our measures are all artificial now; but they answer our purpose, and are not likely to be disturbed.

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Crailing is an old hamlet on the Teviot, two miles from Jedburgh, on the Borders. It was the ancient seat of the Cranstouns. But, far more interesting, it was the birthplace of the sainted Samuel Rutherford. It was the native village of my own father. A hundred years ago, he was watching a patch of ground belonging to the parish minister, to keep the rooks off ("craws," the boys called them). After a number of days he went back to school again. But the master suspected him of playing truant. His explanation was quite satisfactory to the amused schoolmaster: "I was herdin' the minister's craws."

With miles of moorland open to the sky, Where larks were loud above the blowing heather,
Do you remember, sweet, how you and I
Strayed through them, day-long, in the
August weather?

—William A. Sim.

The Gipsies. Their own story is that their ancestors in Egypt treated the Virgin and her Son very badly, and that in punishment they have ever since been wanderers on the earth. This story is evidently an invention of the middle ages, and has no authority. They are originally from the northern hill country of India, as their language shows. A good many hundred words of "Romany" have been collated, and every one of them belongs to India.

The headquarters of the Scottish gipsies is at Kirk Yetholm, on the immediate "borders." For several generations the Faa's were the "Royal Family" (just as the Guelph's were in Great Britain, who succeeded the Stuarts, and they the Tudors, and they the Plantagenets; and now we have the Wettens), and then the Faa line ended with Queen Esther a good many years ago; and the Royal line changed to Blyth. Queen Esther married Charlie Blyth, who was a Northumbrian, and not of Gipsy blood. My mother, one of the Border Veitch's, knew Queen Esther, my mother being a native of Yetholm. And, running again into the female line, the Royal Family is now Rutherford. The present king and queen are modest folk, and care little for the titular dignity; but the people of the village always insist on having a great "coronation day," with a procession, etc. It advertises the village, and brings visitors to the place. When I was a little boy at school in New York, three-quarters of a century ago, I knew an old man, a friend of my parents, who was a "Faa," a half-brother of Queen Esther Faa; but who had entirely broken with the gipsies. He sent his daguerotype by my father, in 1850, as a present to Charlie Blyth, who then

shared the "throne" with Queen Esther. Old Charlie, in his Northumbrian speech, "wad rathaw it had been a five pun' noat!"

If a'e sheep loup the dyke, the rest will follow.

Gin the deil find ye idle, he'll set, ye to wark!

It's a sair-dung bairn that manna greet.

"Canna do as he wad," maun aye do as he may.

Nae siller in his purse, but silk upon his tongue.

ing on the lower reach of the Tweed. Further West, we find "Teviotdale" and "Liddisdale." "Dale," of course, means the low grounds—as for instance, beside a river. These names would indicate that the county was first "settled" along the rivers.

"Gloaming." It is not the correct description of "gloaming" to say it means "twilight." It means the evening twilight—the "gloaming," but not the morning twilight—which is the "dawning."

The objection of the Scotch to the title of the late King is that he was, in reality, the "First" Edward to reign over the Kingdom of Great Britain, and should have been so designated—and not the "Seventh"—which number referred only to England.



Log Driving on Red Deer Lake.

Highlander, shoulder to shoulder!

A slid grip o' an eel by the tail.

Hooly and fairly gangs far in a day.

East or West, hame is best!

Do weel, and dread nae shame.

Get yer rock and spindle ready; God will send the tow.

Questions and Answers.—No, "Tweed-dale" is not a county—a "shire." It is the familiar name of a district, border-

The Elliman E.F.A. Book.

"An instructive and interesting volume is that entitled 'Animals' Treatment (First Aid), The Elliman E.F.A. Book,' relating to horses, dogs, birds, and cattle. The work has been so much appreciated that it has reached a sixth edition, completing 370,000 copies, and it extends to over 200 pages, the publishers being Messrs. Elliman, Sons & Co., Slough. The preface explains that the information contained is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such animals as are indicated, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure, or at all events, a reduction of disease, and alleviation of injuries. Such treat-

ment, it is pointed out, will be more effectual through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and his by the instructions and remarks made is rendered clearer in the book than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle. The one aim of the book is to treat of the ailments where Elliman's Embrocation can be usefully employed, and to offer other information which may be of service. The book is profusely illustrated, the drawings showing faults of conformation, and defects and diseases of the limbs, as well as those dealing with the teeth of the horse being specially useful. The general remarks on management of horses and cattle are very practical, and cannot fail to be helpful to all stock owners, who will derive many useful suggestions from a perusal of the book."

—The London Daily Telegraph, March 19th, 1909.

A summary of the Elliman E.F.A. Book, sixty-four pages (illustrated) containing some of the important information to be found in the complete work, is placed inside the blue wrappers of all bottles of Elliman's Royal Embrocation.

"These dinners you serve are so delightful, Mrs. D—," remarked the man who thinks he must always say something pleasant. "I never attend one without going away feeling very uncomfortable."

Being kept within doors for a few days by a severe cold, a city man asked his wife, who was going shopping, to get him three cigars, and gave her a shilling as the price of them. When she returned she handed him the packet of cigars with a triumphant air. "That shows that women can beat men all hollow when it comes to making purchases!" she remarked. "I found a place where I could get eight for a shilling instead of three."

A middle-aged man on his morning "constitutional" took his ten-year-old boy with him. "Dad," asked the lad, "do you like such a long walk as this?" "Not particularly." "What do you take it for?" "I thought you knew. I am doing it on the advice of Dr. Percival. He says every man ought to have half an hour's walk before breakfast to—"

He was interrupted by the horn of a motor-car. As father and son stepped out of the way the man steering the car waved his hand in greeting. "Why, he knows you, doesn't he dad?" asked the boy. "Yes." "Who is he?" "Doctor Percival!"



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Music and the Drama.

Study of Music at Home.

By Marion Dallas.

All through the country in villages and towns, there are young girls and women improving their spare time by the study of music.

Many of these have a teacher come once, or perhaps twice a week to guide and inspire them in their work, but sometimes, owing to bad weather, poor roads or other reasons, weeks elapse between the visits of the teacher. To aid in such times as these, and to help and enthuse the girls who are nobly struggling alone, without the counsel and advice of any teacher, but purely for their love of music, this article is written.

The study of music should be undertaken with an intelligent comprehension of its beauty and wealth of melody. It should never be studied in the listless fashion, adopted by so many young people. By that, I mean the careless playing of airs with variations, the murdering of beautiful sonatas, and the strumming of cake walks and popular songs. The object of all study of music is to give pleasure, not only to ourselves, but to others.

It must be from the heart. Every player must study thoughtfully and with an earnestness which convinces the listener. Even the simplest tunes can be rendered to give pleasure, but only as the player throws her soul into her music, will she influence her audience.

To thoroughly enjoy the practice of music, I would recommend the student to master, first, Cummings book on "Rudiments," and then to turn to "Stainer's Harmony." A study of harmony, although it may seem uninteresting at first, gives an insight into music which can be derived in no other way. It is a great help in memory work. It is not an easy study alone, but many of the teachers and professors in our colleges of music, will, for a very normal fee, correct exercises (by mail) and give a great deal of help in that way.

Study Musical History.

The study of musical history gives a glimpse into the inner life of the great musicians, and enables one to interpret some of their thoughts and ideas. Following this, the history of music will teach the student to appreciate music as great art and especially is this needed in home study. It opens up a new world, and might inspire the young to make some musical history for Canada themselves, for we know our musical and national history is only in its infancy.

Whenever great artists come to your town or near you, go and hear them. Don't be discouraged if they play some of the pieces you are learning better than you do. Remember, although we cannot all be artists, we can all do our best. Let the great player be an incentive to you to work harder and more faithfully.

Set apart so many hours for practice every day, and allow nothing to interfere with your plan. Divide your practice hours. Practice technical exercises, but even in these watch the rhythm or accent. Make a study of time. Practice your pieces slowly. Slow practice is the foundation of all good piano or organ playing. Learn to practice not long, but thoroughly, and keep the mind and fingers under control.

Learn to memorize each piece thoroughly. When the first piece has been mastered, you will find the second much easier. It is really distressing to spend an evening in company with perhaps twenty young ladies (many of whom you know are paying out hard-earned money to colleges and teachers), when a request is made for some music, to hear one girl after another refuse, saying, "Oh I can't play without my music." After hard coaxing some girl is prevail-

ed upon to play "something" and it is usually just a "something."

Play every time you get an opportunity; play for father and mother—study some of father's old favorites and play them as carefully as if you had a large audience. Seize every chance to play before an audience. Much of our poor music is largely the result of nervousness and lack of memory training. The only cure for nervousness is constant appearance in public. An excellent way for a piano player to gain confidence is by duet playing and playing accompaniments. In this way you feel you are not alone, but unless you do your part well the performance will be a failure.

Another thing in your practice, include the study of simple hymns. The other night I heard of a meeting of seventy-five people, when the chairman asked for a volunteer pianist. No one responded. He repeated his request three times and finally started a hymn. Of course the result was the devotional part of the meeting was spoiled. In speaking of the circumstance to one lady who was present, she said, "Well, I never could be bothered studying hymns." They do require study and in many of our tunes we find a wealth of harmony. Surely it pays. The satisfaction in giving a little pleasure amply repays for the time spent.

Love your work and believe in yourself. What a satisfaction and pleasure can be derived from the pianoforte while you pursue your studies, lost to all else save the beautiful melodies and harmony. The sense of growing power gives us keenest pleasure as we study the compositions of the masters. New beauties gradually reveal themselves and light and happiness breaks over our lives. The mission of music is to lighten toil, comfort in sorrow, sweeten the lives of all mankind. Let your part be to cause sweet music to be felt in your own life, your home, and your community, no matter how small, so that lives of men and women may be strengthened, refined and lifted nearer to God.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before."
—Tennyson.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Among the educational institutions of Canada the Toronto Conservatory of Music, now entering upon its twenty-fourth year, is well known and highly respected throughout the West, being identified with the growth of true musical culture and sound scholarship in the Dominion. For several years the Conservatory has sent leading members of the staff to conduct the local examinations in the West, and each year sees a larger number of candidates anxious to obtain good standing in piano, organ, singing and whatever branches of study are included in these annual examinations. The popularity of this step seems to indicate that the East is still necessary to the West, or to put it in a different way, that the educational institutions of Ontario derive much sustenance from the growing cities and towns of distant provinces. Considering the equipment and reputation of the Conservatory it is no wonder that hundreds of students are attracted in person to the city of Toronto, but it is also a fact that very many others desirous of taking up the course of study laid down by this leading school of music and pedagogy are eager to do what they can in their respective home towns through the medium of the examinations. Prior to 1898 such students had to make the long and expensive journey to Toronto with no definite idea or promise of success crowning the end; now, with the establishment of rapidly increasing "Local Centres" this difficulty is removed, a pleasant stimulus is afforded

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by the visit of the examiner, and the result made known in a very short time with no more than a nominal expense to the candidate.

Some of the causes which have led to the remarkable success of the Toronto Conservatory of Music under Dr. Edward Fisher, may be referred to as follows: The large and unusually eclectic personnel of the eminent faculty, by which a correspondingly numerous and varied constituency of pupils and candidates can at all times be catered for, with regard to nationality or temperament; the resolve to form and adhere to as high a standard as compatible with the surroundings and existing conditions in any given place; and the importation of strict modern business methods into what are termed purely artistic enterprises. The Conservatory, originally responsible for the organization now known as the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, has also a very efficient string orchestra of its own, and offers special inducements to all students of orchestral instruments, while of great immediate and practical use are the various classes in sight-singing, chorus practice, and piano and organ tuning. To all interested in the share taken by the Conservatory in the musical development in the West a glance at the year book, a publication of some hundred and sixty pages, will be timely. This will be mailed to any address by writing the Registrar. Of eighty-nine local centres throughout the Dominion at present, over twenty of these are situated in the Northwest and more will probably be established this season. The attendance at the Conservatory during the season just closed reached over eighteen hundred.

A Society of Old Bristolians has been formed in Winnipeg under the auspices of the Lord Mayor of Bristol and Mr. Henry Risely of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce. If any of our readers would like to join that society, will they communicate with A. W. Gordon, 144 Garry Street, Winnipeg.



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KNIGHT OF THE GARTER

The Garter for Earl Grey? Why, of course. He deserves a pair of 'em.—Hamilton Herald.

THE BLUE NOSE CLAIM TO SUPERIOR BRAINS.

The West may have more members than the Maritime Provinces in the next Parliament, but we will still bank on the fish-eaters' brains.—St. John (N.B.) Telegraph.

"COMING SOME."

Six thousand settlers entering Canada in one week is, to transform a common phrase, surely "coming some."—Edmonton Journal.

EASTERN APPLES AND WESTERN FLOUR.

The apple crop in Nova Scotia has been poor. The Eastern orchardists will get even with the Western grain grower. We pay more for apples, they pay more for flour.—Calgary News.

"A STICK AND A SMILE."

General Baden-Powell declares that "a stick and a smile will carry you through any difficulty." But a "smile" with a "stick" in it will frequently land you in one.—Brockville Recorder.

CANADA AND LONDON.

The race between Canada and old London in the matter of population keeps lively. They are still neck and neck. But the big colt must win in the end.—Hamilton Times.

NO FEAR.

Another seven-hundred mile railway started from Edmonton suggests that the West should be careful not to put down so many railways that there will be no room for wheat to grow.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

NOTHING TO IT.

An Ottawa man says that he has changed iron into copper. Nothing. A mere nothing. Often we have changed paper into silver, and occasionally into gold.—Toronto News.

STURDY STOCK.

Scottish farmers from the Duke of Sutherland's estates are coming to Canada as settlers. We can't have too many Scotsmen, and we shall be glad to see a million of them in the West.—Kingston Standard.

SHOULD BE RESERVED FOR THE PEOPLE.

The great wealth to be discovered along the Hudson Bay Railway can be reserved for the Canadian people. The experience of foolish generosity should breed wisdom.—Peterboro Examiner.

POTATOES A SAFER STAND-BY.

Now we have a gold mine up on the edge of the Barren Lands west of Hudson's Bay. If this sort of thing keeps up, the whole country will stop digging potatoes and go to digging gold.—Victoria Colonist.

A FAVORITE MEAT IN PARIS.

In Paris the people are taking to horseflesh as a food and the explanation is given that they prefer it to beef and other meats. That may do for an explanation, but the real reason is price.—Hamilton Spectator.

SCHOOL DRILL.

Those people who fear that school drill will inculcate a spirit of militarism should recognize that it is not so much a desire to shoot their fellow-men that induces men to band themselves together in military organizations as it is an innate love of pageantry.—Toronto Globe.

BRITISH PRE-EMINENCE IN SEA POWER..

Great Britain pays an enormous price for pre-eminence in sea power, but she has a way of securing good results for the money expended. Her designers and shipbuilders, and the men who plan her naval programme, keep her far in advance of her competitors.—New York World.

GERMANY'S BURDEN OF DEBT.

German statesmen are troubled about finances. The recent new taxation bears so heavily on the masses that there is bitter complaint; and the demands of the army and navy are far from being met by them, money being borrowed to keep things going. Even at that a deficit of \$62,500,000 is expected this year.—Chicago Tribune.

THE NATIVE-BORN IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Washington census officials say that the recent enumeration shows that in the last ten years the increase of native-born people of the United States has fallen from 21 per cent. to 6 per cent., and they think that before another ten years the native population will show an actual falling off. Is the "American people" bent on suicide?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

NOT WORKING FOR WORLD PEACE.

The German Emperor declares that he is doing the Master's work and will continue to do it. There is, however, some reason to doubt if straining the resources of Germany in the endeavor to construct the biggest navy as well as to maintain the greatest army in the world is such work as the Master would advise or approve of.—Vancouver Province.

MOVEMENT OF POPULATION WESTWARD.

The people of Ontario will be greatly pleased if the census of next year shows that it has two and three-quarter million people, a result indicated by a recent Census Bureau estimate. Anyone who encounters the rush to the West every season may be pardoned for scepticism.—Brantford Expositor.

SHE DONE THE WORK.

Take your hats off to the ladies. Mrs. Jos. Vance, with the assistance of her son, laid the shingles on their new barn (24x36 with 14-foot rafters) in two days, and Big Joe, the infant, says as good a carpenter as he is, he don't believe he could do it in that time. All Joe done was carry shingles up the ladder all day, while the woman on the roof, she done the work.—Fort Saskatchewan Chronicle.

A PREDICTION BY LORD STRATHCONA.

Lord Strathcona's prediction that in less than five years it will be possible to travel from London to Ottawa in five days is not at all an extravagant piece of prophesying. Lord Strathcona will not find himself a prophet without honor in his own country—which, needless to say, is this country, whose people hope that he will live to see his prediction realized.—Ottawa Citizen.

TRAINING FOR THE GIRLS.

It is now proposed that there should be a feminine order on the lines of the boy scouts, to be known as the Florence Nightingale Girls. The object is to train girls in ambulance nursing and self help. There is an equally wide field in this direction as in the education of the boys. It might take the shape of instructing young girls how to cook, sew on buttons, make their own dresses and be good housekeepers.—Kingston Whig.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

Although we have not wholly prevailed in this great litigation over the Newfoundland fisheries it ought to be a matter of pride to every American that by our participation in it the United States has contributed so largely to the permanent establishment of a peaceful arbitration as a method of determining controversies which formerly could only be settled by war.—New York Sun.

MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS IN PRINCE RUPERT.

Too much time has already been wasted in shooting off so much hot air. What the people are most concerned about is the securing of light and the lessening of the fire danger before their worldly effects are swept out of existence, and in this they are not unreasonable, for this lighting toy has been played with for nearly a year now. Talk about fifteen-year-olds, if they could not improve upon some of their seniors the babies ought to be called in at once.—Prince Rupert Empire.

ENTWHISTLE IS HOPEFUL.

A great influx of settlers for the West will be passing through Entwhistle, which will soon be fed by two great transcontinental lines, namely, the G. T. P. and C. N. R., and this town must of necessity be a point of debarkation for the many who will ultimately take up the good lands lying north and south of the town. Entwhistle, with her fine hotel and good, well-stocked stores, implement agents, etc., is now equipped for all emergencies.—Entwhistle Outlook.

TO ANNEX THE UNITED STATES.

Sir William Mulock, who has just returned from Europe, was asked by a New York reporter if there is any sentiment in Canada in favor of union with the United States. His reply was that while there might be some idea north of the boundary that the United

States should be annexed to Canada, the common view is that there is plenty of room on the continent for two great nations with large populations and that the cause of progress and civilization may be better served by each pursuing its own way.—Halifax Chronicle.

THE WAY OF THE WEST.

Out West a man goes to church—that's all. He sometimes—fortunately, rarely—puts on a silk hat. He wears a cowboy hat with the regulation four dents in it; he wears a bowler or a cloth cap; and nobody gives a cent if he came without a hat, or even without very much hair. Every man is a law unto himself. But down in the effete cent belt the men are getting fussy because they absolutely have to wear a silk tile. Fudge!—Calgary Herald.

ROMANCE OF A FREIGHT TRAIN.

Another cheerful thought—how pleasant it is to hear the great trains go lumbering and jolting through the city yards, and to estimate the amount of their freight, its variety, its destination and the respectable sums which the shipper or the receiver will disgorge for the same to the hungry treasury of the railway company! After all, there is a romance about freight trains, and it is a beautiful exercise for our midnight imagination to fancy what a certain noisy train is carrying—silks from China, butter and eggs from Woodstock, tea from Ceylon, hinges from Hamilton, quinine from Bolivia, hobble skirts from Toronto, figs from Asia Minor, and snowshoes from Montreal.—London Advertiser.

A ONCE FAMOUS WEATHER PROPHET.

In the death of Professor Wiggins at Ottawa the country loses a picturesque personality. His weather predictions gave him a wide fame some years ago, but he made the mistake of prophesying too much and too often. Never prophesy unless you know is still the safest rule. For some years he has been out of the prophet business, having been given a government job. His passing brings to public notice two things: that when a man gets a government job he is very liable to drop out of sight, and that even a government job must be given up when death comes.—Saskatoon Phoenix

WET AND DRY TERRITORY.

Nearly half the territory included in the United States is now under local prohibition. Most of this dry area has been created within the last ten years and yet within the same time, the consumption of beer has increased 51 per cent. and of distilled spirits by 45 per cent. The per capita consumption of intoxicating drinks has increased from 16½ gallons in 1897 to nearly 22 gallons in 1909. An explanation of the increase in liquor consumed coincident with the extension of area covered by prohibitory laws will probably be found in the fact that most of the dry territory is rural. In rural America, and this includes Canada, drinking is undoubtedly decreasing; in cities and towns there is reason to believe it is increasing.—Toronto Weekly Sun.

THE MOST FORMIDABLE BATTLESHIP ALFOAT.

The recently launched British battleship, H. M. S. Lion will be able to manoeuvre all around any German or American ship now in commission, or known to be planned. Indeed, there is no warship elsewhere in the class with the Lion and no ship which could claim in advance a fighting superiority in a clash in the open sea. It is said that a dockyard painter scrawled on the Lion's bow, when launching arrangements were completed, "Omnes veniant," which perhaps means "Let 'em all come on." The Latin suggests that the painter's challenge may have been inspired from higher quarters. Only a single ship, the Indefatigable, marks the step from the Invincibles to the pair of Lions, so that these latter may be called "surprise ships." The mistress of the seas is still setting the fashion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEW ZEALAND TO PAY OFF ITS INDEBTEDNESS.

New Zealand is situated at the other end of the world, and that may be the reason why the people there are always surprising the rest of us with their political experiments. What do you think they propose to do now? But you would never guess, unless you saw some hint of it in the papers. They propose to pay their debts! They have attempted many strange things in their interesting history; but this seems to be the wildest and most anarchistic of all. The idea of paying off a national debt! The theory of politicians all over the rest of the world, the working rule by which they are governed, at any rate, seems to be that a nation that is not up to its ears in debt can have neither progress nor stability. According to some popular notions, the greatest statesman is he who can pile the heaviest burden of debt on his country.—Toronto Star.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

JERUSALEM WATERWORKS.

Railways and telephones have become an old story in the Holy Land, but there is a fresh portent in the news that tenders have been called for the contract of providing the city of Jerusalem with a modern water supply. Abundant water may mar the picturesqueness of Jerusalem for those who regard the authentic flavor of antiquity as of more account than anything else, but it will make for cleaner habits among the present dwellers in the Holy City and better health. Improved protective agencies long ago dispelled the perils of the Jericho road. With the call for tenders for the construction of waterworks in Jerusalem, the modern era may be considered as about to arrive in that ancient and ever memorable city.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND THE CENSUS.

When the census is taken next year, every Canadian will be called upon to furnish information about himself in reply to a schedule of questions in regard to his age, religion, racial origin and various other matters. The census schedules used in our census are on the same general plan as those used in the United States census. By way of contrast it may be noted that the census to be taken next year in Great Britain will not take notice of the religious divisions of the people. The House of Lords, when the bill making provision for the taking of the census was before that House, inserted a clause providing for a religious count; but the House of Commons would not agree to the amendment and it was thrown out. The ground taken by the opponents of the idea was that a man's religious views were his own affair, and neither the state nor any other authority had justification for enquiring about or recording them. They took their stand upon the principle of the rights of the individual; but, after all is said and done, what is a census for, if not for the obtaining of statistics?

THE MEALS OF A REMOTE FUTURE.

A French scientist, Prof. Berthelet, of Paris, predicts that our great-great-grandchildren's children will have their food prepared in the laboratory, instead of in the kitchen. Wood, coal and the other fuels at present in use will, he maintains, be displaced by new and powerful sources of mechanical energy; and by that time food products will be directly produced and prepared, he believes, from the elements carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen. That is to say, human food will be compounded in laboratories, instead of being grown in the fields, and will be put up in capsules, or tablets, so that a week's supply may be carried in the pocket. The poet's dictum that "civilized man cannot live without cooks" will thus, if Prof. Berthelet is not a false and foolish prophet, become obsolete. Kitchens and cooking stoves will be things unknown. Man will carry his meals with him. His breakfast, let us say, will consist of one tablet of concentrated ham and eggs, a tablet of concentrated cereal and a capsule of concentrated tea or coffee. And so with his other meals. Prof. Berthelet, however, has considerably fixed upon a time for the fulfilment of his predictions so remote that we of this generation need not worry about it.

CURRENTS OF EUROPEAN EMIGRATION.

In studying the statistics of European emigration, there are some interesting currents to be noted. Emigration from Spain, for instance, is just as active as from the neighboring European countries; it goes to the Spanish countries of South America, whereas immigration from certain other European countries goes partly to North America and partly to South America. The total immigration in the Argentine is larger than the total coming into this country. Last year the Argentine received 231,084 immigrants, compared with our 208,794. From 1901 to 1909, inclusive, a period of nine years, 1,474,463 immigrants were admitted to the Argentine, while in the ten year period from 1900 to 1909 inclusive, Canada admitted 1,453,391. Italy has contributed 1,892,700 settlers to Argentina since 1857, Spain in the same time 382,000, and France, 192,000. British settlers in the Argentine in the same period have totalled 44,800. The total number of British settlers who went to the Argentine from the British Isles last year was 2,206, and the total number from North America, 420. By way of extreme contrast to the Argentine's immense immigration from Spain, it may be noted that Canada received 42 immigrants from Spain last year, and a total of only 213 in the past ten years.

HUDSON BAY AND SEASICKNESS.

Now that we Western Canadians are accustoming ourselves to regard Hudson Bay as, in the Governor-General's phrase, "the Mediterranean of this continent," on which in a few years we may expect to see wheat-carrying ocean vessels plying, we cannot regard ourselves as being such confirmed land-lubbers as in the days when Hudson Bay did not seem so near us as somehow it has come to seem of late. When we have only a few hundred miles' run to salt water—what is a

few hundred miles' run in this country?—we shall no longer regard ourselves as an inland people, but as a maritime people. By way of preparation for that era, we shall do well to take an interest now in such matters as the best methods of preventing seasickness, so that when we go a-sailing on the Bay, we may not suffer if the winds blow and the billows roll high. There is a league in France which has been in existence for three years with the object of discovering some "sure cure" for seasickness, but so far the only "sure cure" found appears to be the simple method of staying on solid, dry land. But a good deal of advice has been put forth by the league to help travellers by sea, some of which reads like the old almanacs that tell at which phase of the moon to plant seeds. It seems that when the moon is in certain positions the sea is less apt to be rude. Those who suffer from seasickness are advised to avoid ships from November to March, and especially from March 21 to 31 and from September 21 to 30. Also it is said that a good way to guard against seasickness is to swing in a hammock or swing for an hour or so every day for three or four months before venturing on the briny deep. If you contemplate running out by the Hudson Bay railway and taking a pleasure cruise on the Bay, there is no need, however, for a few months yet, of your beginning on a daily hour of preparation against seasickness.

DIVINE RIGHT.

A few weeks ago the German Emperor, with an imposing ceremonial, opened his fifty-eighth residence, the magnificent palace of sandstone and granite at Koenigsberg, which with its enormous tower a hundred and seventy feet high, its stately throne room and its festival hall adorned with colored marbles, is reported to have cost the Prussian Government \$1,350,000. He took advantage of the occasion to make a speech proclaiming that he reigns not by the will of a parliament, or by the will of assemblages of the people, but by right divine. This revival of a doctrine which was obnoxious even in the seventeenth century has aroused a storm of dissatisfaction in Germany. Cromwell's Ironsides rode at full speed against that arrogant doctrine, and trampled it in the dust. Charles I came to the block, James II abdicated. In France, through neglect of the rights of the people, Louis XVIII was engulfed in the surge of the Revolution. These things are ancient history now—which makes the German Emperor's proclamations of his assumption of divine right sound like a voice issuing from a past age. English-speaking people find it difficult to appreciate the immense powers wielded by the German Emperor and his Imperial Chancellor, whom he has the sole and absolute power of appointing and dismissing. In a sense they are unchecked. Bismarck saw to that when he welded together the German States into an Empire, with the King of Prussia as Emperor. But of recent years there has been a strong growth of democratic sentiment in Germany. The Emperor, after his outbursts of divine right doctrine, has more than once judged it wise, as in the present case, to show that he does not mean to antagonize the German people by undue insistence upon the privileges of divine right. No doubt he really finds something miraculous in the proud eminence which has come to the descendants of Conrad of Hohenzollen, who in his stronghold on a mountain in the Middle Ages exacted toll from travellers.

THE NATIONALIZATION FIGURES.

The sources of new Canadian population are chiefly Great Britain and the United States. The newcomers from Great Britain become, of course, full-fledged Canadian citizens and voters by the mere fact of their arrival in this country and residence in any locality for the brief time required by our franchise legislation. Other immigrants must become naturalized before they become Canadian citizens. It is interesting to note from a recently issued Dominion blue book the relative numbers of persons, of various nationalities by birth, who were naturalized in Canada last year. These statistics do not refer to recent immigrants, because, as is well known, a foreigner must reside in Canada three years before he can be naturalized. All the men naturalized last year, therefore, are men who have lived in this country for at least three years. The total number of naturalizations last year was 25,731. From the United States, of course, had come the greatest number of these, namely, 9,127. Austria is accredited with the next highest number, 5,664. This is because Galicians, Hungarians and most Poles come under this one classification. Russia comes third with 3,046, then Italy, 1,852, Sweden, 905, France, 652, Germany, 585. These figures have several curious aspects. One is that there is so small a record of naturalization of French newcomers, due as it is to the simple fact that the French people do not come to Canada in any number, though it might be expected that this country would be especially attractive to emigrants from France. Another curious and regrettable thing is the small naturalization of persons from Northern Europe, illustrated by the above-quoted total of naturalizations of persons of Swedish birth. The peoples of Northern Europe are particularly well fitted to succeed in this country, and more of

them would be welcome as Canadian citizens. When we bear in mind that a newcomer from the British Isles gets a vote automatically after a year's residence in Canada, while all newcomers from foreign countries must reside on Canadian soil three years and then become duly naturalized citizens before they can vote, it is evident that the British immigration starts in with a good deal of advantage at the polls, so far as influencing public affairs is concerned. As for the newcomers from the United States, the testimony is overwhelming that they find our Canadian institutions so exceedingly to their liking that by the time they have three years' experience of them and, being naturalized, are in a position to exercise practical action about them, they are their most devoted supporters. All in all, the naturalization system appears to be sensible in its requirements and provisions, and valuable from a national point of view. The regulations are fair, and as the only privilege withheld from residents not naturalized is that of the vote—unlike the practice in many of the States of the neighboring Union, where a foreigner is not permitted to hold certain kinds of property—there is no hardship upon the incomer who has settled in this country or engaged in business here.

SCIENCE AND SOBRIETY

The British Association for the advancement of Science met last year in Winnipeg, and the leading men in the English-speaking world in every branch of science were afforded an opportunity of viewing with their own eyes the wonders of Western Canadian development. This year's meeting of the Association closed a fortnight ago in Sheffield, England. The discussion at this year's meeting which has aroused the greatest amount of newspaper comment was on alcohol and heredity. Some mischievously false doctrine on this subject had got into circulation, to the effect that the children of drunken parents were as healthy, physically and mentally, as the children of sober parents. This false doctrine was attributed to a German scientist who was said to have made a study of a great number of cases. As a matter of fact, the German scientist came to no such conclusion. The truth is, of course—and it needs no scientist to make it plain to any thinking person who has lived any time in this world with his eyes open—that the intemperance of parents leaves evil effects in the children. The discussion at the British Association meeting brought this out strongly. The suggestion was made that there should be an authoritative investigation of the whole subject of alcohol and heredity, both from the individual and the national standpoint.

WHERE HOMESTEADS ARE NEEDED

Striking proof of Britain's crying need of land for homesteading was furnished recently by the proposal of the British Land Union to establish pensioners on small holdings. After the offer had been made through the London Daily Mail for one week there was such a flood of applications that it had to be discontinued. The story of the applicants was simply the familiar history of landlordism at all times and in all countries. The men desired land under terms which would not involve confiscation of the results of their industry and thrift by increases in their rent. One father with two sons in New Zealand wanted to keep his youngest son in England, but could not obtain land except on hopeless terms. The scheme brought some practical results by inducing a number of landlords to sell some land, but its most far-reaching result has been a revelation of the land hunger that is thinning out the flower of Britain's population. It is not that there are more people in Great Britain than the land can support. The land is covered with title deeds that make it as inaccessible as if it were covered by the encroaching ocean. The problem has become of urgent importance to Great Britain's welfare.

THE DICTATES OF FASHION

To the philosophical mind the dictates of fashion are a perpetual cause of wonder. But during the past year or two, and at the present time, fashion has dictated some extraordinary departures, especially in regard to the shape and size of women's hats. There have also been some extreme styles of dress for women in vogue, though the hobble skirt, of which the newspapers have had so much to say, is a Paris style which is too extreme to attain any vogue on this continent. It is interesting to note that at the recent convention of ladies' tailors held at New York, a letter was read from Paris describing how Frenchwomen clad according to the new fashion had to be "lifted by their escorts into their motor cars." The convention adopted a resolution denouncing the hobble skirt, and declaring war to the knife against it. At the same time, the convention adopted another model of skirt. All of which is interesting and instructive as showing how fashions are made. There are many and important business interests to whose profit it is to vary the fashions. And the fashions are varied accordingly. The amazing thing is that people submit so meekly to being dictated to, and in the pursuit of fashion to being rushed from year to year into one absurdity after another.

The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

HAPPINESS

The secret of happiness is in one word—progress. To feel, in the vocabulary of the street, that you are "getting there." A little farther on. A little nearer the goal. A stride or two nearer home. An inch or two nearer the height of your ambition. This brings peace, satisfaction, pleasure—joy! Dr. Talmage says: "I cannot pass over Mr. Micawber's famous saying. He solemnly conjured David Copperfield to take warning by his fate, and to observe that if a man had £20 a year for his income, and spent £19 19s. 6d. he would be happy, but that if he spent £20 1s. he would be miserable. Mr. Micawber was a man of unquenchable spirits, and rose easily to the height of earthly bliss when his troubles were removed."

ENCOURAGE

Most people need encouragement. The best form of encouragement comes through appreciation. I said to a famous Chicago preacher, "That was a magnificent effort!"—for he was just coming down out of my own pulpit after lecturing for two hours. He exclaimed, with evident satisfaction in his voice, "Did you really think so?" In that moment of exhaustion my words were as balm to his soul. I like encouragement and I like to encourage and so I underscore the following lines:

"That her great books would ever have been written without this loving sympathy and appreciation on the part of Mr. Lewes, seems extremely doubtful. She needed encouragement at every step, being prone to despair about her writings, and she had the utmost reliance upon the judgment and taste of the companion of her life. And he seems to have been everything that heart could desire as loving critic and counsellor. Her sympathy with the lives and hopes of others is very charming, particularly with the love and marriage of their eldest boy, though it is shown constantly in a true womanly way."

BEAUTY

Does beauty make an appeal to you? If so, thank God, for then, you may know that you have the soul of a poet. The gold of the sunset, the awakening splendor of the sunrise, the silver glinting of the star, the shimmering surface of the sea, the wonderful glory of the night, the velvet bloom of the rose, the snowy whiteness of the lily—these are the voices of God to the soul. Jean Paul Richter says:

"I picked up in the choir a faded rose-leaf, that lay under the feet of the boys. Great God! what had I in my hand but a small leaf, with a little dust upon it, and upon this small fugitive thing my fancy built a whole paradise of joy,—a whole summer dwelt upon this leaf. I thought of the beautiful day when the boy held this flower in his hand, and when through the church window he saw the blue heaven and the clouds wandering over it; when every place in the cool vault was full of sunlight, and reminded him of the shadows on the grass from the over-flying clouds. Good God! thou scatterest satisfaction everywhere, and givest to every one joys to impart again. Not merely dost thou invite us to great and exciting pleasures, but thou givest to the smallest a lingering perfume."

INWARD TREASURE

The inward treasure of a man's personality are his brightest possessions. The consciousness of our own spiritual wealth is the sure and solid foundation of true dignity. Why should I shiver to stand in the presence of a king when a King's blood flows in my own veins? If I am a child of the infinite who can be greater? Listen to Victor Hugo:

"What is the grandest thing in the universe?" asks Hugo. "A storm at sea," he answers and continues, "And what is grander than a storm at sea?" "The unclouded heavens on a starry and moonless night." "And what is grander than these midnight skies?" "The soul of man!" A spectacular climax such as Hugo loved; and still, with all its dramatic effect, the picturesque statement of a vast and mighty truth!

FIRE AND FORCE

Fire and force. These are soul qualities. Fire in the eye. Force in the expression of the face. Vigor in the whole sweep of the personality. "He lacks force," said they, concerning the young preacher. How can a preacher lack force with eternity behind him, God above him, a soul within him, hell beneath him and humanity before him? How can any man lack force in such a universe as ours? Oh for earnest souls with wings of fire. In my morning reading I find these words: "In his famous story of archery Virgil represents Acastes as shooting his arrow with such force that it took fire as it flew and went up into the air all aflame, thus opening from the place where the archer stood a pathway of light into the heavens."

FATE

You were born at the right time. Unless you throw away life's treasures, you will die at the right time. So far as the providences of God are concerned, you are exactly in the right place at the present moment. Believe in your fate. Have firm confidence in your destiny. There hangs a bright star over your head. It is the star of a divine concern for you. Emerson tells us that "all successful men have agreed in one thing—they were causationists. They believed that things went not by luck, but by law; that there was not a weak or a cracked link in the chain that joins the first and the last of things."

AUTOMOBILES

I carry two accidents policies these days—and pause before I cross the street. Things are "going some." Humanity is being divided into two classes—the quick and the dead. The "quick" are those who manage to dodge the automobile. The "dead" are those who didn't manage to dodge. I am exactly in the mood to appreciate the following:

"Congressman Francis W. Cushman, of Washington, told the members and guests of the Hamilton Club, Chicago, at their annual Appomattox day banquet that there were some signs appearing upon our national horizon today that might indicate that the only thing on earth that will ever approach the suddenness of our rise may be the swiftness of our downfall. The congressman suggested that the tremendous haste of our national development has left some weak spots and some rough places in the structural concern we have builded. He also was of the opinion that a great many of our citizens just now seem to be possessed by a feverish desire to live on the installment plan, so to speak. Mr. Cushman was not far from the right track when he said: 'There are too many people whose sole desire is to cut a dash—who would rather ride in a mortgaged automobile on borrowed gasoline than walk in the paths of honorable obscurity in virtuous unostentation.'"

GIVE US MEN

Young man—measure yourself by the map of Canada. Are you big enough for the country you live in. We need men! Men, to match our mountains. Men to match our rivers. Men to match our splendid inland seas. Men to match our vast prairies. Men to match our encircling oceans. A famous Brooklyn divine once said: "In crossing the Alleghany Mountains, many years ago, the stage halted, and Henry Clay dismounted and went out on a rock at the very verge of the cliff, and he stood there with his cloak wrapped about him, and he seemed to be listening for something. Some one said to him, 'What are you listening for?' Standing there, on the top of the mountain, he said: 'I am listening to the tramp of the footsteps of the coming millions of this continent.' A sublime posture for an American statesman!"

HOGARTH

It's dangerous to specialize when you fix your eyes on that which is mean or ugly. Wardens are apt to be cruel. Judges are prone to be cold. Sheriffs are likely to be severe. Handling sinful men and women they finally generate a contempt for humanity. Be careful how you specialize. Says Bishop Sanford: "The great satirist, Hogarth, was once drawing in a room where many of his friends were assembled, and among them my mother. As she stood by Hogarth, she expressed a wish to learn to draw caricature. 'Alas, young lady,' said Hogarth, 'it is not a faculty to be envied! Take my advice, and never draw caricature. By the long practice of it I have lost the enjoyment of beauty. I never see a face but it is distorted. I never have the satisfaction to behold the human face divine.'"

BOOKS AND PICTURES

A book is a silent imitation to humanity to wake up and think! A picture is a transfigured hole in the wall. A beauty spot framed for our convenience. A little bit of heaven chained to our habitation to remind us of our spiritual ancestry. Books and pictures link us with the spiritual and the intellectual. Young man in furnishing your new home have a place for the picture and room for the bookshelf. It is recorded of Dr. Johnson, so says the open page before me, that in his boyhood, believing that his brother had hidden some apples beneath a large folio which reposed among the dust and cobwebs of an upper shelf in his father's shop, he clambered thither to effect a capture. The apples were not forthcoming, but the folio, which proved to be the works of Petrarch, attracted his attention, and its perusal awoke in him his dormant literary tastes.

STARTED RIGHT

Get started right. Arrange your plan for life. Choose a profession. Select your church. Arrange your friendships. Decide upon your political party. Think of your future home life. Paint a picture, in your imagination, of the queen of your home. Make the first twenty years of your life glorious. Live beneath the stars of holy ideals. The Presbyterian says: A minister once said in an address to young people: "Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the larger part of your life. They appear so when they are passing by; they seem so when we are looking back on them, and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that come after them. "Take good care of the first twenty years of your life. On the use which you make of them your happiness and usefulness in after years will very largely depend. See that they are spent in learning right habits and cultivating good tastes."

CONSCIENCE

Keep on the good side of your conscience. Like the sound of silver bells over the driven snow, like the fragrance of blooming flowers from the fields of early summer, like the silent voices of the starlit night, like the music of happy birds in the morning hour—is the voice of an approving conscience in the inner corridors of the soul. May heaven save you from the torture over an insulted conscience. Lord Jeffries, after incarcerating many innocent and good people in London Tower, was himself imprisoned in the same place, where the shades of those whom he had maltreated seemed to haunt him so that he kept crying to his attendants: "Keep them off, gentlemen! for God's sake, keep them off!"

TRUE TACT

True tact is the genius to master the present moment, circumstance, or turn of circumstance. Tact is the ability to turn all things to advantage in conversation, contact and social intercourse. Tact is a gift which is exercised at the point of contact. Here are a dozen lines from the biography of Frederick Douglass, the colored orator:

"While traveling, in consequence of this convention, on one of the steamers which ran between Cleveland and Buffalo, he gave a lecture at the invitation of some of the other passengers. He closed by saying, that he should be happy to hear from any slaveholder in reply; and he may possibly have mentioned that there was one already trying to apologize for his position in the 'North Star.' One of the audience told him indignantly, that no white man would condescend to argue with a nigger. 'My dear father was as white as you are,' rejoined Douglass. 'If you cannot condescend to argue with my negro blood, please reply to the European blood.'"

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

George Whitefield the great evangelist and preacher was a great man—because he took the world so seriously. He wept over humanity. He baptized the world with his tears. He pleaded with sinners as though they were his own sons. He died in the harness and from the pulpit dropped into the grave. Oh, Whitefield, what an inspiration thou art to the tired soul! His biographer remarks: "On the 29th of September 1770, Whitefield, who was in America, preached his last sermon. Then he went on to the place where he was to preach on the following day. The people thronged the courtyard and hall of the house in which he was staying, longing to hear him preach. 'I cannot say a word,' said the dying man. But as he went upstairs to his chamber, he was moved with compassion for the people, and he paused, and, with his candle in his hand he stood and preached from the stairs until the candle burned down in its socket."

THE GAUNTLET

Can you run the gauntlet? Can you stand the friction of the wear and tear of daily life? Can you endure the brunt of failure or the added pressure of a great success? "The gauntlet of life"—do you know what it means? A favorite author remarks: "In the old days of Indian warfare, when they would take a captive who seemed strong, lithe, and fleet, they would allow him to 'run the gauntlet' for his life. Leading him out to the head of two lines of dusky savages, who were not to move an iota from the places assigned them, the great chief would say, 'If you can run through this line of warriors, every one of whom may strike at you as you fly, and yet escape unharmed, you shall have your life, and go free.' And looking down the long lines, where every brave, warrior, and squaw stood with uplifted hatchet, tomahawk, club, or gleaming knife ready to strike at the flying captive as he sped down the line, he would sometimes decline to 'run the terrible gauntlet.'"

Women's Quiet Hour.

The autumn time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines
The low sun fainter shines.

The astor flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear;
And present gratitude
Insures the future good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be;
That in the paths untrod
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

—Whittier.

This is my Thanksgiving thought for readers of my column. For many, throughout the West, there will be no need to search for causes of gratitude and thanksgiving, they are unnumbered on every hand, but to not a few the past year has been one of unusual trial and hardship, and the failure of the crop makes them look forward with apprehension to the coming winter. I know how sore must be the hearts of many women when they read glowing accounts of the prosperity of the country. It is hard for those who have lost to realize that the country as a whole is all right, and I would like to make each woman, discouraged by the loss of crop, feel that at least there is sympathy and kindly thought for her in the hearts of other women, who, while no more deserving, have been more fortunate. I hope that by the time Thanksgiving day is really with us that each family among my readers will see before them the assurance of sufficient for the coming winter months. Might I suggest to those who read my column, that one way of thanksgiving would be to seek out those in the district in which you live who are newcomers, possibly homesteaders, and make sure that they have some cause at least of gratitude, when Thanksgiving day comes round.

I know my readers will be glad to learn something further of Nellie L. McClung's new book, "The Second Chance," which is now on the market. I can

recommend it most heartily to all who enjoyed "Sowing Seeds in Danny." Many of the characters that appeared in that book are carried further along life's pathway, and some of the developments of character are very interesting. The book takes its title from the abandoned homestead which the family of Pearl Watson moved on to and to which they gave a second chance. The determination of the Watsons, and especially of Pearl to have an education, is truly characteristic of so many of the people coming to the West, and more especially of Irish people. I think the author has erred on the side of making Pearl too old. It is not that there have never been girls of Pearl's age who were little old women and children at the same time, neither is it that young children have not, upon occasion, uttered philosophy as profound as any Pearl gives expression to, but they are too uncommon for a type. This is a small blemish, however, and even if she is rather too old to be natural, the sayings and doings of Pearl will hold the reader's undivided attention to the end.

One of the cleverest things in the book is the development of the character of Martha Perkins, the girl who could work but could not play. The awakening of Martha is very natural. The attentions of the cultured young Englishman, which to him were but the ordinary courtesies of life, were to Martha's starved, barren life something tender and almost holy, and they stirred to life the woman's heart within her. Her effort to make the best of herself and the way in which she disguised her love and gave Arthur sympathy and help over the

coming of his English sweetheart is portrayed with a delicacy that shows the skill of the writer in a very marked degree. The struggle to conceal her love and at the same time to make herself a friend and companion to Arthur makes another woman of Martha, so that when his pretty golden-haired English sweetheart throws him over for Jack Smeaton, the young Brandonite she has met on the vessel coming over, there is nothing extreme or unnatural in his ultimately turning to Martha for consolation.

The strongest work in the book is the handling of the temperance question. In this Nellie L. McClung has done a work of which her friends may well be proud. She has woven one of the strongest pleas for temperance into her book, without being rabid. She places the whole emphasis on the traffic itself, and not on the men who are carrying it on. Sandy Braden has many a prototype in the West. There is many a man in the liquor business who is kindly enough at heart, but the traffic is just as deadly. The story of poor Cavers is pathetic in the extreme, and its like might be found in every village and town of the Canadian West.

Let no one carry away the idea that the book is somber. There is an abundance of quaint humor in it. The minutes of the Ladies' Aid meeting, I happen



Nellie L. McClung

to know, are taken from life. Thomas Perkins' sayings and doings are most mirth provoking, but the Magna Charta which the Watson children drew up for Aunt Shenstone is probably the masterpiece of the humor. All through the book there are exquisite bits of description, phrases that haunt you; for example, she speaks of the old schoolhouse as being "as forsaken and dreary as a rainy midnight in a deserted house." I can most cordially recommend to my readers "The Second Chance." It will be carried by all the Winnipeg book stores. The American edition is issued by the Doubleday Page Co., and the Canadian by Wm. Briggs Co. of Toronto.

Aunt Jane of Kentucky.

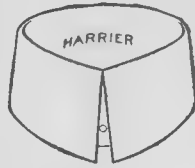
While I am on the subject of books, just a word about another, which I am sure very many of my readers would enjoy. This is "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," by Eliza Calvert Hall. It is not a story, but a series of sketches, the reminiscences of an old woman in Kentucky. It is so human, so full of humor and of pathos that it is hard to lay down until the last word is read. The best sketch of all is "Sally Ann's Experience." The way she "sorted up" the men of the church will find a responsive echo in many a woman's heart. It



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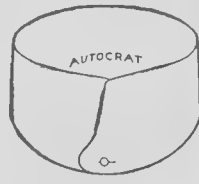
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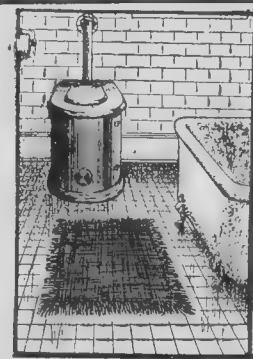
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is a wholesome book, with many a hearty laugh in it.

In the provincial police Why Women court the other day a Should Vote little frail woman, with bruises of brutal fingers on her throat and so weak she could hardly stand, was brought to give evidence against her husband, who had pulled her out of bed by the feet, nearly choked her to death and then kicked her into the street. She was found half dead by the roadside fence, by a farmer going to Winnipeg and was taken to the hospital.

The case was a well attested one, and even the magistrate on the bench, who is rather notorious for siding with the husbands rather than the wives in such cases, reprimanded the man strongly, but what punishment was meted out to the brute—he was bound over for twelve months to keep the peace."

In the face of such cases is it any wonder that intelligent women are asking for the right to protect themselves. This man ought to have been heavily fined and soundly flogged, but he is

bound over to keep the peace forsooth, and the law does not provide any other punishment for him. Naturally it would not, the laws are made by men for men and in far too many cases against women.

A recent issue of a Lethbridge paper contained a glowing account of the heroism of a woman, the wife of a homesteader 25 miles from that place. Their crop was a failure, she had come into Lethbridge to earn money by cleaning offices and the like. After a very hard week's work she had bought groceries and walked the 25 miles to her husband's homestead carrying them with her. On Sunday night she had started to walk back, but had been lucky enough to get a ride half way. The editor went on to remark that such pluck deserved success and that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, I think that was the name, would have the best wishes of every one in the brave fight they were putting up to retain their homestead. I noted that nothing was said about the fact that when the patent for the homestead was issued it would be issued to the husband only and that the wife would not have even a dower right in the property which

she is doing so much more than her husband to earn. If he so decided he may sell or mortgage it as soon as patent issues and she will have no say in the matter. He may speculate with the money or make bad investments, and though she has half killed herself to get the land, she will have no power on earth to prevent his doing so. It is just as well for my readers to remember when they are agitating for dower law and kindred rights that the easiest way to get them is to get ballots for women and the other reforms will follow without the slightest trouble. The right of the franchise is the basic reform and the sooner women realize that the sooner the other reforms they are so interested in will be theirs.

While I was in Alberta recently I spent a short time with a young bride, whom I had known in Winnipeg. She still looks a child but I was charmed with the way she was managing her little home and as I had been admiring the lovely color of her

house linen she told me how she managed. Soft water in Southern Alberta has been only a name for more than twelve months and the water of that province seems to be exceptionally hard.

This was her method. For a large tub of clothes take a level teaspoonful of concentrated lye and put it in a basin and pour hot water on it, being careful to stand away from the steam. Shave up a cake of ordinary laundry soap (she used Royal Crown) and pour boiling water on it and stir until it is all melted. Mix the dissolved lye and soap in sufficient water to cover the clothes and have it just tepid. Put in the clothes and let them soak over night. In the morning wring out lightly, giving shirt bands, cuffs and skirt bottoms a little rubbing. Take a teaspoonful of lye and a cake of soap dissolved in the same way as for the soaking, and put into the wash boiler, together with one cup of gasoline. Fill up with perfectly cold water, put in the clothes, lift the boiler on to a slow fire, let come to a boil and boil 20 minutes. Wring out of this water, rinse twice, and the clothes will be as white as snow.

Let me emphasize here that the soap, lye, gasoline and cold water must be mixed entirely away from the fire to prevent all danger of explosion. Remember the water must be absolutely cold.

Some will claim that the large quantity of soap and the gasoline will make washing in this way expensive. Gasoline, I understand, is 30c a gallon retail in both Alberta and Saskatchewan, and there are a good many cups in a gallon. Two bars of soap, even if they cost 10c each, are much cheaper than the pains and aches which come from long hours spent over a wash board. If you are lucky enough to have a washing machine there need be no rubbing at all.

I was very glad this month to get a kindly note of encouragement from a Winnipeg woman, in which she enclosed two short poems. They are not familiar to me, and no author's name is given. Rightly or wrongly, I suspect the sender of being the author of one or both. The sentiment in both is good, and I am sure "When you're the dad of a four-year-old" will have many admiring readers.

"When you're the dad of a four-year-old, With eyes of blue and curls of gold, With a merry laugh, and a wee pink fist, And a cherub mouth made to be kissed— When you're the dad of a kid like that, With a heart to love, and a cheek to pat, The skies for you may be blue or grey, 'Tis sunshine still that illumines your way; You are happy then, and the days are gold, When you're the dad of a four-year-old.

A Woman's Love.

I never knew a worthless man. With all the faults that you can name, A shiftless, idle, ne'er-do-well, Deserving nothing but our blame; A man who'd lost all self-respect, Whose sense of decency seemed dim But that there was a woman who Could see some good in him.

The meanest man I ever knew. Who seemed to be a pest in life, A woman sweet and lovable Had somehow won to be his wife; His fellowmen detested him, His ways were sour and always grim. I've often wondered what on earth It was that woman saw in him.

No man so low, no man so base. No man so wicked or so vile, But that there was a woman who. When he was coming, wears a smile, No matter what a man may do, Though steeped in vices to the brim, Somewhere a woman you will find Who still has all her faith in him.

H. G. Wells: I am not sure that the gibes at mothers-in-law seriously impair the prospects of marriage in any way, yet we cannot get into the habit of laughing at an institution without in some way impairing the respect in which it is held.

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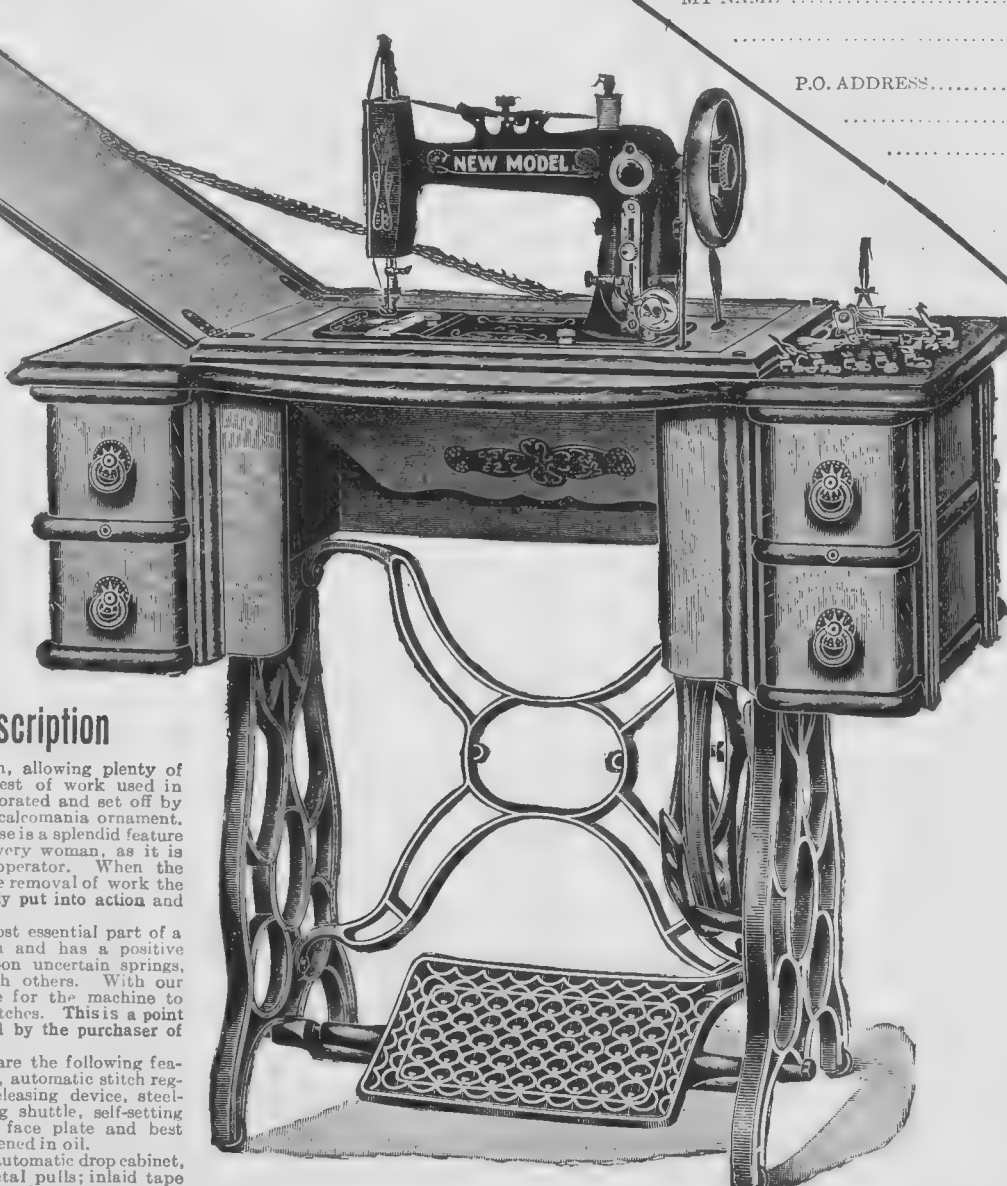
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The Economic Position of the Farming Communities.

By A. Percy Chew.

Despite the amazing advance in nearly all departments of knowledge during the last half-dozen decades, there is one branch of study which has lagged discouragingly behind. Notwithstanding the profound importance of the science of political economy to everyone, I do not hesitate to say that in the minds of the great mass of the people, a larger number of crude, or absolutely false, ideas exist about this science than about any other department of human enquiry. This misunderstanding and ignorance has been intensified by the professors of political economy themselves. It is the duty of the occupant of a chair of geology, or of astronomy, to find out all he can about his particular subject, and to make what he does discover widely known. And this applies to every field of enquiry except—political economy. The task of the professors of that science is not to put forth truth, but error. If they find out anything of real value, it must be concealed. As yet they are still quarrelling about the meaning of the technical terms used, not because of any real difficulty as to exact definition,

English language as spoken by the common people good enough for him to express his ideas in, so does Haeckel. But the professors of economics do not. Of many of their obscure productions the average educated man can make nothing. They delight in obscurity; their mission is to deceive.

The reason for this difference between the mission of the professors of economics and the mission of the professors of other sciences is that while economics is directly concerned with the distribution of wealth, other sciences are not concerned with the distribution of wealth at all, and only indirectly with its production. Of course, the discoveries of science pave the way for new methods of production, but before they become of value they must be reduced to practical use in the factory or on the farm. We said that economics is concerned with the distribution of wealth. One of the questions to which it should provide an answer, as before mentioned, is that which relates to the striking disparity between the wealth of the different individuals composing society. Why, for



Cloud effect on Red Deer Lake.

but because it is essential to certain interests that foggy ideas should prevail about this science as long as possible.

Do not hastily decide that these remarks are the unconsidered ravings of a fanatic. I mean to back each one of them up.

If we are to consider the nature and scope of the science of political economy, we must define our terms. Political economy, then, is defined as the study of man in his efforts to get a living. Its office is to observe the facts, and from the facts, formulate the laws that govern man in his economic relations with his fellows. For man is governed by law in the domain of economics as well as in every other of his activities. Political economy should give us an answer to certain questions of transcendent importance. And rightly understood, it will do so. It should tell us why, for instance, in the midst of advancing wealth, the sum of the world's poverty is ever increasing; why wealth and poverty develop in inverse ratio. It should explain why those who work do not enjoy, why those who do not work, revel in luxury. It should establish beyond all controversy, with scientific accuracy, the cause of those financial crises that periodically, and with an ever diminishing interval between, paralyze the industrial life of capitalist society. But in reply to these and other questions, the orthodox professors give us words, only words. Because they have nothing to tell us, they clothe their meaninglessness in a vast redundancy of phrase. Darwin found the

instance, should John D. Rockefeller be a multi-millionaire, and on the other hand, thousands upon thousands of people in all parts of the civilized world have nothing, exist continually in an abject and degrading poverty. Now, if a truthful answer to this question were forthcoming from the professors of economics, and if the answer were spread abroad sufficiently, in a very short space of time the whole structure of society as it now stands would go toppling into the dust. But this truthful answer is not forthcoming, for the simple reason that if it were your professor would be out of a job—crude, but unanswerable—because his job is in the gift of the rich man. There is no need to wrap this thing up in a maze of words. The vast pecuniary interests of the world endow the chairs in all the universities, and they dictate what shall be taught therefrom. So long as the discoveries of science do not conflict with the established order of things it is well; they may be published abroad. But just as soon as anything comes to light antagonistic to the interests of the ruling class—hey, presto, the lights are off; there is nothing on the screen.

A striking illustration of the truth of this assertion is to be found in the case of Professor Thorold Rogers. Because Professor Rogers dared to write a book proving that the condition of the British working class, far from having improved during the past two hundred years, had become considerably worse, he was asked to resign from the chair of political

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Over \$350,000,000 Added to The Cash Resources This Year

Crop conditions have not been ideal in Western Canada this year but the prairie provinces have come through with 231,000,000 bushels of grain which at present market prices would produce \$166,250,000. In view of the pessimistic reports that have been circulated the figures seem large but they are accurate. Western Canada has demonstrated this year its marvellous recuperative power. The drought of June and the early part of July caused so much damage that a half crop was despaired of, but the month of August with its refreshing rains wrought an amazing change in the crop situation so that the wheat yield will fall only a few million bushels below the yield of last year. Reliable estimates of this year's crop with the corresponding cash values are as follows:

Wheat	100,000,000 bus.	\$108,000,000
Oats	110,000,000 bus.	41,800,000
Flax	4,000,000 bus.	8,800,000
Barley	17,000,000 bus.	7,650,000
Total	231,000,000 bus.	\$166,250,000

That is the amount the prairie provinces will have to spend this year. But they have another asset, another source of spending power far greater than in any previous year. That is the money brought into the country by new settlers. During the months of April, May, June and July, 200,000 immigrants arrived. The estimated number of immigrants who will settle in the prairie provinces, during the year is 300,000. The estimated amount of actual money brought into the country by these 500,000 immigrants is \$200,000,000.

The spending power of the prairie provinces is therefore represented in \$166,250,000, the cash value of the crop and \$200,000,000 cash brought into the country by settlers during the year, or a Total of \$366,250,000.

These figures illustrate in a striking manner the value of the Western Canadian Market this year to those who are enterprising enough to cultivate it. In no previous year has the purchasing power of the West reached anything like the figure it has reached this year. Indications of the prosperous condition of the country are apparent everywhere. Building operations during the year have reached a total expenditure of \$50,000,000. Of this amount nearly \$15,000,000 has been spent in Winnipeg. Last year the amount spent was \$7,000,000. There has been spent on railway development \$30,000,000. Bank clearings for the first seven months of the year amounted to \$471,674,555. In 1903 they were for the corresponding period \$353,115,864 and for 1908 \$249,218,161.

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economy in the University of Cambridge. I understand that he has since been re-instated. This, however, is not a matter that concerns us in this connection. What it is important for us to note is, that people must not know the truth, if the truth is prejudicial to the welfare of the propertied and ruling class.

It is a consideration of facts like these that inevitably lead us to the conclusion that the interests of all men in capitalistic society are not identical, as we are so often told in the public press. Look on these things never so calmly, never so conservatively, we cannot escape the conclusion that society is divided into classes whose interests are diametrically opposed, the one to the other. No other theory will explain the facts. Let us look at this proposition for a moment. Here we have a science—the science of political economy. Ostensibly its object is to discover the laws that govern the productive activities of men in civilized society, and to make these laws known. But as soon as one of its votaries proves by irresistible logic, a fact, or a series of facts, that tend to destroy the complacency of the ruling class, and the contentment of the working class, he is quickly told his services are not required. What does this mean? Well, in the first place, it clearly indicates that the professors of this particular science—to put it charitably—must not tell all they know. Again we ask, why? We can arrive at but one conclusion. That is, that it is to the interest of one set of persons to keep another set of persons in ignorance of matters which most profoundly affect their lives, for the reason that if these

matters become widely known the wealth and luxury which the favored class enjoy will be placed in jeopardy. In short, there is a class struggle between the idle rich and the laboring poor; between those who live off labor and those who live by labor; between the owning class and the non-owning class; between capital and labor.

It will be clearly understood, I hope, that when the statement is made that there are two classes in society, it is not intended to convey that each living man is immediately classifiable into one or the other. It is a generalization that is true in the main, but which must admit of countless exceptions in individual cases. Thus, the whole farming community constitutes an exception to this generalization. If the farmer is to be placed in any economic classification, he must be held to occupy a position mid-way between these two grand divisions. Thus, the salient characteristic of a true capitalist is that he owns property in the means of wealth production for the purpose of compelling other men to operate that property and surrender to him the result of their labor. On the other hand, a true member of the working class (a proletarian) is one who, owning none of those instruments of production to which he must have access, is obliged therefore to sell his labor, power, his ability to create wealth, for approximately the cost of his subsistence. It is at once apparent, then, that the farming community as a whole falls into neither of these grand divisions. In the first place, the average farmer does not exploit labor, for he does the work himself. And in the second place, he is possessed of some of the

instruments of production, and is not therefore under the necessity of peddling his power to labor from one capitalist to another. In this connection, I might remark that it has never been demonstrated to my satisfaction that the farmer is an exploited man. He is certainly a productive laborer; and it is equally certain that he does not control the means of marketing his produce. But in considering his case, we must take into consideration the fact that it is held by the most competent students of political economy (who do not occupy chairs in the colleges) that, taking the exchange of commodities as a whole, and over long periods of time, they exchange at their exact value. That is, to say in short, that although Farmer Brown may only get seventy-five cents for his wheat this year, it is highly probable that he will be compensated next year by a better price. This, however, is still a matter for debate.

There is one point in this regard which is worthy of careful note, and that is, that about eighty-five per cent. of American farmers are either tenant farmers, or have large mortgages against their places. This is against seventeen per cent. some seventy-five years ago. For Canada there are no figures available. If these figures are to be relied on (and it is Uncle Sam himself who vouches for them) a new light is thrown upon the economic condition of the farmer. He is seen to be a true working man, although the fact of his dependency upon another class may be to him somewhat veiled.

This fact, then, stands clear. Whatever may be the truth about the robbery of the farmer by the railroad, the elevators and the combines, if there is a mortgage upon his land, or upon his chattels, if, in short, he is not the real owner of his instruments of production, he falls strictly into the category of working men, and his interests are theirs, and vice versa.

Finally, I want to say that my object is to arouse thought, not to dogmatize upon matters in regard to which sufficient data are not available. But as far as I have gone, I believe that the farming community have interests which harmonize perfectly with the interests of the working class as a whole. I believe, also, that what I have said with reference to the present state of the science of political economy and its professors, will lead some to look into the matter with less of a trustful, and more of an investigating spirit than has heretofore prevailed. I will repeat my assertion that nothing sound or truthful concerning the position of the wealth-producers of the world is to be looked for from the propertied class, or from its hirelings, since, as we have seen, the interests of that class are entirely opposed to our own. Indeed, the spirit of investigation among the working classes is a thing to be feared by them, for it spells death to the system of robbery by which they are held down.

[Editor's Note.—We give place to this article in the hope that it may arouse thought and perhaps discussion. We

The Majesty of Mind.

It is on record that Alexander the Great once paid a visit to Diogenes, the ill-clad, ill-housed philosopher, and on Diogenes asking the conqueror who he would prefer to be if he were not Alexander, the monarch replied: "If I were not Alexander I should prefer to be Diogenes."

To the unthinking, the reply may appear strange, if not indeed absurd; but for the thoughtful it holds in its grasp a fine meaning. It is greater to be a thinker than to be a conqueror, greater to sway the sceptre over realms of mind than over continents of matter.

The kings of thought reign longer and more mightily than the kings of empire. David was a great monarch and also a great soldier, whose arrows were terrible in the day of battle. But his war-bolts are all spent and rotted while the silver shafts of song, which sped from his harp of solemn sound, still fly through the dusky years, not for wounding, but for life and healing. Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I., made a great stir in their time, but their lives and deeds are fast melting away into oblivion, while the empire of Shakespeare, and Bacon and Milton widens with the lapse of years. The pomp of kings and conquerors as they storm across the centuries, is but a vain and fleeting pageant when compared with the enduring majesty of the masters of creative thought. "Great and sceptred sovereigns still rule our spirits from their urns." Not without reason did Alexander envy the lot of heroes like Achilles, Hector and Patroclus, who had found a Homer to perpetuate their fame. "The Conqueror of the Earth," says Goethe, "did reverence to a poet; for if he left that without a recording poet, his own wild and vast existence would pass away like a whirlwind, and be forgotten for ever."

Man, after all, is the great thing on this earth—its summary, epitome and crown—and mind is the great thing in man. It is idle to speak of the vastness of the material universe and to argue therefrom the nothingness of man. The universe, as material, is after all but a great and glorious clod. Make of it what you will with its imposing pomp and what is it to the mind whose thoughts "wander through eternity," and in whose spectral infinity it lies like a filmy dot? What is it to the mind whose high prerogative it is to gather in upon itself, as on a mirror, the glories of the visible creation and flash them back to God in wonder and in worship? What is it to the mind which in place of being, as the planets are, the slave of inexorable law, is master of its own volitions and able to defy the very Power who brought it into being? What is it to the mind which, when heaven and earth have fled away and there is no place found for them, may still—

The darkening universe defy,
To quench its immortality,
Or shake its trust in God?

—R. P. D.

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Description of Coat

BW1717—Ladies' Black Astrachan Fur Coat as per cut to right; full-furred, choice prime skins only used, making this one of the most attractive coats as well as a high grade garment. Coat is 50 inches long and is lined throughout with black satin, interlined with flannelette and further stayed with cambric, the latter lining taking the strain from the fur and greatly increasing the wear of the coat. Collar and revers made extra high for use in coldest western weather. The coat fastens with handsome silk crochet buttons. The perfect even match of the skins used makes the coat a particularly handsome one. It has semi-fitting back as per cut and has two vents in side ensuring comfort in walking. The length, fit and general make up of the coat is correct in every detail for this winter's wear. Sizes 34 to 44. Our special price.....\$46.50

BLACK MUFFS

TO BE WORN WITH ABOVE COAT

BW1718—Muff as in illustration shown on this page. Made from full-furred Black Japanese Bear. A large sized handsome muff lined throughout, made on soft down bed, a real hard wearing serviceable muff. New and smart in style. Special price.....\$7.50

BW1719—Same muff in Columbia Sable.....\$18.50

BW1720—Same muff in Alaska Sable.....\$32.50

Any of these Muffs are very suitable to be worn with Fur Coat (BW1717) shown on this page and all are made from good wearing Furs.

Hudson's Bay Company

Winnipeg

Canada



BW1717

DON'T DELAY

Sending in your Fall and Winter garments for Cleaning and Dyeing. Remember we are specialists in Dry Cleaning Furs, Fur-lined Coats, Opera Cloaks, Ball Dresses, etc.

HENRY BROS. DYE HOUSE

WINNIPEG - MAN.

Phones : 1930, 1931, 7372.

Special Attention to Gentlemen's Clothing.



KING OF THE ROAD Overalls THE BETTER KIND

For the farmer who wants the BEST the Overalls with the K. of R. Brand are the only kind.

They represent high-water mark in overall manufacture.

It pays to buy K. of R. Overalls and secure

Comfort and Service

If your dealer can't supply you write us direct.

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KREMOLA TRY IT

We guarantee to improve your complexion or return your money. Pimples, freckles, moth patches, all discoloration positively removed. Write us for Booklet and information.

E. POWERS

334 Portage Avenue WINNIPEG.

\$5 Cloth Skirt \$2.95



Send to-day for this skirt. It's a \$5 Vicuna cloth skirt. Vicuna is a cloth much resembling all wool broadcloth. It comes in Black, Navy, Dark Green, Dark Brown and Dark Red. Give waist and hip measure also length desired. Its the new style made with an over skirt effect, pleated flounce trimmed with 12 satin buttons and 6 satin ribbon bands across front just as pictured. We want you to have one of these skirts. Guaranteed to fit perfectly and give satisfaction in every way. Same style in all wool Panama all shades, \$3.50 reducea from \$6. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains at once. Order skirt No. 7, add

35 cents for postage. Standard Garment Co., London, Ontario.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

LAZY LANGUAGE.

While standing in front of an attractive window display one day, I heard parts of conversations from young women that suggested a decided poverty of words. I wonder if it is lack of vocabulary or indifference that causes young women to use slang and meaningless expressions. They positively steal words for the occasion and use them most improperly.

For example a high school girl in describing a musicale said that a selection from Chopin was "simply swell." Another told of a waltz that was a "peach" while a third fair one said that the refreshments were "glorious."

Two smartly dressed business women discussed a party of the previous evening and one said the hostess was "simply out of sight," whereupon the other replied: "Yes, and wasn't her house a beaut?"

Carelessness in the choice of words is a common modern habit and it is not borrowed from our English young women because, as a rule, their pronunciation is very proper and their choice of language correct. I fear the carelessness has crept in from the other side of the line.

I have met many college graduates in the States who abused the English language so much that it was really difficult to understand their meaning. They impressed me as having graduated from a slang manufacturing establishment, they appeared more proud of their ability to use abbreviated expressions that their home people could not understand than they were of their "classical" diplomas.

Young women with the slang habit convey the impression that they are affected with a profusion of ideas and an extremely limited vocabulary. Their mental impression seems indefinite.

Slang is coarse and rude and is an evidence of a poorly equipped mind. The genteel woman will not profane the English language by the use of careless language. It is not indicative of culture.

Then there is word mangling—or lazy language. Many girls clip their words and run others together until there is a disastrous wreck of language. They are too lazy to speak distinctly. The following conversation illustrates the "lazy" language habit:

"Aincher hungry?"

"Yeh."

"So my. Les go neat."

"Where?"

"Sleeve go one places nother."

"So dy lisa neet mo stenny ware, canchoo?"

"Ye, gotlcher money?"

"Yeh."

"So vy, gotcher aptite?"

"Hey. How bout place cross street?"

"Nothin' teet there. Les gurround corner."

"Thattledo zwell zennywhere. Mghta thoukht that 'tfirst getcher hat."

"I'm gettinit. Gotcher money?"

"Yeh. Did'nchere me say I had it?"

"Alreddy?"

"Yey. K'mon?"

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

The other day I heard an excited quarrel among four girls. One in a perfect rage of anger exclaimed: "Well, I just will not all w that young man to carry my picture around with him to show to his acquaintances!"

It was the same old story of the same old quarrel I have often heard about the photograph. The girls had been photographed in a group and one of the number had given a copy to a young man who was objectionable to the other girls. He, in turn, enjoyed great sport in showing it to his men friends, and the first girl blushed at the thought of it in his possession.

Girls should be very careful about being photographed with one another, they never know where the photograph may find its way.

I have known many a girl to be photographed with a young man friend and very sorely did she regret it when

she ceased to care for him. The thought of that picture always made her blush.

Another serious mistake is for a girl to scatter her likeness promiscuously among her men friends. Girls would shudder with horror if they could see some of the rooms their photographs adorn, and they are usually placed in conspicuous places where they are the subject of rude jests.

A young lady who has experienced remorse because of this, asked me to warn others.

Your personality is too sacred to be cheapened in this way.

MORAL MUSCLE.

The way to gain power and ability is to use what one already has. We all know the girl who "loses her head" or breaks down when an unusual task faces her. This kind of girl cannot be depended upon.

But it is possible for this same girl to overcome the fault if she will develop a kind of "moral muscle."

During my vacation I met a woman whose husband had experienced danger the previous night. He had spent twelve hours on a stormy sea.

"Were you not anxious and worried about him?" I asked.

Her sweet, strong face—full of the

Christmas present. She was a stenographer whose salary was not more than she needed, and the young man had been attentive to her for a short time only—they were not engaged. He was working on a small salary and had to borrow money to buy her a present a little more costly. He could not afford it but had too much pride to accept from a girl friend more than he could give. Her present—or "presents" rather—was a silver smoking set together with a solid gold locket set with a diamond.

It took this young man some time to pay back the money he borrowed to buy her present. In the meantime he became disgusted and grew tired of the girl for this very reason. He said he did not care for a girl who "wanted to buy him," so he ceased showing her any attention. A simple little gift from a girl to her young man friend is much more appreciated than a costly one. Girls should be very careful about the presents they give to young men. I have seen young men jesting over certain presents their girl friends had given them for Christmas. One young man in question had more than a dozen on his table—all gifts from girl friends and he gave each present the name of the girl who presented it.

A little token—a book for instance—is highly appreciated as a rule, and it does



Indian Camp.

expression of supreme self-control, brightened into a smile as she calmly answered:

"No. I was not worried. I never worry over a trouble I do not see."

I shall remember the expression, "I never worry over a trouble I do not see."

This woman was one of rare personality; she had developed "moral muscle."

The calm-cool-headed girl who proves herself equal to every emergency is the girl who will make a success of her work and of her life. It takes time to develop "moral muscle."

Your mother at home may ask you to assume the responsibility of the household for a week. You want to refuse but if you respond to her wishes you take a step in the development of "moral muscle."

It is not really so much what you have as it is—what you do with what you have. In the building of character you are no stronger than the weakest fault that bothers you, because that very fault may cause you to break down when you are called to face an emergency.

Hard things will always be hard; but they are easier to face when you have a character trained to meet them calmly with the personality that comes with self-control.

EMBARRASSING GIFTS.

Last winter I knew a young man who was extremely embarrassed because a young lady had given him an expensive

not place a young man in an embarrassing position. Young men like simplicity in young women.

I mention this because Christmas is nearly here and young girls are planning their Christmas gifts.

THE VICTORIA LEAGUE.

Last spring a very clever English woman—Miss Talbot—visited Western Canada in the interest of a worthy, non-party association of British men and women—namely, The Victoria League. This association, she stated, has for its object "Practical Imperialism." Imperialism that aims to common understanding of everything British. It is a union of British subjects organized to extend fraternal help.

In referring to the Victoria League Miss Talbot said:

"To become a member of the Victoria League means to join a large body of people, living in all parts of the world, who are seeking to study the problems of the Empire, to exchange hospitality, and to become acquainted with all aspects of life and the different points of view of the citizens of both mother country and daughter lands. The League provides opportunities for every one of its members to do something to attain these great ends, and to give practical expression to the feeling of Imperial responsibility. It promotes the study of Imperial subjects in schools, lectures and in reading circles."

Miss Talbot was very anxious for the

teachers of Western Canada to become interested in it. She said that correspondence between children in British and Colonial schools would encourage interest in British loyalty and union.

Teachers "who join the League can help to carry on its educational work by studying Imperial questions for themselves and so helping to form opinion, by promoting this particular line of work in any scholastic or educational institutions in which they may be interested."

The Hospitality Committee welcomes visitors from every part of the Empire, who bring personal introductions to the League; it does all in its power to make British subjects at home in the mother country and in the colonies."

Miss Talbot was particularly anxious that this League be strong in Western Canada in order to welcome and provide safe homes for the friendless young women who come here from the old country. This phase of the work would be very helpful to strange young women who come alone to this country and we should do all in our power to encourage it. Any organization as worthy as is The Victoria League should have the support of our young women readers. I am very greatly interested in the Hospitality Committee as young women alone in a strange country need safe protection.

Queen Mary, who is interested in everything good, is Patroness of the League. The President is the Countess of Jersey, and the Deputy-President is the Countess of Crewe.

Some of the names among the Hon. Vice-Presidents are: The Duke of Argyll, K.T.; the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.; Mr. Rudyard Kipling, LL.D.; and Lord Strathcona and the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

The office of the secretary, Miss Talbot, is 2, Millbank House, Westminster, S.W.

ADAPTABLE GIRLS.

Wise people all about us are telling us there is something wrong with the average college course for women. They say it is not practical. We learn that in some countries they are changing the courses to fit the popular demand.

There seems to be a cry everywhere for practical young women. It is my candid opinion, however, that our girls are more practical now than they were ten years ago.

English women of nobility encourage, by their own examples, the development of that which is practical in woman-kind.

Lady Ernestine Hunt, a daughter of the Marquis of Allsbury, is the leading spirit back of a movement in England that has for its purpose the training of girls for lives of real usefulness in English colonies.

They are planning to teach the girls the arts of house-keeping and home-making, and also riding and driving as well as other accomplishments needed in a new country.

This movement will train girls to be adaptable.

When Mrs. Cran, of London, visited Western Canada she said she would, upon her return to England, place special emphasis on the fact that Western Canada needs girls that are practical and adaptable. Indeed they cannot make good headway here unless they are.

Girls who come to this country need a generous supply of the mixture of brains and common sense. The capable girl is gratefully recognized everywhere.

Our own queen was brought up in the practical arts of home-making as well as in the study of political and social problems.

One writer states: "Queen Mary is in all respects the mistress of her household. The details of the clothes and food of her children are all submitted to her. She is methodical and orderly even in small matters. She is an excellent administrator of her own household affairs."

She is bringing up her only daughter to be practical and the princess is very capable in every way even to the making of her own dresses.

Queen Mary is indeed a queenly woman and a womanly queen.



Pen Angle Hosiery

Only SEAMLESS Hosiery Fits Right!

You should wear Pen-Angle Hosiery, and no other kind. For this is the only Canadian-made hosiery that is seamless AND priced moderately AND guaranteed. All three merits ought to be in your hosiery. Because no hosiery that is not SEAMLESS can be comfortable—and Pen-Angle machines are the only ones in Canada able to knit such hosiery, form-shaped to the leg and foot, instead of merely water-shrunk into shape. Thus, though priced reasonably, Pen-Angle Hosiery holds its shape indefinitely. And it is reinforced wherever wear falls.

To these merits add the GUARANTEE you read here—two pairs for one if Pen-Angle Hosiery disappoints. Note next the modest price you need pay to get all this—and then remember name and trademark when next you need hosiery.

PEN-ANGLE HOSIERY

FOR LADIES

No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720—Fine quality Cotton Hose.

Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

FOR MEN

No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090 — Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330—"Everlast" Cotton socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

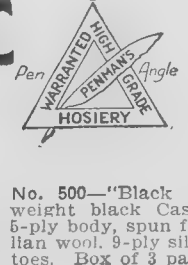
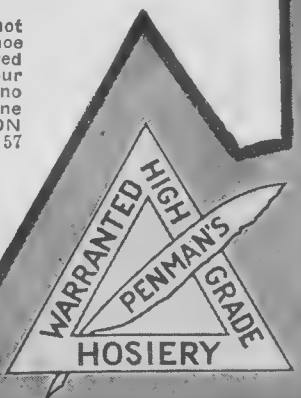
ORDER THIS WAY

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE. 57

ADDRESS AS BELOW:

PENMANS, LIMITED

Dept. 43
PARIS, CANADA

National Importance of Public Health.

The fundamental importance of the subject of public health to our national civilization and industrial efficiency was concisely expressed by the chairman of the Commission of Conservation in his inaugural address before the First Annual Meeting of the Commission. In this connection Mr. Sifton said in part: "The physical strength of the people is the resource from which all others derive value. Extreme and scrupulous regard for the lives and health of the population may be taken as the best criterion of the degree of real civilization and refinement to which a country has attained. It cannot be said that it has received too much attention, though the provinces, the Dominion, and the municipalities have health laws and health administrations all doing effective and useful work. There are, however, many branches of the subject, general in their character, which merit attention. The Dominion spends hundreds of thousands of dollars in eradicating the diseases of animals, and the work, it is pleasing to know, is being done with thoroughness. But no similar effort is made by Province or Dominion to meet the ravages of diseases among human beings, such, e.g., as tuberculosis."

That there is a great work to be done in checking the inroads of tuberculosis is evidenced by the mortality statistics of the last census. In the census year there were 9,709 deaths from the disease in Canada. Or, in other words, twelve deaths out of every hundred in that year were due to tuberculosis. And yet tuberculosis is classed by modern medical science as a preventable disease.

Cleaning the Hands.

To cleanse the hands after very rough work use a good emollient or cream. Rub the hands with a small quantity of the cream, which will penetrate well into the pores of the skin. Then wash the hands in hot water and soap. This treatment makes them very soft.

Powder for Perspiring Feet.

Mix thoroughly two ounces of sub-nitrate of bismuth, two ounces of talc, half an ounce of permanaganate of potash, thirty grains of salicylate of soda. Should this sting, increase the quantity of talc. The coarser ingredients should be reduced to the finest possible state of powder.

KNITTED COATS

AND SWEATERS



Waist of
Knitted
Worsted
1.50

18-138. Women's
Golf Waist, made of knitted
worsted in fancy stitch.
Has a wide plain knitted
band extending around
neck and down front;
fastens with pearl buttons
and loops. Colors are:
plain black, navy, card-
inal or white. Sizes 34,
36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

1.50

If by mail, postage extra,
18c

CHILD'S
SWEATER
50c

18-130. Child's
Sweater, made of
knitted worsted in rib-
bed stitch; has high
collar and full length
sleeves; fastens on the
shoulder with buttons.
Colors are plain card-
inal or navy. Sizes 3, 4
and 5 yrs. Price

50c

If by mail, postage
extra 12c



Girls' Coat
Sweater

1.00

18-133. Girls'
Coat Sweater, made of knitted
worsted in fancy stitch.
The V-neck fronts and
patch pockets are fin-
ished with plain knitted
border of contrasting
shade; turn back
cuffs to match. Colors
are: navy with card-
inal, cardinal with
navy or grey with cardinal.
Sizes 6, 8 and
10 years. Price

1.00

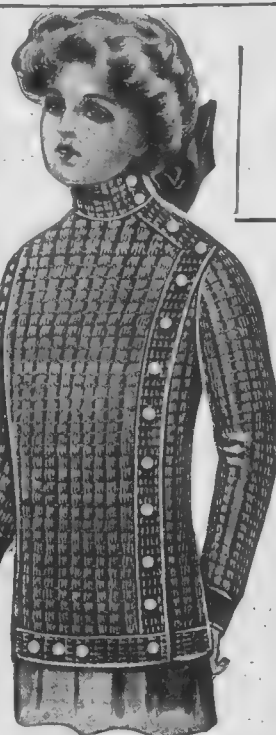
If by mail, postage extra,
12c



THE
NEW
"COL-
LEGE"
COAT
SWEAT-
ER
2.50

18-146. Women's "College" Style Coat Sweater,
made of fine knitted worsted in fancy stitch, length 29
inches. The closing which is on the left side is fastened with
pearl buttons, finished with fancy knitted border extending
around lower edge; cuffs and stand-up collar to match.
Colors are white with cardinal, grey with
cardinal, navy with white or cardinal with
white. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

2.50



The New
"College"
Coat

1.75

18-136. Misses'
"College" Style
Sweater Coat,
made of fine knitted
worsted in fancy
stitch. The clos-
ing, which is on the
left side, is fastened
with pearl buttons, fin-
ished with fancy knitted border
extending around lower
edge, cuffs and stand-up
collar to match.

Waist of
Knitted
Worsted
1.75

18-139. Women's
Golf Waist, of fine
knitted worsted, made
with fancy stitch; is
fastened with pearl but-
tons; has knitted border
around V-shaped neck and
down front. Colors are:
plain black, navy, card-
inal or white. Sizes 34, 36,
38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

1.75

If by mail, postage extra,
17c

CHILD'S COAT
75c

18-137. Child's Coat
Sweater, made of knitted
worsted in single-
breasted, box style. The
neck, front and around
lower edge, finished with
plain knitted border. Col-
ors are: navy with white
cardinal with white or
white with sky. Sizes 2, 3,
and 4 years. Price

75c

If by mail, postage extra,
7c



Girls' Knitted
Sweater
75c

18-131. Girls'
Sweater of knitted
worsted, made with
ribbed stitch. Has
high collar and fastens
on the shoulder with
buttons; sleeves are
full length. Colors are:
plain cardinal or navy.
Sizes 6, 8,
and 10 years. Price

75c

If by mail, postage
extra, 12c



1.50

18-134

18-134. Misses' Coat Sweater, made of
knitted worsted in fancy stitch. Has plain knitted
border of contrasting shade on V-neck, fronts and
around lower edge; fastens with pearl buttons,
also has patch pocket either side. Colors are:
grey with cardinal, navy with white, cardinal with
white. Lengths, 21, 22 and 23 in-
ches, for sizes 12, 14 and 16 years. Price

1.50

If by mail, postage extra, 16c

Read carefully the
sizes and colors stated
in each description as
we can only supply the
regular sizes and colors
there stated.

Be sure to state style
number, color and size
when ordering.

Garments that are
not satisfactory in size
or for other reasons
should be returned for
exchange or refund
within 10 days.

We pay all transpor-
tation charges on any
of these goods returned
within time stated.

Fine
Knitted
Worsted

1.75

Colors are; white
with cardinal, grey
with cardinal, or navy
with white. Lengths
23, 24 and 25 inches,
for sizes 12, 14 and 16
years.

If by mail, postage
extra, 16c



1.50

18-135

18-135. Misses' "Military" Style Coat
Sweater, of knitted worsted in fancy stitch.
The stand-up collar, turn-back cuffs, fronts and
belt are made of a plain knitted weave; fastens
with pearl buttons. Colors are: plain cardinal or
navy, also grey with cardinal.
Lengths, 21, 22 and 23 inches, for
sizes 12, 14 and 16 years. Price

1.50

If by mail postage extra, 16c

These values indicate the money-saving
opportunities with which each page of
the Eaton Catalogue abounds.

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED.

WINNIPEG

CANADA

If your copy of the Eaton Fall and Win-
ter Catalogue has not been received, a
postal card will bring it by return mail.

Fine Knitted

Coats and Suit



**Fine
Australian
Botany**

5⁰⁰

18-147. Women's Coat Sweater, made of fine Australian Botany Yarn in fancy zig-zag stitch. Is single-breasted style, with four button closing; length, 36 inches. The V-neck, fronts and lower edge are finished with fancy knitted border; pocket either side made with flap effect, trimmed with button. Colors are plain white, grey or brown. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

5.00

Shipping weight 3 lbs.



**Suit
Complete
with Cap**

7⁹⁵

**Fine
Worsted
Yarn**

3⁵⁰

18-144. Women's Coat Sweater, of fine knitted worsted in French Jacquard stitch, made 42 inches long; a plain knitted border finishes the V-neck and fronts, and extends around lower edge, is single-breasted style, with large pearl buttons at closing. Colors are plain white, grey or navy. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

3.50

Shipping weight 3 lbs.



STYLE 18-143

18-143. Women's Coat Sweater, of fine knitted worsted, made with a fancy raised stitch. V-shaped neck and either side of single-breasted front has wide, plain knitted border; fastens with pearl buttons; finished with two patch pockets; length 28 inches. Colors are plain white, cardinal, navy or grey. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

2.50

If by mail, postage extra 25c

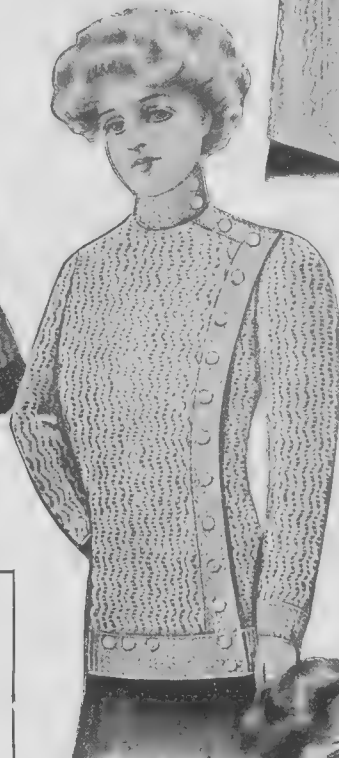


STYLE 18-145

18-145. Women's Coat Sweater, made in the popular College style, of fine Australian Botany Yarn, in fancy zig-zag stitch; the closing is on the left side, which, with stand-up collar, cuffs and lower edge, is of plain knitted weave; length 29 inches. Colors are grey with garnet, white with cardinal, or brown with tan, also plain navy. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

3.50

If by mail, postage extra 32c



18-140

1⁵⁰



18-140. Women's Coat Sweater, made of knitted worsted, in fancy stitch. The V-neck and fronts have wide, plain knitted border; is single-breasted style and fastens with pearl buttons; has two patch pockets; finished with belt all round; length 26 inches. Colors are plain navy, white, cardinal or grey. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

1.50

If by mail, postage extra 25c

Note carefully the sizes and colors stated in the descriptions, as only regular stock sizes and colors as stated can be supplied.

Be sure to give size and color when ordering.

**Women's
Coat
Sweater**

2⁰⁰

18-142. Women's Coat Sweater, of fine knitted worsted, in French Jacquard stitch. Is made in single-breasted style and fastens with pearl buttons; has stand-up, turn-down collar which fastens and fits close to the neck; patch pocket either side.



All transportation charges on goods returned within 10 days for exchange or refund are paid by us. This allows you to examine the quality and fit before deciding to keep the garment.

**Fine
Worsted
Yarn**

2⁰⁰

Length 28 inches. Colors are plain white, navy, cardinal, grey or brown. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

2.00

If by mail, postage extra 20c



18-141

1⁷⁵

18-141. Women's Coat Sweater, made of fine knitted worsted in fancy stitch. Has V-neck, and fastens in single-breasted style, with pearl buttons; a wide knitted border extends around neck and down fronts; has two patch pockets, and is finished with belt; length 26 inches. Colors are plain white, navy or cardinal, also grey with cardinal. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

1.75

If by mail, postage extra 25c

The purchase price and all charges will be promptly refunded should you not be entirely satisfied with Eaton goods.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED.
WINNIPEG CANADA

It is a good plan to order sufficient goods for an express or freight shipment. See the Eaton Catalogue for full particulars.

DONALD MORRISON & CO.**Grain Commission—Wheat, Oats, Flax, Barley****711B GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG**

We solicit your Grain Shipments. Over 25 years' experience in this line.
Prompt, reliable work. Write us for information.

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Ship Your Grain

To a strictly commission firm and have it handled to your advantage. We handle strictly on commission; look carefully after grading; obtain best prices and furnish prompt settlements.

Write for market prospects and shipping directions.

Thompson, Sons & Company**Grain Commission Merchants****703D Grain Exchange****Winnipeg, Man.**

James Richardson & Sons

Grain Exporters**Limited**

Wire us for net track offers when you have your grain loaded. We are always in the market for every kind of grain at top prices. We have a separate commission department for handling consignments to be sold highest bidder. Careful attention given to grading at every car. Large advances and prompt adjustments. Do not overlook writing for further particulars before shipping. All enquiries have our prompt attention.

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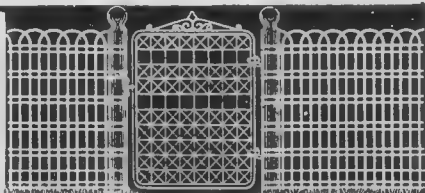
Your life and energy is YOUR FAMILY'S CAPITAL. Protect it by every means in your power. For most men Life Insurance is the only sure protection.

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Grain Market Report.

Winnipeg the Largest Market in the World.

The importance of Winnipeg as a grain market is not fully realized by Canadians generally, and the following statement showing the actual receipts of wheat at Winnipeg as compared with the actual receipts at the principal grain markets in the United States will prove interesting to every patriotic Canadian.

It is to be noted that the figures for Winnipeg are taken from the Dominion Government Grain Inspector's records filed daily with the Winnipeg Board of Trade under Dominion law, and are an exhibit of Western Canadian wheat actually received in the railroad yards at Winnipeg, and these statistics do not include grain shipped from Southern Manitoba direct to Duluth via the Great Northern Railway Company's lines, nor do they include local deliveries, nor grain inspected at Calgary, a percentage of which does actually pass through Winnipeg yards.

It will be seen from the statements prepared by the Winnipeg Board of

shipped through Buffalo in the ordinary course of transportation.

Wheat Receipts.

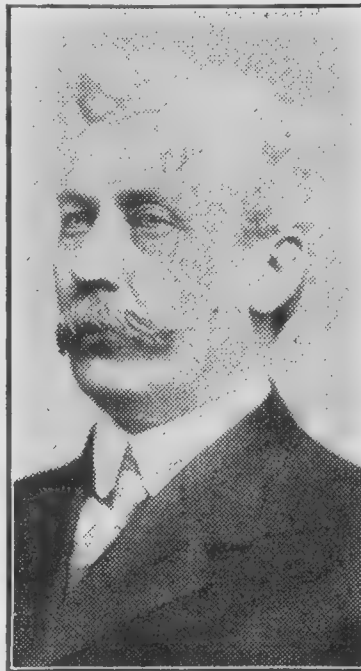
	Bushels.
Winnipeg	88,269,330
Minneapolis	81,111,410
Buffalo	61,084,797
Duluth	56,084,971
Kansas City	35,354,000
Montreal	30,081,779
Chicago	23,985,112
New York	23,304,300
St. Louis	21,432,317
Philadelphia	10,331,854
Omaha	9,979,200
Milwaukee	8,871,026
Baltimore	5,821,809
Cleveland	4,874,871

Winnipeg as an Oat Market.

Outside of Chicago, which is by a long lead the greatest oat receiving market in America, Winnipeg leads the list of American markets. Winnipeg's actual oat receipts during the year past totalled 30,838,900 bushels, followed by New York 23,717,562 bushels, St. Louis 18,582,670 bushels, Minneapolis 14,059,230 bushels, Omaha 10,324,800 bushels, Kansas City 6,349,500 bushels, Duluth 5,117,437 bushels.

At the annual meeting of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange held on September 15th the disclosure of the above figures was received with great enthusiasm and the retiring president, Mr. G. Fisher, stated that the figures had not only drawn forth the congratulations of our own people, but their great surprise and determination to keep the place they have gained. The Winnipeg Exchange handles almost entirely this great output, and the year just closed has been one of the most successful in its history. Mr. Fisher in his address took a most optimistic view, and dwelt at length with mostly all matters that can concern the grain dealers of the West. An equally glowing report was presented by Mr. C. N. Bell, the secretary of the Exchange.

New officers were elected for the ensuing year commencing with the president. This honor fell to Mr. A. D. Chisholm, Manager of The Union Grain Co. Mr. Chisholm is of Scotch extraction and



A. D. CHISHOLM,
President Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

Trade, that Winnipeg, by a good margin, is the greatest actual wheat market on the North American continent. During some years past it has been common with Western Canadians to predict that "some day" Winnipeg receipts would reach those of Minneapolis, whose city for many years has been by a very large surplus the largest wheat receiving centre in the United States. The fact that the receipts at Minneapolis fell off as compared with the previous year, while those at Winnipeg increased by over 50 per cent., are most significant of what will follow in the near future when more than a mere fraction of Western Canada's lands are settled on and cultivated.

Official Figures Only.

The United States and Montreal wheat receipt figures given in this statement are taken from the annual report of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, and compiled from returns secured by that chamber from the boards of trade or grain dealing associations at the points quoted. The figures from the United States points (and Montreal) are for the calendar year ending 31st December last, while the Winnipeg figures are for the crop year ending 31st August, 1910. It is particularly interesting to compare the receipts of wheat at Winnipeg with those at places like Chicago, Milwaukee, Kansas City, and other old-time grain centres. The receipts at Buffalo are not receipts that make a large market, and indeed the receipts shown for Buffalo include a very large quantity of Manitoba grain handled on the Winnipeg grain Exchange and merely



DONALD MORRISON,
Vice President Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

came to the West from Huron county, Ontario, some twenty-six years ago. After a successful farming career he joined the Winnipeg Exchange and has for the past six or seven years been prominent in its actions and deliberations.

Mr. Donald Morrison, elected to the office of 1st vice-president, is head of the well-known Grain Commission firm of Donald Morrison & Co. He also is a

Scot and a native of the island of Lewis, Scotland. His connection with the grain trade dates back a quarter of a century and includes active connection with the three principal exchanges of the continent, viz., Duluth, Minneapolis and Winnipeg. He has been a member of the council of the Exchange for some years past where his opinions on matters affecting the trade have been much valued.

The other officers elected were as follows: Secy.-Treas., C. N. Bell; Capel Tilt, H. W. Baird, A. Kelly, J. Fleming, G. V. Hastings, W. A. Back, Geo. R. Crowe, Geo. Fisher, F. N. McLaren, W. C. Leistikow, H. T. Swart, W. Farmer.

Woman's Love of a Bargain.

"I don't believe any man can fully understand a woman's love of a bargain," a woman was heard to say the other day. "A woman would really pay a small price for something and get a bargain, than to pay a higher price for a superior article."

This is a great truth, and one that should be fully realized by every merchant. The average man does not care much for a bargain; he does not like to haggle over the price of anything and "shop around" in the effort to cut a few pennies from the cost; when he wants anything, he likes to walk into the store and buy it, with as little fuss and bother as possible.

But a woman—the average woman—will walk through the stores half a day in search of something that is a real bargain, and when she finds it—or thinks she does, which is much the same—she is supremely happy.

It is just this feminine peculiarity which makes the "department store" prices—thirty-nine cents, sixty-nine cents, eighty-seven cents and so on—so effective in attracting the woman shopper. These prices have a "bargain" sound; they convey an impression of price reductions and sacrifices of merchandise.

The store which can gain and hold

a reputation among the women of its community for offering real, genuine bargains has its success assured, provided it does not do all its business on leaders, and is otherwise well managed. The most effective advertising—good or bad—which a store gets is what one woman tells another about it and which is passed from lip to lip among the circle of that woman's acquaintances. On the other hand, the store which gets a reputation for putting on fake sales and inflated values under the guise of bargains will soon be found out, and the word will be passed around.

The majority of stores look to the women for the greater part of their patronage and it is therefore necessary for them to keep pretty busy with the bargains most of the time. A store which caters largely or exclusively to men should have an entirely different policy, however. The average man who is not a merchant is not nearly as keen

or critical a buyer as the average woman. He wants to be impressed with the quality, merit or style of a piece of merchandise; if the merchant can so impress him he will pay the price, even though it is high.—Commercial Bulletin.

Smarter than She Thought.

Auntie (to nephew, aged three years) "Would you like a penny?" Nephew (surlily)—"No." Auntie—"Would you like a penny?" Nephew (eagerly)—"Yes." Auntie (producing a penny and two half-pennies)—"I don't believe you know the difference. Tell me, which would you rather have, this one (penny) or these two (half pennies)?" Nephew (picking up the penny and one halfpenny)—"These two, Auntie."—Daily News.



Railway ties for a mile.

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For Quick Profits and Permanent Income

Don't Wait.

Buy it now.

People are awakening to the tremendous earning power of the company controlling the Supply of Asbestos.

Others are seizing the opportunity. Don't let it escape you.

With the increase in the sales, the allotment of stock at the present price will soon be exhausted. Detailed reports on request. Address

JOHN A. HERRON

McIntyre Block

WINNIPEG - CANADA

COULD DEFEND HIMSELF

The charge is assault, and the prisoner is a very Hercules in build. It is his first appearance in court.

The magistrate looks up from his papers hurriedly and exclaims

"Have you engaged anyone to defend you?"

The prisoner gasps with surprise.

"I don't want anybody. I'll defend myself. Come on any half dozen of you."

FROM McBEAN BROS. TO FARMERS

GRAIN.—We wish to place before the Farmers of Western Canada a Few Facts that may possibly help them to decide more clearly just the method to employ and the best time to take in disposing of their grain to net them the most profit. Farmers, you have this season the making of the price right in your own hands. Therefore make use of it. It will be easier this season to make a good fair profitable price than it will be to break prices. Conditions in countries whose grain markets directly affect our Canadian market are now favorable to high prices and continued high prices, and even should speculative sentiment endeavor to force values down, the demand from these countries will prove a strong check to lower prices. Before selling your grain, carefully consider whether you are handing it over to speculators who later on will be cleaning up from 25c. to 50c. per bushel profit on it. It will pay you well to think this out clearly, and then act as your judgment dictates. It is now generally estimated that the yield from the Canadian West this season will be in the neighborhood of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat. We ourselves do not agree with those figures. They are much too high. However, granting that there will be a yield of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, it is still enormously less than ought to have been grown had conditions for growth remained anything like normal, and it will really go but a short distance in supplying the world's needs. It has already been well advertised by the newspapers that the principal wheat growing countries of the world show a very large decrease from the estimated output had weather conditions been anything like normal during the growing season. This shortage in production amounts to a great many millions of bushels. The

United States, Canada, France, Italy, India and Russia all show a big decrease in production, and now reports are coming in that the big Argentine crop in South America has been seriously damaged by backward growth. It is too early yet to determine the extent of this damage, but the reports are so persistent that we cannot fail to note it. Russia is a country that it is very difficult to secure authentic information about, and last year the enormous amount of wheat shipped out of Russian territory ranged in the neighbourhood of 100,000,000 bushels in excess of the previous year, and number of years previous. It was forced out of the country through the stringent condition of the money market. One hundred million bushels of wheat appearing from apparently nowhere will certainly affect market conditions greatly, and generally upset the most accurate calculations of the very best grain men. Had this enormous quantity of excess wheat not been placed upon the world's market last year our estimate of 120c for our wheat would have indeed been a modest one. Even in face of the full force of this extremely bearish condition speculators, with all the power at their command, were scarcely able to force prices down to the 90c. mark, and then the upward reaction carried prices away above the dollar mark, where they have remained until the present time, and we even sold 1. Northern wheat in July at 117½c in store Fort William. We do not think that under the circumstances our prediction of 120c early in the season was faulty, or that we had figured conditions incorrectly. We compiled our estimate from the very best and most reliable reports that could be secured. This year we have made careful estimates of all grain conditions that we have been able to secure, and our final opinion is that,

barring unknown conditions, our grain—wheat, oats, barley and flax—will be selling at unusually high prices, but it will depend entirely upon the method the farmers employ in selling their grain whether they reap the full benefit or whether the speculator gets an unduly large slice of the profits. We figure that 130c for wheat, 55c for oats, 80c for barley, and from 225c to 250c for flax will not be considered very high prices later in the season. Our advice to our farmer friends is to hold your grain until prices show you an extra good profit, and when you decide to sell, send your grain to a good reliable commission firm, and have it handled right and sold to the best advantage for your account.

Some time ago a newspaper howl arose about the high price of wheat robbing the poor man by forcing him to pay more for his bread. If the price of wheat was advanced another dollar per bushel bread would still be the cheapest article of food the poor man could eat. It is not the cost of bread, but the cost of other food products which the poor man objects to. During the last four years the amount of breadstuffs consumed has advanced from 5 bushels of wheat per capita to between 7 and 8 bushels. Is this not the most positive evidence that bread is still the cheapest food article sold, and this is one of the strongest proofs that wheat must advance. Ponder on this, and then hold your wheat.

Because we are placing considerable stress upon the advice to hold wheat, our readers may infer that it would be best to sell oats and barley and hold their wheat. This would be an entirely wrong impression. Oats will be selling at much better prices than heretofore, but if you are going to hold any grain, hold your barley. This has been one cereal that has been marketed in Canada

for years at either a loss or at a very small profit to the grower. We believe that a turn in these conditions is about to take place, which will carry barley prices to their proper level. Barley could be bought by malting firms at 100c per bushel and still net them a very large profit. As a matter of fact, it is really worth double present value at any time during the year if it received its just dues. In Eastern Canada there has been very little barley grown this year, and any that was grown is being used for feeding purposes. The United States barley crop has been estimated at millions of bushels less than last year, and the shortage there will be enormous. Hold your barley.

We have for a number of years been publishing grain letters at the beginning of the season, advising farmers concerning market conditions, and they have all cost money. Now, we are great commission merchants, who have been in the grain business here in Western Canada in the neighborhood of 25 years, an experience scarcely equalled by any other firm. We are open to use this experience to help our customers who consign their grain for us to handle, and we will be pleased to have the handling of the grain of any farmer who requires commission firm's services. If you place any reliance on the advice we give, then let us know that you appreciate it by shipping your grain for us to handle. Consign your grain to Fort William or Port Arthur. Advise McBean Bros. Winnipeg, Man., and then write us a closing bill of lading, with any instructions about selling or holding, and we will attend to the rest of the business for you to the best of our ability, protecting your interests in the deal every way. Don't forget the old, reliable firm of

McBEAN BROS., 600 GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG.

The Urgent Need

Of the average farmer at the present minute is a knowledge of the latest Scientific method of tilling the soil. These methods are employed on the Government experimental farms and as a result the yield of wheat runs from 35 to 54 bushels per acre. The same methods will increase the yield on your farm from 5 to 10 bushels per acre. We teach these methods to you in your own home. Drop a card for particulars to

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School of Scientific Farming
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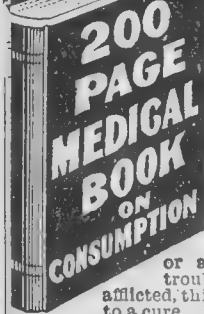
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This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1602 Rose Street, Calumet, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

5.75 THIS SUIT.

Send your money today, we will send you this beautiful fall and winter style Tailored suit. It is the best bargain ever offered and honestly worth a great deal more than we ask. The suits come in black and navy in a material that is heavy for winter wear and has a smooth finish. A cloth that will give excellent satisfaction. The coat is cut 30 inches long semi-fitting, lined in good satin and tailor padded. Skirt is cut 9 gore with welled seams trimmed with 6 Satin Buttons down front. Skirt is cut very full and the whole suit is strictly up-to-date and is bound to please and fit. Give inches around largest part of Bust and hips, smallest part of waist, and length of skirt in front. Order this suit today without fail.
NATIONAL SUIT CO., Box 308, London, Ont.
Mention this paper.

ARMSTRONG, B.C. ships more products than rest of the Canadian Valley combined. Fruit growing, mixed mining, market-gardening and poultry. No stagnation. Nearest the markets. Perfect climatic conditions winter and summer. Unfailing pure water supply. Disease unknown. An established rural district with superior educational facilities. syndicates. Land \$100 per acre, mile from river. Write for Booklet B. Secy. Board of Trade, Armstrong, B.C.

Woman and the Home.

Mother's Way.

Of within our little cottage,

As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done;
Should you wonder at this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer:
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its doors of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,
Or our task seems very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

Anonymous.

poor old mother, who lives in his home and whom he supports. He supplies her wants. She eats at his table, is sheltered by his roof, is warmed by his fire, is decently clothed by his hands, but that is all.

He neglects her.

He never says a word of affection to her.

He never pays her any little attentions.

When she ventures an opinion, he cuts it short with curt contempt.

When she tells her garrulous old stories, as old people will, he does not even try to conceal how much he is bored.

In a thousand unintentional ways the old mother is made to feel that she is a cumberer of the ground, an impediment in the household, an old-fashioned and useless piece of furniture of which every one will be glad to be rid of.

Under this coldness and neglect the poor old mother's heart is breaking, and in a letter, written in a trembling and feeble handwriting, she asks me if I cannot say something that her son will read, and that may make him think.

Ah, if I only could!

If I could only say to him, "Man, man, give love as well as duty to your mother. Give her the wine of life as well as the bread. Don't forget the woman who never forgot you."

Of course, the man will say, and truly, that he is busy, over-worked, care-burdened; that he has the claims of wife and children upon him; that he is often



Red Deer Mill.

A Man's Mother.

Man, if you have an old mother, be good to her. Tell her that you love her. Kiss the faded old lips. Hold in yours the work-knotted hands. Scatter a few of the flowers of tenderness and appreciation in her pathway while she is still alive and can be made happy by them. Don't wait to put all of your affection and gratitude and reverence for her into a costly ton of marble inscribed "Mother."

Don't wait to throw all your bouquets on her grave. It's mighty doubtful whether an angel in heaven takes any interest in cemeteries or gets any satisfaction from re-visiting earth and contemplating a flattering tombstone; but it is utterly, certainly certain that you can make your old mother's heart sing for joy by showing her, while she is alive, just one tittle of the love and appreciation that you will heap upon her when she is dead.

These words are written for some one particular man who reads this page. I do not know his name, but I know his story.

He is a middle-aged man, married, prosperous. He is a good man, highly respected, and he hasn't an idea but what he is doing his full duty by his

irritable through sheer physical weariness and overstrain.

Granted. But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight.

She worked not the eight or ten hour day of the union, but the twenty-four-hour day of the poor wife and mother.

She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs.

She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph.

She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on.

She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked.

She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed

In Memoriam.

Mother! We have all known her. Not all of us in the same person, but the same glory frames each separate face in the aureole of its own divinity.

And whether it be my mother or yours now crossing into "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," we bow our heads in reverent silence, while the passing cortege bears the sacred dust to its present rest, and our hearts swell with sympathy and a new sense of fellowship for all who have followed a like procession and suffered a like sorrow.

—Charles D. Cobb.

Economy that is Economy.

Unwise Saving Only Makes Waste.

By Evelyn Prince Cahoon.

When a pair of hose is new, it is worth perhaps fifty cents. It is expected to wear two months—eight weeks. That's a little over six cents a week, isn't it? Such details are no doubt tiresome, yet the largest and most successful establishments do not disdain to figure out things in this way.

By darning her hose in the evening after hours our bookkeeper gets another week's wear out of them—six cents saved, saved. That's economy, isn't it?

Not at all. She spends half an hour or an hour at it. Now, isn't a good bookkeeper's eyesight worth more than six cents an hour? By using it at night at this work, she is cutting off for some future day when she will want to use it at the office, for you can't "have your cake and eat it, too."

Then there's the nerve force expended. It, too, would earn more for her if saved to use at her regular occupation, or, better still, augmented by rest or jolly, healthy recreation out-of-doors.

For the telephone operator, the teacher, the artist, writer or stenographer, any one whose work means sitting measurably still or being in one room all day, the same is true; while it is not so for the collector, solicitor, shopper or any other whose life is spent mostly in going from place to place out of doors.

For such a one I can conceive there would be actual rest and a pleasant sense of homeliness, perhaps, in sitting down quietly, in pleasant surroundings, even to darn stockings. In such a case there would be actual economy in doing it.

A teacher once gave orders to her washerwoman to deliver each week the stockings in her wash to a certain little feeble old lady who darned them for a dime a week, receiving the money whether they required darning or not. Her sister teachers criticised her, as young women sometimes will, but, at the end of the year, the young woman was given a flattering raise in her salary because of pressure brought by the parents of her children, who were charmed by her buoyancy and unfailing patience.

Somehow I think that not darning the stockings had something to do with her retaining those qualities. If so, the omission paid, didn't it?

"But," Sylvia says, "see how I saved. I went down to a sale of drummers' samples of lace, and spent perhaps twenty minutes matching enough to serve my purpose. I paid only a cent apiece for them, and then spent yesterday afternoon and this afternoon putting them together with another piece which I bought for twenty-five cents and fifty cents' worth of fine Persian lawn, and exactly duplicated a waist which is at E's at just ten dollars. Is that not economy?"

To be sure it is. You see the finished product is worth a good deal more than the time spent on it could have brought in at Sylvia's regular work. In the case of the mended hose, the finished product was worth less than the same amount of time would have produced at the bookkeeper's regular work.

So, too, if Sylvia had spent street car fare, twenty minutes' time, an hour and a half going and coming, besides two afternoons in making up the material, and had produced only, say, an under-waist of indifferent quality which could have been duplicated over the counter at any time for a dollar, she would have been rankly wasteful, for her efforts at

her business would have been worth three dollars.

Such a thing would be as intolerable as a well-meaning office girl who insisted in untying the strings around packages in order to save the string, thereby using time for which her employer is paying her fifteen times the value of the string.

For the woman who has no means of earning money, the case is different, and herein lies the explanation of why an act that was in our mother's time meritorious should now be counted waste.

Bargains and savings may not be—or they may be—very economical, according to the value of result produced as compared with the outlay of time, effort and money. Individuals, as well as great mercantile and manufacturing establishments, are coming to look into these matters a little more closely than they used.

Then, too, there is the effect on one's regular work.

If Sylvia can get her wonderful bargain "on the fly," as she clips through the dry-goods store on her way from lunch, without taking time from her business or her lunch, well and good.

But if, in order to attend that particular sale, she has to hurry her lunch—always a bad plan—or ask her employer for permission to leave early, she has prejudiced herself with him—even though he gives the permission—just about enough to nullify the value of saving, and in either case she has not gained.

Or, if the thought and effort to do the work and accomplish the saving use up, as it is doing just now with a young friend of mine, enough nerve material so that she is just a very little nervous and capricious, and disposed to pick flaws, and feel slights, having for the time being lost her natural poise, then she is setting herself back in her business just enough to make her saving useless.

If one can't do both, better not save, but be always dependable, thoughtful, capable and kind. Promotion comes more quickly so, bringing with it increased salary, which, after all, is saving in another form, or economy that is economy.

The Real Mother and Her Boy.

Margaret E. Sangster.

The question was asked the other day, "How shall a mother best retain the confidence of her boy?" It certainly touches a vital point in a very intimate home relationship. Home and mother are very nearly synonymous terms to the growing boy.

I am tempted to quote this pitiful story as an illustration. A husband and wife were at odds with each other, and their incompatibility had led them to seek the forlorn remedy of the divorce court. Whither the wife had gone I do not know, but the husband and the little son, a boy just turning five, had found a temporary refuge in a boarding house, where the good people tried to be kind to the child and to coax him out of his evident homesickness. As night came on, one Sunday, the little fellow had much ado to hide the fact that he was crying softly to himself in a corner, and some one passing heard him say, over and over, in sorrowful refrain, "I want to go home—I want to go home."

"You are at home, dear," the friendly listener said in a comforting voice. "You are here at home with daddy."

"No, no, no," the little fellow shouted. "I'm not at home with daddy. This isn't home. I'm only home where she is."

The little chap hit the nail squarely on the head. To the growing boy mother is home, and home is mother.

In the effort to retain her boy's confidence, the mother has the great advantage of possessing it to begin with. She does not need to win it. Nature won it for her when the boy was a babe cradled in her arms and nursed at her breast. She owns the confidence of her boy by divine right. She may lose it, and, indeed, she often does. But it is because she does not prize it as she should, or finds it too much trouble to keep, or

stupidly blunders in a path clear as the sunlight.

A stepmother sometimes has to gain the confidence of a boy by patiently laying siege to the guarded citadel of his heart, and I have seen noble women do this successfully, so successfully that they held the lover-like devotion of sons not their own through adolescence and maturity.

I remember hearing a wise old physician, shrewd and sensible, and experienced beyond most, make the affirmation that if a boy were but started right, he would go on forever after as steadily and safely as a star in its course. "Furthermore," he added, "if the first boy in a family shall get the right start, there will be nothing to fear about the others."

The mistake made by most mothers, both in nursery days and later on, is that they fail to recognize the individuality of their boys, and spoil them either by being absurdly over-indulgent or foolishly despotic. Implicit obedience is very desirable, but there is such a thing as making it a fetish and pluming oneself on the military discipline established in one's family.

She is the fortunate mother who studies her boy's temperament and suits her methods accordingly. A sensitive, timid boy needs encouragement, where a bold, rather obtuse one requires repression. The emphasis of endeavor must depend largely on the disposition of the



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are of sturdy kip leather and lined with 1/4-inch felt. Look heavy, but are light. Made by skilled British workmen. Wear longer than rubbers or felts—yet costless. We sell two-buckle boots as shown above as follows:

Sizes 3-12, \$1.75 (for all ages). Men's best quality, 6-12, \$2.00.

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Post or express paid by us. Money refunded if boots not satisfactory.

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Red Deer Mill and Logs on Lake.

child, and not a little on the traits inherited from father or mother. So far as she possibly can, a mother should try to understand a boy's point of view, should be his closest friend and his dearest comrade. To do this she must place him in the foreground and for a while at least let society, fashion, notable housekeeping, religious and charitable engagements take second place. Swiftly and imperceptibly her boy will shoot up from kindergarten to college, from primary school to business, and she must keep hand in hand with him through the several stages. She should know his dreams; she should never be shocked overmuch at his little delinquencies, nor take too seriously his troubles with other fellows, on the street or at the school. Her heart may quail at the perilous joys of football, but she would better maintain a brave front and understand once for all that the boy of to-day will be the man of to-morrow, and that he must get an important part of his education through fair play and hard knocks. She should for herself learn the difference between surface dirt that may be washed away with soap and water, and vile uncleanness on which she should come down like a day of judgment. A boy who is never afraid or ashamed to tell his mother the day's doings has about him an armor of proof against the wiles of the devil, whether the devil be obscene or profane.

As for boyish slang, it has its period, and the mother who loves her boy will find it worth while to learn its alphabet,

and on occasion she may drop into it herself.

A boy's mother should know a boy's friends, and make them welcome in the home. If they storm up the stairs and into the boy's den pretty often, all the better. The boy should have a den, and a place for his collections and his pets.

The last half hour at night, when the mother tucks in her boy and sends him to sleep with a kiss, is her angelic opportunity. She should never miss it, nor when the boy is old enough to carry a latch-key and spend some of his evenings outside the home should she go to sleep without his good-night kiss. An invalid mother whose four sons had been her chief joy through their childhood and her chief care, knew long after they were men the step of each as he came up the street, and the manner of each as he ran up the front steps, unlocked the door, and came quietly in. Each of the four stopped at mother's room to say good-night on his way to his own, and each would sit down on her bed and tell her something of the evening's story. In their love affairs she was their fond and wise adviser and their confidante from the hour they met the prettiest girl in the world to the hour of the wedding.

I fancy there are mothers who will say that they are too busy, who are not strong enough or too hampered in some way to spend so much time and thought on the bringing up of their boys. But I have known a washerwoman, widowed and very poor, who managed to do it

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with signal success, and whose boy, forged ahead to splendid manhood, as to the day when their mother rode her carriage.

I have known a woman chained to a couch of tormenting pain, unable to move hand or foot for weary years, nursed by night and by day, who so kept the confidence and loyal love of her boy from six to sixteen and thereafter that he never played a game, made a friend, scored a point anywhere, or brought home a school report that she was not the first person to rejoice with him as the first to hear of his victories and defeats.

The mother must be good, not good-goody. She must be genuine, not given to posing. I would counsel her to attend mothers' clubs infrequently, and to let herself go very fully and freely in the role of the mother at home.

A simple commonplace woman who shelters her brood under her wing, who finds out that a boy must have room for expansion, and who makes her two watchwords freedom and sympathy, will never be disappointed in the loyal love and confidence of her children. Let her keep her hands off when they are old enough to make their own decisions. Above everything, let her be brave and true. Mothers should not be cowardly. Though her boys go to the ends of the earth, in pursuit of business or pleasure, science or adventure, the instant the home-bound ship touches port they will rush home to mother first.

Alluring Alberta.

By Agnes Deans Cameron.

Vice-President Canadian Women's Press

Green prairies like an ocean swelling
From rise to set of sun—great rivers
spelling

Their rugged names in Blackfoot
and in Cree.

The glorious land reserved by God till
now

For England's help in need—that holds
the plough

A thousand miles on end.

Prairie Canada consists of three provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta; they all offer inducements to come out from crowded lands, and each has a story of its own to tell. But day's story has to do with the westernmost province of the three, Alluring Alberta, lying between the province of Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains, and extending up toward the top of the map from the United States to the 60th parallel of north latitude.

Alberta is big. Within her far-flung boundaries is a province which Nature made fit for a nation. The everlasting hills of the Rockies, those western ramblers which stand as guardian gods of Canada's fairest province, look eastward to greet a rising sun that shines on 170,000,000 acres of wheat land, and it is all in Alberta. Think of it! That is a greater area of country than the German Emperor rules over; it is a territory twice as vast as Great Britain and Ireland; it is larger than any State in the Republic to the south, and exceeds in arable land by many millions any other province in the wide dominion of Canada.

And there is room for everybody. Of these fat acres, only 1,000,000 are under cultivation; yet these produced last year 18,000,000 bushels of grain, with a total value of ten and a half million dollars.

The doors have been opened and the people are coming in. The most recent statistics of crop area, school attendance, and postal returns show us that Alberta has more than doubled in population in the last five years. Thirty-five years ago the white population of the province was less than 1,000, and if the increase continues at the present rate the census taker of 1911 will find here half a million souls.

But forty-bushel wheat is not the whole of Alberta's story of the soil. The plough may be mightier than the branding-iron, but it does not follow that everybody who comes to Alberta must turn vegetarian and grow dollar-wheat. Added to her grain area, Alberta has 5,000,000 acres of ranching land, and her cattle exports last year totalled 3,000,000 dols. The rancher came before the wheat man, but the

latter has by no means dispossessed the former.

When the grave twilight moves toward the west,
And the horizons of the plain are blurred,

I watch on gradual slope and foothill crest
The dark line of the herd.

And something primal through my being thrills,
For that line met the night that life began,

And cattle gathered from a thousand hills
Have kept the trail with man

Till their calm eyes his greater Iliads hold.

It is true that instead of the swiss-sh of the whirling lariat or the low murmur of the night herder's lullaby as he rides the circle of his uneasy bunch, we in many places hear the prosaic chug-chug of the loud-smelling gasoline engine and see the wheat elevator red against the rising sun. The extension of the barbed-wire fence, the closing of the old, familiar water holes, the advent of the sport with his hammerless choke-bore and his troop of pedigreed pointers have caused the range steer to roll his timid eye and retire to the hinterland that lies beyond the wheat. But it is too early to sing the requiem of the Canadian cowboy.

The bull-puncher is just beginning to play the game off his own bat, to go into cattle raising on his own account, to cease to be a lawless outrider and picturesque poster-effect, as he merges into the solid citizen. The day of the immense herd and the many acres is past; there are probably now in Western Canada not more than half a hundred big cow outfits left—i.e., ranches stocked with from 6,000 head up; but Alberta is such an enormous country that its final settling is no matter of a decade or two. The United States has been settling its West for forty years, yet there remain thousands of cowboys whirling their lassoes and millions of cattle on American ranges. The breaking up of the big ranches is a good thing for Alberta. It is better for the country that there should be twenty men each owning in his own right 500 head of cattle, than one man owning 10,000 head and drawing a princely income. The man who owns his 500 steers is in a position to marry and support his little family in comfort, and it is here, as elsewhere, the self-supporting family and not the millionaire merger that is the unit of national greatness.

The far-seeing Albertan farmer grows

animals as well as raises wheat. On every well-regulated farm it is freely admitted that to confine operations to crop-raising, even with wheat at \$1 a bushel, is neither frugal nor logical. The fatted calf, the lordly steer, and the poor little sheep have lifted many a mortgage. No farmer is prosperous enough to afford to ignore the chocolate-colored gentleman that pays the rent, the classic Tamworth hog, that mainstay of Alberta and joy of the farmer's wife, that producer of pianos and shoes for the baby.

In producing prize horses Alberta is the Kentucky of the West. Thoroughbreds from Great Britain and Kentucky, Clydesdales from Scotland, trotting-stock from the United States, and Percherons from France, in the beginning were imported as sires at great expense; the early breeders in Alberta were competent men with capital and sound judgment, and the result has been that at all the large shows on the continent—the International, the World's Fair (Chicago), in Winnipeg, Toronto, Buffalo and New York—horses bred and matured in Alberta have captured the blue ribbon in hard contested competition.

So invigorating is the high and dry winter climate that there is a complete absence of horse sickness of any kind, and the liberty of range gives horses raised here a courage and ambition which stable-fed animals lack. Alberta horses have plenty of size, substance and quality, and are much sought after on account of their wear-and-tear qualities.

The hackney-carriage horse which took first prize at the Montreal and New York horse fairs was foaled and raised near Calgary. During the South African War the British War Office reported that horses from Alberta stood the hardships better than any other mounts and gave a better account of themselves; the wonderful climate gives them better lungs, legs and feet than horses raised elsewhere.

And there is always a demand. Heavy draught horses continue to find a ready sale at remunerative prices. The market for good useful draught and general-purpose horses in Alberta was never in better tone, and with 12,000 horses thrown on the market from this range last year there was not the slightest difficulty in disposing of every offering.

The automobile man may speak largely of the passing of the horse, but, like the passing of the cow-man, that time is not yet. The development of new wheat-farms, the springing up of railway towns, the building of branch lines, the ever-appreciating lumber operations will, for years to come, afford a market for every draught horse produced in Alberta. In addition, the Imperial Government has in view the establishment of a remount station and supply depot in the very centre of the range, which should stimulate breeders. As it is, Alberta enjoys the unique distinction of having within her borders the largest

single herd of pure-bred Percherons in America.

When it is considered that it costs no more in Alberta to raise a four-year-old colt than a steer of the same age, it will be realized that the horse breeder with the necessary capital, pluck and expert knowledge should find here a reasonable road to success.

Fortune Hunting.

A little scheme for a Hallowe'en frolic, in which the uncanny but ever fascinating witch plays the leading role, may be worked out as follows:

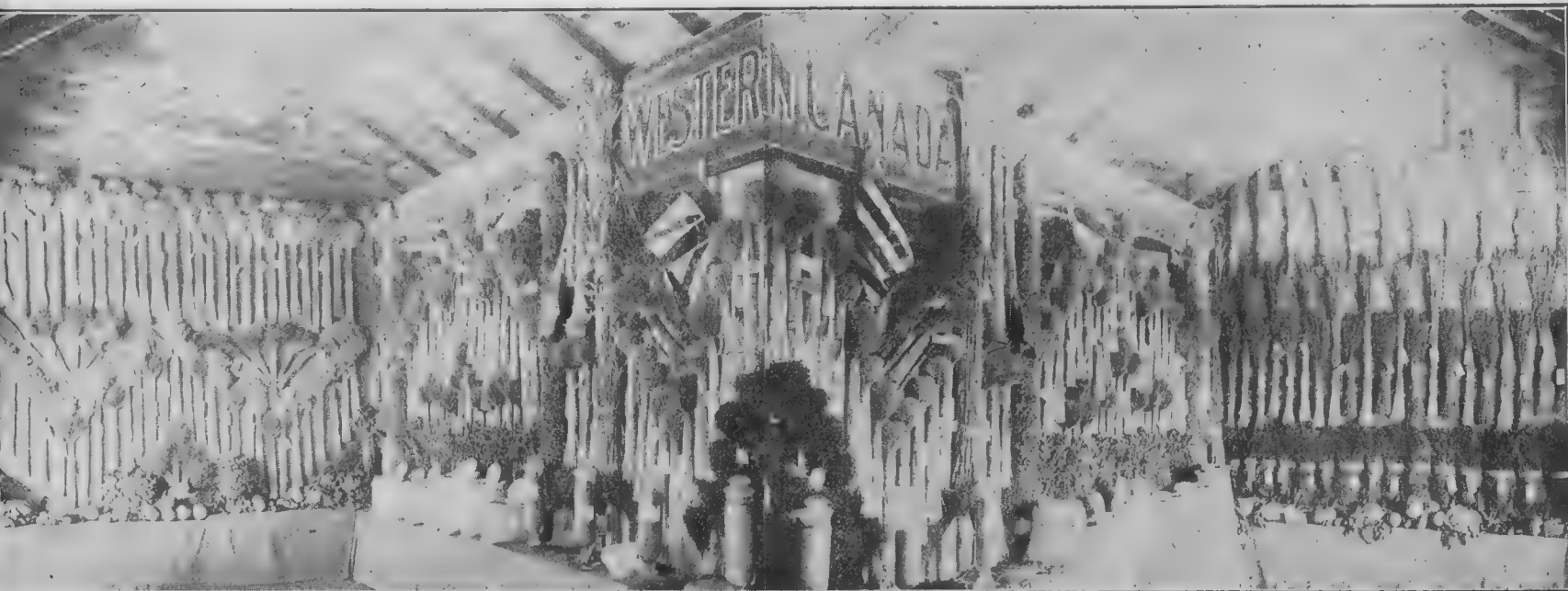
From a sheet of black paper cut a large figure of a witch, with a cat just in front of her, mounted on a broomstick. Have this figure pinned to the centre of a sheet, which is to hang at one end of the room. Have written on slips of paper (as many as there are guests) some clever fortunes, in rhyme, and place them in small envelopes. Pin these promiscuously over the sheet, placing those promising the brightest future nearest the witch. When all is ready let each guest in turn be blindfolded, turned about several times, and allowed to seek and find his fortune by touching the sheet with the end of a small broomstick. The envelope nearest the point he touches will be his.

Do not remove the envelopes until everybody has finished, but pin each one's name (written on a slip of paper) to the spot where he touches the sheet to keep tally. The fortunes may be made more desirable as souvenirs by decorating the papers with small silhouettes of witches, black cats, etc. If prizes are given let the one who secures the fortune which is placed in the witch's outstretched hand receive an appropriate volume, such as "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," or "The Queen of the Air."

Somehow, when they "talked it over," every girl felt fully repaid for her share in the preparations, which, after all, were not elaborate, but such as any clever girls could devise.

To brighten the home; to sweeten the fellowship of every circle of friends; to raise the standard of health and longevity; to purify and ennoble the life of the people—these are the objects of the temperance reformer, and may God give us success in our effort!—Professor Calderwood.

No man oppresses thee, oh, free and independent franchiser; but does not this stupid pewter pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go, but this absurd pot of heavy-wet can and does. Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric, the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this accursed dish of liquor, and thou pratest of thy liberty, thou entire blockhead.—Carlyle.



Canadian Exhibit, North Dakota State Fair, Fargo, July 25-30, 1910. (Claimed to be the finest exhibit of wheat seen anywhere).

The Month's Bright Sayings.

James Bryce: There is only one sure big stick, and that is public opinion.

Dr. J. W. Robertson: Every ignorant man is a drag on his country.

Rev. Dr. Hillis: A too quiet conscience was never of much good to any man.

Conan Doyle: The number of lives thrown away through ignorance is incalculable.

Carolyn Wells: It is natural to the happy heart to give out—to become a missionary heart.

Cynthia Westover Alden: Every true woman, whether she marries or not, is a mother at heart.

Sir George Doughty: There is always a demand in every country for people who can do every-day work well.

Theodore Roosevelt: The man who mortgages his home for the purpose of buying an automobile is a fool.

The Bishop of London: Kill religion and you have killed the music, grace, loftiness, and glory of the world.

Mrs. Russell Sage: Only a mother can appreciate the healthy boy's appetite.

William Mackenzie: All really successful men owe their career to themselves.

Augustus Heinze: Going to law is the easiest way of spending money I know.

Andrew Carnegie: One of the best preparations for physical exercises is good Scotch oatmeal.

R. L. Borden, M.P.: Our brains are just as much open to training and exercise as our bodily muscles.

James J. Hill: The only way to help men and women is to teach them to help themselves.

Sir Wilfred Laurier: Thrift is the basis of sound national, as well as individual, character.

Rev. Dr. Rose: More than any other instrument the organ brings to us the atmosphere of the unseen.

Dr. William Osler: In three generations consumption could be stamped out if the public would do its duty.

President Taft: The teaching of the laws of health is ignored by all, from the wealthiest to the poorest.

Bandmaster Barrowclough: Music is one of those things which must be done properly or not at all.

Lord Grey: Men who thoroughly enjoy themselves in their leisure hours are better men at their work.

W. D. Howells: The healthiest, most cheerful, and most wasteful heat producer is the old-fashioned fireplace.

John D. Rockefeller: A lot of the trouble in this world is caused by people not having enough to occupy their minds.

W. J. Bryan: In my young days sermons were drastic. A great improvement has since taken place; clergymen now proffer hope rather than despair.

Jane Addams: The nation will never rise permanently above the level of the education of its women, who have the minds of the children in their hands.

George Ade: The loud voice is one of the most irritating forms of over-emphasis. No one likes the bellowing human.

George Westinghouse: Men over 40 years of age are cautious amidst machinery; the larger proportion of accidents happen to young men.

J. Pierpont Morgan: It is not an easy matter to spend money without wasting it; and the more money you have the harder it is.

R. L. Borden: There is no profession which more fully satisfies the best instincts of humanity than that of the teacher.

John D. Rockefeller: The most useless thing I know is the man who says he has failed because somebody else has not helped him.

Elbert Hubbard: People should have the courage of their opinions. Those opinions should be their own, not cribbed or borrowed from other people, books, or newspapers.

Sir Edward Grey: Judges command respect because they do not care two-pence for public criticism if they feel they are discharging their public duties to the best of their ability.

Dr. Stanley Hall: Richter speaks of "the freedom which makes children citizens of the Divine City of Romance." I think it is through the old stories and by the works of great writers that we can best do this.

Marie Corelli: A young woman brought up to think that nothing ought to stand in the way of the gratification of her caprices is pretty sure to find it irksome to have to consult the wishes and convenience of a husband.

Two most charming Toques, becoming to young and middle aged



1715

women, made of silk velvet in all shades.



1719

A hat that most milliners ask \$10 to \$12. Orkins' Price, \$5.

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Galvanized, Rust Proof, Made from very finest sheets, absolutely free from defects.

Each sheet is pressed, not rolled, corrugations therefore fit accurately without waste. Any desired size or gauge, straight or curved.

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This Beautiful 18-inch T. Cloth on Art Linen, cloth of Wallachian, Eyelet, L. Daisy or Violet design, for 15c. BARGAIN to introduce our fancy magazine, showing new designs in embroidery. Address W. Stephens & Co. Box 36B, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

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ment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

This Beautiful 12 inch Mt. Mellick

One Eyelet, one Violet and one Wallachian centre sent postpaid for only 15 cents. Also a copy of our New Home Needlework Magazine teaching all the new embroideries and showing all the latest designs in shirt waists, hats, corset covers, centres, tray cloths, pillow tops, etc.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to questions will be given if possible, and as early as possible, only when the question is accompanied by the name and address of the questioner. The name is not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The problem in behavior printed each month may be answered by any reader on a post-card. The best answer will bring the writer the present of a book.

Problem in Behavior.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben own and work a farm in Alberta. They are three miles from the nearest school. The teacher is a very inferior one, teaching on a permit. Mr. Reuben has to drive the children to school every day. The children are 8 and 10 years old. There is a good village school 12 miles away. The children could board in the village and come home from Friday till Monday. What should Mr. and Mrs. Reuben do?

Last Month's Problem.

It was the case of dealing with an old merchant who in hard times had befriended the district, but who now has opposition from a new man with cheaper goods

Another good answer of different nature is from Mrs. Robert Moseley, Dartmouth, N.S. It is as follows:

Lord Macaulay has said that a country will always get a government worthy of it. For the same reason this statement is equally applicable to stores. It is characteristic of merchants, in small towns especially, to expect large profits with small sales, and it is bad for all concerned to have this feeling fostered. It would be well, therefore, for merchants to understand that unreasonable prices are to their own, as well as to their town's, disadvantage. To be true to himself and family, and I might add, to his town, Mr. Norman must get the most possible for his money. This he can best do by buying from the new merchant; but to be true to the other,



A Fair Poacher.

who sells for cash. What should old customers do in the matter?

The prize goes to Mrs. Frances Cameron of Rathmullen, Sask., for the following:

Mr. Norman should continue to deal with the merchant who carried him over times of depression, and teach his children to consider his interests. Proverbs 27th chapter and 10th verse, "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not; neither go into thy brother's house in the day of calamity, for better is a neighbor that is near than a brother far off."

to whom he rightly feels himself still indebted for past favors, he cannot altogether disregard him. He can solve the difficulty by buying from his old friend everything needed for which the prices are equal or nearly so, and from the other everything he can get at a decided advantage.

QUESTIONS.

Is it necessary to have two crops before getting a patent on homestead?
Yes.

Buy Your FURS Early

BUY your furs now and get advance season discounts. You will get better satisfaction in buying before the usual fall rush—you have a wider range to select from, and ample time for perfect fitting before the cold weather compels you to wear your furs. We guarantee fit and satisfaction or money refunded. Send your name and address for our catalogue.

HAMMOND

430 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG

How mount pressed flowers, and where sell the same?—B.J.

For artistic work get ordinary Kodak mounting books (cream paper). Get gummed paper and fasten on with strips, holding down all projecting portions of the plant. For cheaper mounting on larger scale take tough cardboard—one specimen to a sheet. A good size is 7 x 11. For Christmas sale work through a city book store, such as Eaton, Russell & Lang, Hart. For scientific distribution and exchange get in touch with botanical societies. Write Dept. of Interior for further information.

Cure for blushing.—Biddy.

Don't try to cure this. It is something to be envied in you. If too pronounced it is not always pleasant. Cause is self-consciousness. Think of your work, not of yourself. Tell the next one who laughs at you that if he were only as sensitive as he is impertinent his face would be the color of pickled beets.

Cure for red nose in cold weather.—W.S.

Attend to digestion. Eat slowly and masticate thoroughly. If costive use Fruit Salts or something of the kind. Eat ripe fruit.

Where exchange stamps?

You should subscribe for any one of the following:—The Philatelic Record, \$1.70; The Philatelic Journal, 40c.; The Philatelic Journal of Great Britain, 55c. They are all published in London, Eng., and may be ordered direct or through a bookseller.

Give suggestions for a farm ice-house.

The simplest construction appears to be the best. An oblong in which the northern section is a store-room with suitable shelving, the southern section being filled with ice and sawdust. If it is desired to have the northern section cooler, it should be double walled, an air space between the walls. An iron or tin lined partition should separate the front section from the ice section. The doors and windows can be arranged to suit convenience.

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Write for Stove Catalogue.

Showing the most complete line of up-to-date stoves and ranges. Sold direct to consumer at wholesale prices.

Kitchen Cabinet, \$17.50

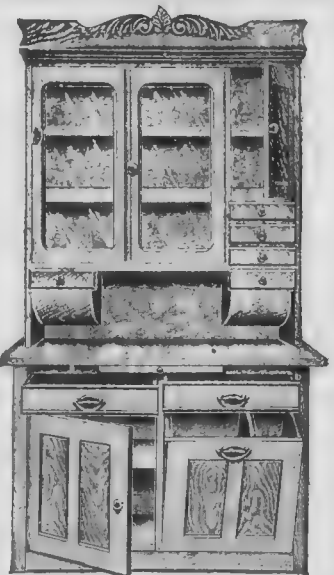
Larger, Better Quality, and more convenient than other Cabinets sold at \$25 to \$35.

Study the arrangement of this Large Kitchen Cabinet and you will soon decide that it is the most conveniently arranged cabinet made. There is nothing small or poky about a Wingold Kitchen Cabinet. From the large divided flour bin to the smallest spice drawer, you will find it just what you need to save thousands of those unnecessary steps which you take every day. Cooking will become a pleasure instead of a burden when you use a Wingold Cabinet. The cutlery and spice drawers, the kneading and cutting board, the sugar, salt and flour bins are all within easy reach. Two large cupboards and china closet complete the cabinet in every detail. Made of white maple, natural finish. The base is 32 inches high, 48 inches wide, and 26 inches deep. Entire height of cabinet, 84 inches. Shipping weight 200 lbs.

The Wingold Stove Co. Ltd.

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Winnipeg



At the Shirtwaist Counter.

I don't pretend to know very much about women's clothes, but I can't help overhearing dialogues between shoppers and saleswomen what time I am waiting for change. And I am always lost in admiration of the saleswoman's patience and diplomacy.

A young, pretty and ingenuous woman stops at the shirtwaist counter and says:

"Are they wearing white shirtwaists now?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! They are worn a great deal."

"Do you think I would look well in white?"

"White would look especially well on you. Here are some very nice waists that we sold a great many of last season at \$7.94. This year you can get this for \$4.96."

"Why did you mark them down?"

"There was such a demand for them we had to."

"Well, I don't believe I care to get a white one, after all, because they must soil so easily."

"Oh, yes, they do soil easily! Here is a brown one that is very becoming to your style."

"Is it marked down?"

"No, these aren't marked down. They're worth twice what we ask for them and we won't mark them down at all. Don't have to. They are \$4.96."

"I rather like brown."

"Oh, yes, brown's your color. Shall I have it wrapped up?"

"Er—no, I believe not, because brown doesn't look well in daylight on me. I think that blue one—what do you think of the blue one?"

"Well, now, I was going to say that if I was getting it for myself I'd get blue. Brown will fade but blue is always serviceable."

"And its more dressy, don't you think?"

"Oh, decidedly more dressy!"

"I've been told that I look rather well in blue."

"Oh, one wouldn't need to do more than look at you to see that! With your auburn hair blue is the color. And these shirtwaists were some that were made to sell at \$10.49, and at the last minute they decided to let them go at \$3.98."

"My, isn't that a great reduction?"

"Well, but the goods are worth it. They can stand a reduction. Some things look cheap the minute you reduce them, but these have a real air. You'd look lovely in one of these."

"Well, really, it's awfully nice in you to say so, but my husband doesn't like blue."

"Oh, of course, blue isn't exactly a man's color, but you'd look awfully well in it."

"My husband thinks that pink is most becoming to me, but pink does show every spot so."

"Not these pinks. Here is one at \$8.96 that is warranted not to show spots. It was just made for you. If your hair were a shade nearer red it wouldn't do at all."

"Mercy, I never thought of my hair! Auburn and pink would never do."

"I think you'd be wiser not to buy such a pronounced pink as this."

"I believe I'll look at the brown again. You say they don't fade?"

"Oh, no, brown is a fast color."

"But, after all, I think I'd better take blue, because—"

"Most men really like blue, you know."

"Yes, but my husband has an antipathy to it. I guess I'll look at the white, after all. You say they don't show dirt?"

"Oh, no, white is the most serviceable of all, because you can wash it."

"You haven't any other colors? Have you green? I think green might go with my hair."

"Yes, but we haven't anything in green that would appeal to you. Our green shirtwaists are not over three dollars, because there's so little demand for them that we don't make them up in expensive patterns. But I think you'll like the white. Shall I wrap up this one?"

"Yes, I think I'll take it. How much did you say?"

Put Your Feet in a Pair at Our Risk!

STEEL SHOES

Will Surprise and Delight You With Their Lightness, Neatness and Comfort—Their Almost Unbelievable Durability

We want you to slip your feet into a pair of Steel Shoes—to feel and see and know how much lighter, neater, stronger, more comfortable they are than any other work shoes in existence. Hence we are making this special Free Examination Offer, merely asking a deposit of the price, while you are "sizing up" the shoes. If they fail to convince you immediately you can notify us to send for them at our expense and we will refund your money.

Must Sell Themselves

We ask no favor for Steel Shoes. Compare them with the best all-leather work shoes you can find. Give them the most rigid inspection inside and out. Let them tell their own story. It's no sale unless, of your own accord, you decide that you must have them.

Better Than the Best All-Leather Work Shoes

Steel Shoes are the strongest and easiest working shoes made.

There's more good wear in one pair of Steel Shoes than in three to six pairs of the best all-leather work shoes. The leather is waterproof. The Steel Soles are wear-proof and rust-resisting.

They are lighter than all-leather work shoes. Need no breaking in. Comfortable from the first moment you put them on.

Impossible to get out of shape. They keep the feet dry. They retain their flexibility in spite of mud, slush or water. They cure corns and bunions, prevent colds and rheumatism—save doctors' bills and medicines.

Thousands of Farmers Shout Their Praises

The enthusiasm of users knows no bounds. People can't say enough for their comfort, economy, lightness and astonishing durability. The introduction of Steel Shoes in a neighborhood always arouses such interest that an avalanche of orders follows.

Here is the way Steel Shoes are made: The uppers are made of a superior quality of leather, as waterproof as leather can be tanned. Wonderfully soft and pliable—never gets stiff. The soles and sides are made out of one piece of special light, thin, springy, rust-resisting Steel. Soles and heels are studded with adjustable Steel Rivets, which prevent the bottoms from wearing out. Rivets easily replaced when partly worn. 50 extra rivets cost only 20 cents and should keep the shoes in good repair for at least two years! No other repairs ever needed! The uppers are tightly joined to the steel by small rivets of rust-resisting metal, so that no water can get between them. The soles are lined with soft, springy, comfortable Hair Cushions, which absorb perspiration and odors and add to ease of walking.



FREE!

Send for Book, "The Sole of Steel," or order Steel Shoes direct from this ad.

For Men—Sizes 5 to 12

6, 9, 12 and 16 Inches High

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, \$2.50 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, better grade of leather, \$3.00 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$3.50 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, \$4.00 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$5.00 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 12 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$6.00 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 16 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$7.00 per pair.

N. M. Ruthstein
Sec. and Treas. STEEL SHOE CO., Dept. 473 Toronto, Can.
Main Factory, Racine, Wis., U.S.A. Great Britain Factory, Northampton, England

Overwhelmed by the World-Wide Demand

The success of Steel Shoes is almost startling. Within three years we have established Steel Shoe factories in Racine, Wis.; Toronto, Canada, and Northampton, England. These great factories, running at full capacity, can scarcely keep up with the demand from all over the world. The public is rapidly learning that Steel Shoes are

Good for the Feet! Good for the Health!
Good for the Bank Account!

These shoes are better for the feet, better for the health, better for the pocketbook than heavy work shoes or rubber boots.

You Actually Save \$5 to \$10 a Year

by wearing Steel Shoes. Figure it out for yourself. One pair will outlast 3 to 6 pairs of ordinary work shoes. They save all repair bills and keep your feet in perfect condition.

Free Examination

And Your Money Back Promptly if It Looks Better Than the Shoes! You owe it to yourself to investigate. Get a pair of Steel Shoes for Free Examination by sending the price, which will be returned if you and your own feet are not convinced of their merits.

For Boys—Sizes 1 to 5

Boys' Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, \$2.50 per pair.
Boys' Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$3.50 per pair.

Why Wait? Send Now!

No risk! No bother! No obligation! Don't hesitate! Act while this offer is open! Simply state size of shoe you wear, enclose the price and get the shoes for Free Examination.

For general field work we strongly recommend our 6-inch high Steel Shoes at \$3.50 per pair or the 9-inch at \$5.00 per pair. For all classes of use requiring high-top shoes our 12 or 16-inch high Steel Shoes are absolutely indispensable.

"\$7.94."

"But I thought you said it had been marked down to \$4.96."

"Yes, we marked down one in every lot, but the one you looked at has just been taken by that lady walking off. But you'll find you'll get more comfort out of this at \$7.94 than out of the other, for it was shop-worn, and white will show dirt."

"Oh, I mean on the counter; never when it's worn. You'll find this will wear. Thanks; shall I have it sent?"

The Confusing Story of Esau Wood.

Esau Wood sawed wood. Esau Wood would saw wood! All the wood Esau Wood saw Esau Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw Esau sought to saw. Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And, oh, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood!

But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esau sought a saw that would saw wood. One day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood. In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and no one ever saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw. Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Oh, the wood the wood-saw Wood saw saw would saw! Oh, the wood Wood's woodshed would shed when Wood would saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood!

Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw, if the wood-saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw.

Preparing for the Worst.

Both boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier

than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes Papa," said Maurice; "I am going to make believe I am asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."

Alphabetical Time.

A provincial firm, Higgins and Dodd, placed a great clock over their door with letters on its face instead of numerals. They waited anxiously for days, weeks, hoping for increased trade, but no one took notice of the clock. At last a man was seen to halt in the street and gaze at the clock, puzzled. He came to the door and drawled, "Say, is it half-past Higgins or a quarter to Dodd?"

METALLIC CEILINGS

are everything that plaster, wood and wall paper are not.

Metallic Ceilings are fire-proof, absolutely.

Metallic Ceilings don't crack or crumble—don't get damp or mouldy—don't need repairs.

Metallic Ceilings are far-and-away the most economical building material you can put in a house.

You don't believe it? We can prove it. Write us for the facts.

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(50)

A Man is as Old as he Feels



Without Toupee.

Yes, but if he LOOKS old he is reckoned old without a chance to prove he's young.

Sir, if you are bald you should wear a

DORENWEND PATENT
SANITARY TOUPEE



With Toupee.

Absolutely impossible to detect under the closest scrutiny.

Light, healthful, no trouble. 120,000 men are satisfied to wear them—why not you?

Send for particulars and book No. 2 to

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Ltd.
103-5 Yonge Street, Toronto

Do not buy a Washing Machine

until you have seen

THE PASTIME

It is the best Washer in the world, regardless of price.



The warranty that goes with each Machine says :

We guarantee the Pastime Washing Machine to wash the clothing QUICKER, CLEANER and to operate easier than any other hand-power Washer on the market.

We further guarantee it to be well made and of good material throughout.

The Pastime

runs easier when full of clothes than any other washing machine does that is empty.

Thousands have been sold in Canada during the past three years, and all users are more than satisfied. Ask the store where you trade at to get one for you. That is better than sending to us for one. He will tell you that you can take it home, use it for a few weeks, try it and test it in any way that you choose, and if for any reason you do not want to keep it, all you have to do is to take it back to the store where you got it.

**Parsons Hawkeye
Manufacturing Co.**
WINNIPEG

Fashions and Patterns.



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



GRACEFUL INDOOR GOWNS.

Indoor gowns for the autumn are to be exceedingly graceful, and many of them are made from two materials. In the illustration are shown two typical models, one with a short, one with a long skirt. The gown to the left is made from checked voile and is trimmed with taffeta, while the yoke and the under sleeves are of lace. The skirt is made with a tunic that is pointed at the sides and a straight plaited flounce that is joined to the gored upper portion. The bodice is distinctly novel, and the yoke that is cut in one with the short sleeves makes one of the important features of autumn styles. Velvet and silk both will be used in combination with wool material; plain

season, and all crepe weaves will be much used. The gown is in the very height of style. The blouse is cut in one with the sleeves, and there is a plastron at the front that joins the panel of the skirt to give the long continuous lines that are always so smart and so becoming. The skirt is made with five gored upper portion and circular flounce. The front gore can be extended to form the panel or be cut off to the depth of the flounce as preferred. Also the skirt can be made either long or short.

For the medium size will be required for the waist 2½ yards of material 24 or 27, with 1½ yards of Persian silk; for the skirt 7¼ yards 24 or 27. 5½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of Persian silk. The waist pattern 6750



Four Patterns.

Waist 6729—Sizes 34-40.
Skirt 6627—Sizes 22-30.

Waist 6750—Sizes 34-40.
Skirt 6754—Sizes 22-30.

material will be used with fancy, and the gown can, indeed, be treated in almost numberless ways.

For the yoke with short sleeves will be required 1½ yards of material 24 or 27, ⅝ yard 44 inches wide; for the full portion of the blouse 1 yard 24 or 27, ⅝ yard 44 inches wide, and for the round yoke or chemisette and under sleeves 1 yard of all-over lace; for the skirt will be needed 7 yards 24 or 27, 4 yards 44 inches wide, and for the trimming 2 yards of satin 24 inches wide. The waist pattern 6729 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6627 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown combines silk and wool crepe with Persian silk. Persian effects are to be exceedingly smart this

is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch waist measure; the skirt pattern 6754 in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, and any of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this magazine on receipt of ten cents for each.

CHILD'S DRESS 6597.

6597 Child's Dress, 1, 2 and 4 years.
374 Embroidery Pattern.

To be made with high or low neck, long or short sleeves. 374 Embroidery Pattern.

The simple little frock that is made full and joined to a yoke is always the

prettiest for the tiny children. This one includes a panel at the front that allows effective use of embroidery or other trimming, and is exceptionally dainty and charming. As illustrated, it is made of white lawn with trimming of embroidered edging and banding, but all materials that are used for little folks' dresses are appropriate. The frill can be of the material either hemmed or hemstitched, or it can be omitted and the dress finished with a hem only. If the embroidery on the panel means too great labor it can be cut from all-over material or trimmed with bandings or medallions. The neck can be finished with a little frill as illustrated or with a straight standing collar, or it can be cut out as shown in the back view, and the sleeves made short, so rendering the frock somewhat more dressy and also better adapted to the warmer weather.

The dress is made with front and back portions and with a panel that is cut in one with the front of the yoke. The dress is tucked and joined to this panel and to the back portion of the yoke and is closed at the back. Whatever the length of the sleeves they are gathered into bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (2 years) 3 yards 24 or 27, 2¼ yards 32, 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¼ yards of embroidery 4 inches wide, 4½ yards of banding to trim as illustrated.

The pattern 6597 is cut in sizes for



6597 Child's Dress, 2 and 4 years.
874 Embroidery Pattern.

children of 1, 2 and 4 years of age, the embroidery pattern 374 in one size only, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

PRINCESSE SLIP 6608.

6608 Princesse Slip, 34 to 44 bust.

With or without gathering flounce, with low, square or round neck, with Dutch neck in square or round outline or with high neck. Without sleeves, or with long or short sleeves.

The princesse slip is almost a necessity of up-to-date dress, for whether a princesse gown is worn or the separate waist and skirt it is essential to dispense with all bulk at the waist line. This one can be made in various ways and is equally well adapted to silk foundations and to lingerie materials. It can be made with low or Dutch neck on square or round outline, or it can be made high neck and with or without sleeves, so that it suits all occasions as well as all materials. The straight gathered flounce can be applied over the lower edge or the slip can be finished with a hem as shown in the back view. Nainsook with trimming of lace makes the one illustrated. The slip is made with front, side-

fronts, backs and side-backs. The long seams render fit a simple matter, and there is a dart in each side-front portion at the waist line which means perfect smoothness. The flounce is straight and gathered, and can be trimmed on the lines indicated or as liked. The sleeves are in two pieces each, and can be cut to any desired length.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards 24 or 27, $7\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32 or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide for the plain slip; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 24, 2 yards 27, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32 or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide for the flounce, with $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of embroidery, $14\frac{1}{2}$ yards of insertion, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of narrow edging to make as illustrated.

The pattern 6608 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inch bust measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

6748-6543 FASHIONABLE SCHOOL FROCKS.

School frocks are always in demand at this season of the year. Here are two that are smart, yet simple. The dress to the left is made of cashmere combined with plaid wool material and a little velvet banding. It is exceedingly attractive, yet involves no difficulties. The straight skirt is plaited, and it and the blouse are joined by means of the belt. The prettily shaped yoke is arranged over the blouse and the sleeves are gathered into cuffs.

For the ten year size will be required 6 yards of material 24 or 27, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 for the trimming. The pattern 6748 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

The dress to the right is made of challis, and the tucks form the only trimming. It is very pretty and very attractive, and will be found available for a great many different materials and for anything that can be tucked successfully. The skirt can be made with or without the tuck above the hem. The skirt is straight and can be either tucked or gathered at its upper edge.

For the twelve year size will be required $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24 or 27.

$3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide. The pattern 6543 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age, and any



6608 Princesse Slip, 34 to 44 bust.

of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this magazine on receipt of ten cents.



Two Patterns. 6748—Sizes 8-12. 6543—Sizes 8-14.

DON'T NEGLECT CATARRH



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE
Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin
University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British
Royal Mail Navy Service.
Who will Give Free Advice on Curing
Catarrh to All Who Ask For It.

Take it in hand at once! Drive it out of your system before it ruins your health—your happiness—your very life itself!

Don't be blind to its dangers, because it works so quietly. Catarrh wrecks more lives than all the other diseases put together—it leads on every year to thousands upon thousands of deaths.

Are you making that common, dangerous mistake of thinking Catarrh a trifling ailment? Are you fooling yourself with the idea it's only a stubborn, obstinate head-cold that in time will "cure itself"?

Don't deceive yourself any longer! Catarrh can't cure itself. While you heedlessly neglect it, your'e fast becoming a hawking, spitting, foul-breathed nuisance—an object of disgust to everyone you meet. Worse still—you're allowing Catarrh to get down to your lungs.

Once Catarrh settles on the lungs it's no longer Catarrh—it's Consumption. Consumption often results from neglected Catarrh, and great numbers of people die every year just because they've neglected Catarrh.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW—don't let it run on another day. Write to me at once and let me give you really helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on just how to cure Catarrh. It shall not cost you a cent, and it's bound to be of wonderful aid to you

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. For twenty-five years I've been studying and curing Catarrh. Now I offer you, without any expense whatever, free consultation and advice on curing your trouble—the benefit of my wide knowledge and beneficial discoveries.

Don't let this chance go by—accept my assistance today! It's promised in genuine sincerity and friendliness. People all over North America, who've already received my advice, gladly testify to what it has done for them. I'll cheerfully send you names and addresses of those who have sought my aid. Now they are cured of Catarrh, as they willingly bear witness.

Learn at once how Catarrh can be cured—thoroughly and successfully.

Simply answer my questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the free medical advice coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE, 117 Trade Building, Boston. Don't waste any time—delays are dangerous. Do it NOW.

CUT THIS COUPON OUT

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

What Housekeepers Should Not Do.

Don't use steel knives for cutting fish, oysters, sweetbreads or brains. The steel blackens and gives an unpleasant flavor.

Don't save cold coffee in the pot in which it was made. Draw it off and put in a jar; cover and reheat it quickly at serving time.

Don't use butter for frying purposes. It decomposes and is unwholesome.

Don't put ice in your drinking water. Cool the water by putting it near the ice.

Don't fill the teakettle the night before. Fill it with fresh water in the morning, bring it to the boiling point and then use it at once.

Don't serve mashed potatoes with mutton or chicken. Reserve them for beef. Don't wipe cut glass with the towel. Dry it in sawdust.

Don't put vinegar or severe acids in metal dishes.

Don't allow graniteware to dry over a hot fire. The iron expands, chipping off the entire outside.

Don't allow your marketing to stand in the kitchen, especially during warm weather; put it away at once. Meats frequently become heated and quickly spoil.

Don't boil milk for coffee. Scald it.

Don't put butter in your refrigerator with the wrappings on.

Don't scrub your refrigerator with warm water. When necessary, sponge it out quickly with two ounces of formaldehyde in two quarts of cold water.

Don't put tablecloths and napkins that are fruit-stained into hot soapsuds; it sets or fixes the stains. Remove the stains first with dilute oxalic acid, washing quickly in clear water.

Don't salt meat before the cooking. Add it after the meat is cooked or when nearly done.

SEND \$7.75

Receive this latest style Fall and Winter suit direct from the manufacturers at the factory price. This suit is sold in the regular way from \$12 to \$15. The skirt is cut 9 gore, with a double tuck down each side of front edge. The coat is cut with a semi-fitting back. Front tailored just as pictured. Lined in excellent quality mercerized sateen, canvassed and padded with the best materials. Its a suit you will be proud to wear. The cloth is heavy serge in black or navy, also heavy vicuna cloth, which has a smooth finish like broadcloth, or all wool French Panama, the two last cloths are in black, navy, dark red, dark green and dark brown. We make the low price on this suit as we have an enormous quantity of the materials and because we sell direct to you from our factory at factory price, only \$7.75. Order one to-day. Give number of inches around largest part of bust and hips, and smallest part of waist, length of sleeve (measure under seam) and length of skirt to desired length. Give these measures correctly and we guarantee the suit to fit as perfectly as a suit can fit. Order suit No. 56, Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Canada.



Order This Dress To-day



Comes in soft warm cloth in plain colors for winter wear, Black, navy, dark green, dark grey, dark brown, dark red, also a fine luster in same colors as above and for evening wear in cream, pink, and sky blue. Give bust measure, waist measure, hip measure and length of skirt in front. This dress consists of a waist and skirt; waist has two tucks on each shoulder and tucked cuff, front of waist is trimmed with a tucked front and braid just as pictured; Skirt is made in the new side gore pleated style; 14 large satin buttons trim the dress. \$4. is all that we ask for this suit in either material. Order this wonderful bargain today, ask for suit No. 5, add 35c for postage. Mention this paper. National Suit Co., 5 Knox Block, London, Ont.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Some New Centrepieces.

Embroidered centrepieces are in constant demand for home use and are also a most acceptable gift, as one cannot have too many of them, and we have decided to illustrate some stamped designs which show the use of the popular fancy braids which are so effectively applied in combination with embroidery, and add so much to the beauty of the finished work. Coronation Rat-tail and Russian braids are used upon the designs illustrated, and another month we will show some beautiful examples of tinted designs

handsomely embroidered and fully described.

No. 5455.—Is a beautiful design worked with Coronation Braid, the daisies being formed by looping the braid, which fits the design accurately and works the daisies beautifully. This braid is very easily applied, and the centers of the daisies are seeded with French knots worked with "C" Lustered Cotton. These dots and bow knots are embroidered in padded satin stitch, and the edge fin-

ished with plain buttonhole. This design may be stamped on damask if preferred.

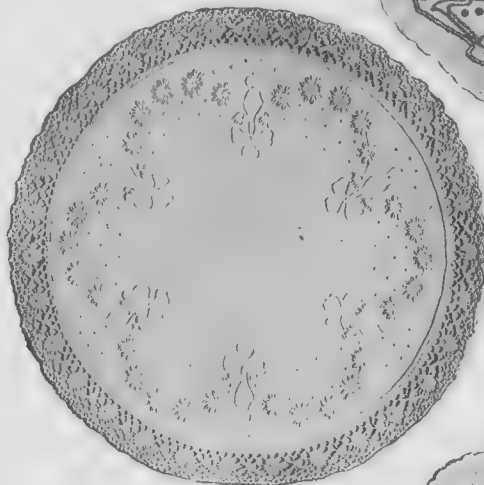
No. 5228 is an example of the effective Russian Braid. The centre we illustrate is stamped on cream fancy linen, and golden brown braid forms the butterflies. The body and dots are padded and worked with Royal Floss, using Nos. 1510 and 1512 outlined with Black. The border is formed by three rows of couching, Nos. 1510, 1203 and Japanese Gold are



5228.—27 inch.
Stamped on white or colored linen, 65c. Russian Braid, per doz., 65c.

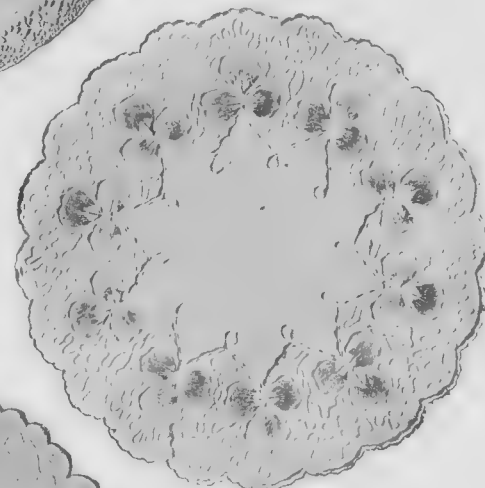
sewn between. This design may be carried out in any preferred coloring, as the braid comes in many shades, and it also works up effectively in all white.

No. 5454.—A combination



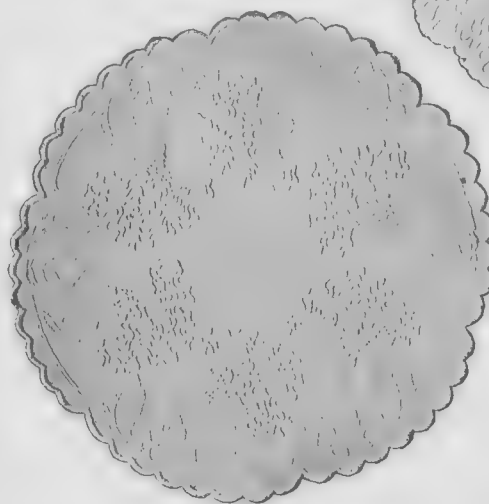
No. 5455.—27 inch.
Stamped on Linen or Damask, 65c. Braid per bunch, 30c.

braid and embroidery design is here illustrated, and we quote two worked examples. One is braided with White Rat-Tail braid on white linen, the clover leaves being embroidered with White shaded with Pale Greens



No. 5454.—27 inch.
Stamped on linen, 65c. Rat-Tail Braid, per bunch, 20c. Coronation, per bunch 30c.

Nos. 1239½, 40, 41, using Royal Floss for this. The edges of the leaves are outlined with Coronation Braid, the edges buttonholed with White No. 1201 Royal Floss. The second design is braided on cream linen with Brown braid. The leaves are worked in shades of Green with Royal Floss Nos. 1468, 70, 71½. Any preferred colorings may be adapted to this design.



5188—27 inch
5188—27 inch on linen, 65c. Rat-Tail Braid per bunch, 20c.

No. 5188, which may be had in assorted sizes, is the favorite Coxcomb design, the upper portion of which is effectively braided with white Rat-Tail Cord. The calyx is seeded with French knots worked rather coarsely with "A" Lustered Cotton. The leaves are heavily tipped with long and short stitch, using letter "C" Cotton. The border is worked with padded buttonhole stitch. This design is to be had in 45 in. size, and would make a beautiful luncheon set, as the doilies may be had to match. The design may be stamped on linen or damask as preferred.

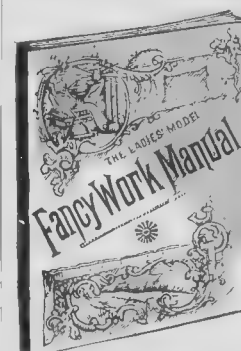
Royal Floss—5 cts. per skein or 55 cts. per doz.

Lustered Cotton—all sizes, 30 cts. per dozen.

Readers entrusting their orders to us will have them promptly filled and further information as to the working up of the designs, and other Linen sizes other than quoted here will be given.

Lady Shackleton: Woman has from the beginning been looked on as a sort of postscript to man, not half so important as the postscript of a lady's letter.

THE LADIES' MODEL Fancy Work Manual.



This is an entirely new book, just published, and embodies all the latest ideas in net, flounce, crochet, knitting and embroidery. It contains designs and directions for making nearly fifty different patterns of knitted lace, many charming crochet patterns, also instructions for making many useful articles of wearing apparel and numerous articles for home decoration, among which are: ties, chair-scarfs, doilies, purses, table mats, shopping bags, lamp shades, shawls, Afghans, toilet sets, counterpane, sofa-cushions, chair-covers, pin-cushions, dressing slippers, babies' socks, etc., etc. Full and complete instructions accompany each design, together with an explanation of the terms used in knitting and crocheting, etc. It also contains full and complete instructions in the art of embroidery, with numerous beautiful designs. The whole is illustrated by 95 handsome engravings, and the whole subject of ladies' fancy work is made so clear in this book that with it as a guide one may become an adept in the art. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers.

This book will be sent by mail, postpaid upon receipt of only

FIFTEEN CENTS

REMARKABLE OFFER.—We also issue a companion book "New Designs in Knitting and Lace-making," the price of which is also 15 cents. We will send you both the above books for 25 cents.

WHOLESALE BOOK CO.

DEPT. A Winnipeg, Canada

ALL THAT ADDS TO WOMAN'S CHARM

Hairdressing, shampooing, facial massage, scalp treatment by Sole's new therapeutic light treatment, coloring by the scientific vegetable process, manicuring, etc., at popular prices.



CHANTICLEER CURLS

A crown of curls and ringlets, made of natural, wavy, human hair and arranged in the simplest and most effective way. Value \$10; special at \$4.95.

MAIL ORDERS quickly executed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send sample of hair to assure perfect match.

OUR NEW PORTAGE AVENUE HAIR PARLORS

is the most modern equipped Hairdressing establishment in the country. Every facility for meeting the requirements of women of refinement has been installed.

MRS. E. POWERS, D.S.C.

TWO { Suite 207, Enderton Building, 334 Portage Ave.
PARLORS { Royal Alexandra Parlors, Royal Alexandra Hotel

We teach all branches of the work. Write us to-day.

This Centerpiece Given

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY



We will send you POST PAID this 22 x 22 inch CENTER PIECE, Tinted on Tan Crash. Your choice of the following designs:

Roses, Poinsettia, Yellow Daisy, Maple Leaf or Wild Roses

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 35 cents for sufficient lace, also four skeins BELDING'S FAST COLOR ROYAL FLOSS to trim and commence embroidery on the center piece. The Lace is ECRU FILET matching center piece in color.

This Offer is Made

to convince every woman that BELDING'S SILKS are the best made. We will also send a copy of our "SUGGESTIONS FOR SHADING" giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers.

Send at once, enclosing 35 cents, stamps or coin, and state design wanted. Address—

Belding, Paul & Co., Ltd. Dept. L., Montreal, P.Q.

Household Suggestions.

Some Good Pies.

Pie Crust.

Two and a half cupfuls of sifted flour; one cupful shortening, half butter and half lard, cold; pinch of salt; a heaping teaspoonful baking powder sifted through the flour. Rub thoroughly the shortening into the flour. Mix together with half a teacup of water, cold, enough to form a rather stiff dough. Mix as little as possible, just enough to get into shape to roll out. It must be handled very lightly. Top and bottom crust for mince pies. No marking on edge of mince pies. Cut slit in middle. Serve warm. This will make three pies.

Cream Pie.

Beat together one tablespoon of flour, the white of an egg, and half a cup of sugar. Add one cup of milk, sprinkle grated nutmeg over all. Pour into a pie plate lined with crust. Bake in moderate oven.

Orange Cream Pie.

Bake a crust in a large pie tin. For filling take one pint of rich milk, boil three-fourths of it, and with the remaining quarter stir two tablespoonfuls of corn starch; add to the boiling milk, stirring all the time, and then add half a teacup of sugar, then the yolk of two eggs well beaten and thinned with a little milk. Add a small pinch of salt. Remove from the fire and flavor with extract of orange and pour into the crust. Whip the whites, add three even tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavor with orange extract, frost the pie, and place in the oven to brown slightly. Serve cold.

Lemon Pie.

Mix three-fourths cup sugar with three teaspoonfuls of cornstarch. Cook until transparent with one cupful of boiling water. Take from stove and add one teaspoonful of butter, yolks of three eggs, well beaten; grated rind of one lemon and three tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Pour in pie crust (do not add upper crust) and bake.

Meringue for Lemon Pie.

Whites of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Beat very stiffly, add one-half tablespoonful lemon juice. Brown in oven.

Apple Custard Pie.

Two raw apples, one egg, one cupful sugar, one cupful milk, pinch grated cinnamon.

Choose nice ripe large apples. Pare them and scrape to a pulp, using a silver knife. Mix with sugar and spice. Add the egg well beaten and the milk.

Line a plate or tin with short crust pastry. Pour in the apple mixture. Bake from half to three-quarters of an hour.

Short Crust.—Six ounces flour, three ounces butter, pinch salt, one teaspoonful sugar, small half-teaspoonful baking powder, cold water to mix. Rub butter into the flour. Add the dry ingredients. Mix into a very stiff paste with cold water.

Pumpkin Pie.

Quarter cup sugar; one and one-quarter cups pumpkin (boiled and stained); one-quarter teaspoon nutmeg; one-quarter teaspoon ginger; one-quarter teaspoon ground cinnamon. Mix thoroughly and bake in one crust.

Cocoanut Pie.

To a pint of scalded milk add half a teacupful of sugar, the yolks of two eggs and a dessertspoonful of corn starch dissolved in milk. beat altogether; cook in the boiling milk and add a teacupful of grated cocoanut which has been soaked in milk over night; bake with the lower crust only. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, mix with two

teaspoonfuls of sugar and spread over the pie when baked, returning it to the oven until the surface is browned.

Home Made Candy.

Chocolate Fudge (Delicious)

Melt piece of butter the size of an egg, add quarter large cake of chocolate. Stir until melted; add three cups granulated sugar and one cup of milk. Boil until it will harden when cool. Add flavoring and stir until creamy. Pour on buttered plates; cut with knife when cool enough.

Butter Scotch.

Two cups brown sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup water. Boil in a saucepan for about twenty minutes or until a drop poured into a cup of cold water forms a hard ball. Stir constantly to prevent burning. Pour into buttered tins to cool. Cut into squares with a heated knife.

Peanut Candy.

Take 8 tablespoons sugar, 10 tablespoons molasses and 2 tablespoons vinegar. Cook till it will harden when

or halves of hickory nuts—in rows, one-half inch apart each way, and press down cut in squares, with a nut in each square. Any kind of fruit, dates, figs, cherries, or raisins may be prepared in the same manner.

Butter Scotch.

Boil 1 cupful of sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses, 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar and the same of boiling water, until the mixture becomes brittle. Turn into well buttered pans. When cool mark with a pointed knife into squares.

Candied Pop-Corn.

Put into an iron kettle one tablespoonful butter, three tablespoonfuls water, one teacupful white pulverized sugar. Boil until ready to candy, then throw in three quarts nicely popped corn. Stir briskly till candy is evenly distributed over corn. Take kettle from fire, stir until it is cooled a little and you have each grain separate and crystalized with sugar, taking care that corn does not burn. Nuts of any kind prepared in the same way.

Everton Taffy.

Put into one teacup of water one pound of powdered white sugar, and when the sugar is dissolved, add a quarter of a pound of butter beaten to a cream and keep constantly stirring the mixture until a little of it put on a buttered dish firmly sets add lemon or other flavoring to taste just before tak-



Railway Ties for a Mile

dropped in cold water. Add a pinch of soda, stir, then pour on buttered plate to cool. Butter the fingers and pull. This makes plain molasses candy. If peanuts are used, omit the soda and cook a little longer. Peanuts are best chopped a little.

Cocoanut Candy.

Take one pint of sugar, a quarter of a pint of desiccated cocoanut and a quarter of a pint of milk. Boil these ingredients in a granite-ware or porcelain-lined saucepan for five minutes. Remove from the fire, set the saucepan in a dish of cold water and stir briskly until the mixture is creamy. Pour on a lightly buttered dish and mark in squares while warm, so that it may be easily broken when cold.

Cream Candies.

Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add five tablespoonfuls of cold water and flavor to the taste. Stir a little and put in confectioners' sugar until stiff enough to mix, and work it into a dough like bread. The proportion of one white of an egg and one and a half teaspoonfuls cream or water and one pound of sugar are about right. Mold this in any desired form and let it harden a few hours. Kneading a little improves this candy.

Make the cream as above and roll out in a sheet one-half inch thick and place nuts—almonds, English walnuts,

ing from the fire. Pour out on a dish that has been buttered. Never undertake to make candy of any kind in a tin saucepan.

Kitchen Experience.

For such unpleasant work as cleaning stoves, building fires, dressing fowls and scrubbing of all kinds I find an apron and cuffs of white table oilcloth most serviceable. The apron has a few small plaits around the top to give it sufficient fullness, and is finished with a stout band that buttons around the waist. The cuffs are finished with an elastic at top and bottom to keep them in place. When dirty work is finished they are wiped clean with a damp cloth and removed, revealing a neat, clean gown underneath. A bib for the apron is advisable.

When picking a fowl, particularly if there are many pin feathers, the work can be simplified fully half if the fowl is plunged in hot water for a few seconds and then wrapped in a piece of burlap and allowed to stand for three or four minutes. When picking, uncover only the portion being cleaned, so that the rest will remain warm and damp, and the feathers, great and small, can be stripped off in an amazingly short time.

If something has burned in a granite utensil put in sufficient wood ashes to cover, fill with soft water and set where it will keep moderately warm for an hour or so. When this is poured out the burned particles will come with it.

Six Sensible Ideas.

In making any kind of garments from thin materials, if the edges of the seams are laid even and run through the narrow hemmer a French seam is had with a fraction of the ordinary trouble and time.

To insure that the two fronts of a waist will be tucked exactly alike, tuck both at once before cutting out. Taking just twice the length of goods required for a single front, fold where the shoulder point comes, lay the front of the pattern along the selvage edge, and mark with tracing wheel or pins how far down the tucks are to go then tuck from one mark straight through to the opposite one, making tucks exactly even as to length, width, spacing and all. Of course, the same method applies when the waist opens at the back.

Knot the end of the thread broken from the spool and the thread will not kink.

When gathering a certain length of ruffling to fit a given space, also for wrist and waist-bands, tops of sleeves, aprons, etc., I loosen the upper tension of the machine, stitch across, then draw up the straight thread. The gathers do not slip as when done by hand, and are much evenner and more quickly done.

To be sure a sleeve will set well when there are no notches as guides, measure an inch back from the shoulder seam, fold the armhole together, and place the inner seam of sleeve at the front of armhole. For a very stout person measure two inches back of shoulder seam instead of one.

Before cutting buttonholes in material that frays, mark the position and length of each, then stitch on the machine closely around the mark. When the buttonholes are cut between the stitches there is a firm edge to work upon.

When the Seamstress Comes.

For the benefit of mothers with young children I am writing a few of the many things I arrange several days before my seamstress comes. The house is all put in order, and the machine oiled and cleaned. Then the toys the children like best are laid away, to be brought out a few at a time during the sewing days. This keeps the babies happy and amused. I arrange a set of drawers, with the children's sewing in one, mine in another, and all thread, buttons, patterns, etc., in the third.

I make out a lunch menu for each day of the sewing, always selecting dainty and nourishing dishes that can be quickly prepared at noon or partly the night before. At noon all work is laid aside for one hour and is not even talked of. After this rest we feel fresh to take up the work again in the afternoon.

By having all material at hand, no other work to take my time, except a little attention to the children now and then, who, by the way, are kept in another room, I am able to sew along with my helper, and in this way accomplish more than any mother with three babies that I know.

A Thanksgiving Feast.

Little paper plates were cut and shaped and upon each was written the name of some dish to be found on the Thanksgiving dinner-table—turkey, scalloped oysters, cranberry sauce and all the rest of the menu. A little plate was pinned to the back of each, and by each player's asking questions of the others (answered only by yes or no) he guessed what dish he represented. When the guessing was over each one was allowed fifteen minutes in which to write a recipe in rhyme for the dish mentioned on his plate. Some of the results were very amusing. For example, Plum Pudding:

"One dainty little cook
With her apron and her book,
One handsome, jolly man
Who hinders all he can.
Add the butter, eggs and spice
And whatever else is nice;
Put the plums into the dough,
Show them how to do it—so;
Put the stuff into the pan,
Keep your eye upon the man,
Let it bake until it's done
While you have a little fun.
By the time the baking's through
You'll have man and pudding too."

WHAT IS FRUIT

LAND
AT \$2000
PER
ACRE

A. Johnson, in Fire Valley, on his farm adjoining Edgewood Orchards, grows 8 tons of potatoes per acre in conjunction with his fruit. For the potatoes \$20 to \$60 per ton is paid, an average of say \$30. Thus \$240 is the value of the potato yield alone, to say nothing of the fruit. This would give a return of over 100 per cent on land valued at \$200 per acre; or ten per cent on land valued at \$2000 per acre.

A \$3000
PER
ACRE
VALUA-
TION

From the outset the land can be made to yield a revenue. It has a high value for what it will produce immediately. Messrs. Mawdsley & Eskridge of Kaslo, report a yield of \$320 per acre from potatoes and apples grown together in a young orchard—over 100 per cent return on a land valuation of \$300 per acre, or 10 per cent on a land valuation of \$3000 per acre.

IS THERE
A BETTER
BUSI-
NESS?

yields are not likely to average as high as this over any considerable area. But if this be reduced by half, the return per acre is \$750, a very medium revenue for Kootenay cherries. Labor and other expenses being estimated at \$250 per acre, there is left a net profit of \$500, sufficient to pay a 100 per cent dividend on land costing \$500 per acre, or a 10 per cent dividend on land costing \$5000 an

NEAR
EDGE-
WOOD
ORCHARDS

\$600 PER
ACRE
FROM
BERRIES

coming into bearing. A single five year old Spy tree has yielded five boxes of apples—a matter of note when we remember how late the Spy comes into bearing in the East. Mr. Fauquier nets about \$600 per acre from strawberries which are grown between his trees. He likewise nets upward of \$600 per acre from raspberries. Consider the value of such land as this—money returns that give a 100 per cent dividend on land values of \$600 per acre, and ten per cent dividends on land valued at \$6000 per acre.



Edgewood Orchards

No Hail—No Frost—No Drought
Crop Every Year

From one tree, this last season, Mr. J. T. Bealby, near Nelson, took \$75 worth of cherries; from one-third of an acre he took \$500 worth of the fruit. This return is at the rate of more than \$1500 per acre. The

You Should Know the Facts

We want you to know them, so we suggest that you send for a copy of "Fruit Growing in British Columbia," by J. T. Bealby, M.A.

Mr. Bealby is a graduate of Oxford. For some time he taught there. He has been growing fruit in the West Kootenay for several years now, and has written the first book on the subject. He gives the facts without partiality.

This is a well bound, finely illustrated book that retails in Vancouver at \$1.25. We send it to you, post-paid for a dollar.

Investors' Trust and Mortgage Corporation, Ltd.

134 Hastings St. West, Vancouver, B.C.

Enclosed find one dollar, for which send me post-paid a copy of "Fruit Growing in British Columbia," by Bealby.

Name.....

P.O..... Province.....

acre. Is there any business requiring equal capital that pays better?

HOW
ABOUT
\$5000 PER
ACRE?

Mr. Jas. Johnstone, another West Kootenay fruit grower, made a net profit of upward of \$500 per acre from a seven year old apple orchard. Here is the same generous profit, equal to ten per cent dividends on a land valuation of \$5000 per acre. Mr. Johnstone's experience with cherries is also interesting, for his gross return per acre is about \$1050—rather more than our estimate in the preceeding paragraph.

F. G. Fauquier, of the Needles, opposite Fire Valley, has a young orchard just

Edgewood Orchards

No Hail—No Frost—No Drought
Crop Every Year

WHAT
IS IT
WORTH?

Mr. John Hyslop obtains \$900 per acre from apples grown on 12 year old trees, and from raspberries he has realized \$900 per acre. The value of properties that will produce such yields as this, if estimated on the basis of a ten per cent annual return on the investment, would be several thousands of dollars per acre. As a matter of fact, well developed orchards near Nelson are valued, and some have changed hands, at the rate of \$1000 per acre.

Is fruit land an expensive luxury?
IS IT A LUXURY? Think about these preceding facts before you answer. What is it worth, if it will

Investors' Trust and

134 Hastings Street West,

P.S. Don't send anything in the way of a deposit on land. Use one of these first. Then buy, or do not buy,

LAND WORTH?

yield 100 per cent annually on a valuation of \$200 to \$600 per acre?

A LES-
SON IN
VALUE

You see land values go up and up and up where population increases. Rough land in Oregon and Washington that has to be irrigated costs \$400 to \$500 per acre. Orchards cost from \$800 to \$3000 per acre. Values in the Kootenay, around Edgewood Orchards, are going up in just the same way.

IRRIGA-
TION
NOT
NEEDED

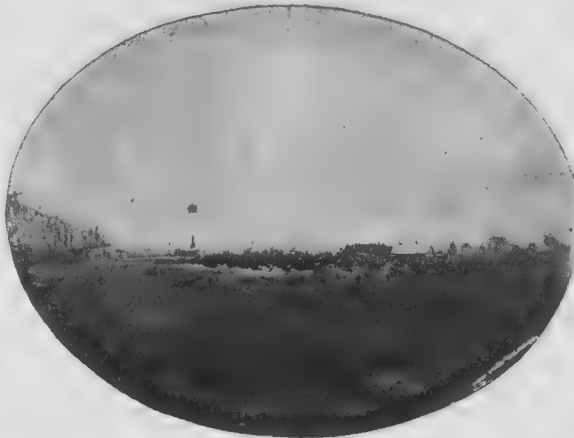
What is Edgewood Orchard land worth? It doesn't need to be irrigated. The official figures for the rainfall in West Kootenay are 27.91 inches. The rainfall along Lower Arrow Lake, where the Edgewood tract lies, is considerably greater. The result is better fruit at less cost.

CO-OP-
ERATION
BRINGS
PRICE OF
\$5 TO \$10
PER BOX

What is Edgewood Orchard land worth? It is in Fire Valley, in a large tract, that is becoming the home of a large community with all social advantages. A large community makes fruit growing more pleasant and profitable, because the growers are able to co-operate to mutual advantage. (Apple buyers come all the way from Liverpool and New York to buy apples in the Hood River Valley, Oregon. The apples sell at auction from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per box. Co-operation does it.)

DAILY
BOAT
SUMMER
AND
WINTER

It is close to Arrow Lake. A C. P. R. boat runs each way every day summer and winter, for Revelstoke on the C. P. R. main line, and to Nelson on the Crow's Nest Branch. From the farthest point in the Edgewood tract the boat landing is only three to four miles.



Robt. Shields' young orchard, just coming into bearing, along Fire Valley and Arrow Lake.

IDEAL
CLIMATE
GOOD
SPORT

What is Edgewood Orchard land worth? The climate is mild—temperature seldom falls below zero. There is abundance of sunshine; there is abundance of game and fish. Edgewood Orchards offer you the freest, pleasantest life in the world, and a profitable occupation.



Jno. Bang's young orchard in Fire Valley, adjoining the Edgewood Orchard tract.

SOIL
AND
WATER
SUPPLY

What is Edgewood Orchard land worth? It is the richest of valley soil—a mixture of sandy and clay loam. It is watered throughout the centre by the Inonoaklin River. It is watered further by innum-

able small streams that trickle down from the sheltering hills.

What is Edgewood Orchard land worth? Adjoining land that is owned by farmers is held at \$100 per acre and upward, in large blocks. Land in the same locality is returning \$600 per acre annually from berries and is not for sale. Orchards are developing and just reaching the bearing stage.

ADJOIN-
ING
LAND
COSTS

LAND
GENER-
ALLY
COSTS

What is Edgewood Orchard land worth? Uncleared land in West Kootenay generally costs \$100 per acre and upward. Rough land in Washington and Oregon costs \$400 to \$500 per acre.

\$60 PER
ACRE, \$10
DOWN
AND \$10
PER
MONTH

What is Edgewood Orchard land worth? You should look into this whole question carefully. Edgewood Orchard land costs only \$60 per acre on the average, for ten acre tracts. You pay no interest. The payments are \$10 down and \$10 per month. A discount may be arranged for cash.

SEND NO
MONEY
BUT
INVESTI-
GATE

Don't send any money till you have looked into this and satisfied yourself, however. The reason that you may get this superior land at this low price is that we cut out expense and deal with you direct. You get the advantage. Again we say: Don't send any money. Look into the matter carefully at once.

Edgewood Orchards

No Hail—No Frost—No Drought
Crop Every Year

What is Edgewood Orchard land worth? RAILWAY It lies in the one valley through which a CONNECT- railway may run from West Kootenay to ING the Okanagan. A road already runs KOOTE- through Fire Valley—through the Edge- NAY & wood Orchard tract—from Edgewood to OKANA- Vernon. Residents of the valley state GAN that both the Great Northern and the C.P.R. have run surveys through Fire Valley.

What is Edgewood Orchard land worth?

Edgewood Orchards

No Hail—No Frost—No Drought
Crop Every Year

What is Fruit Land Worth?

You should study this question. You should find out all you can about it. You know something about the prices that are paid. What is it really worth.

We will send you, post-paid and free, a carefully written booklet about this. It is filled with valuable facts. It is also a beautiful booklet, splendidly illustrated.

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Name.....

P.O.....Province.....

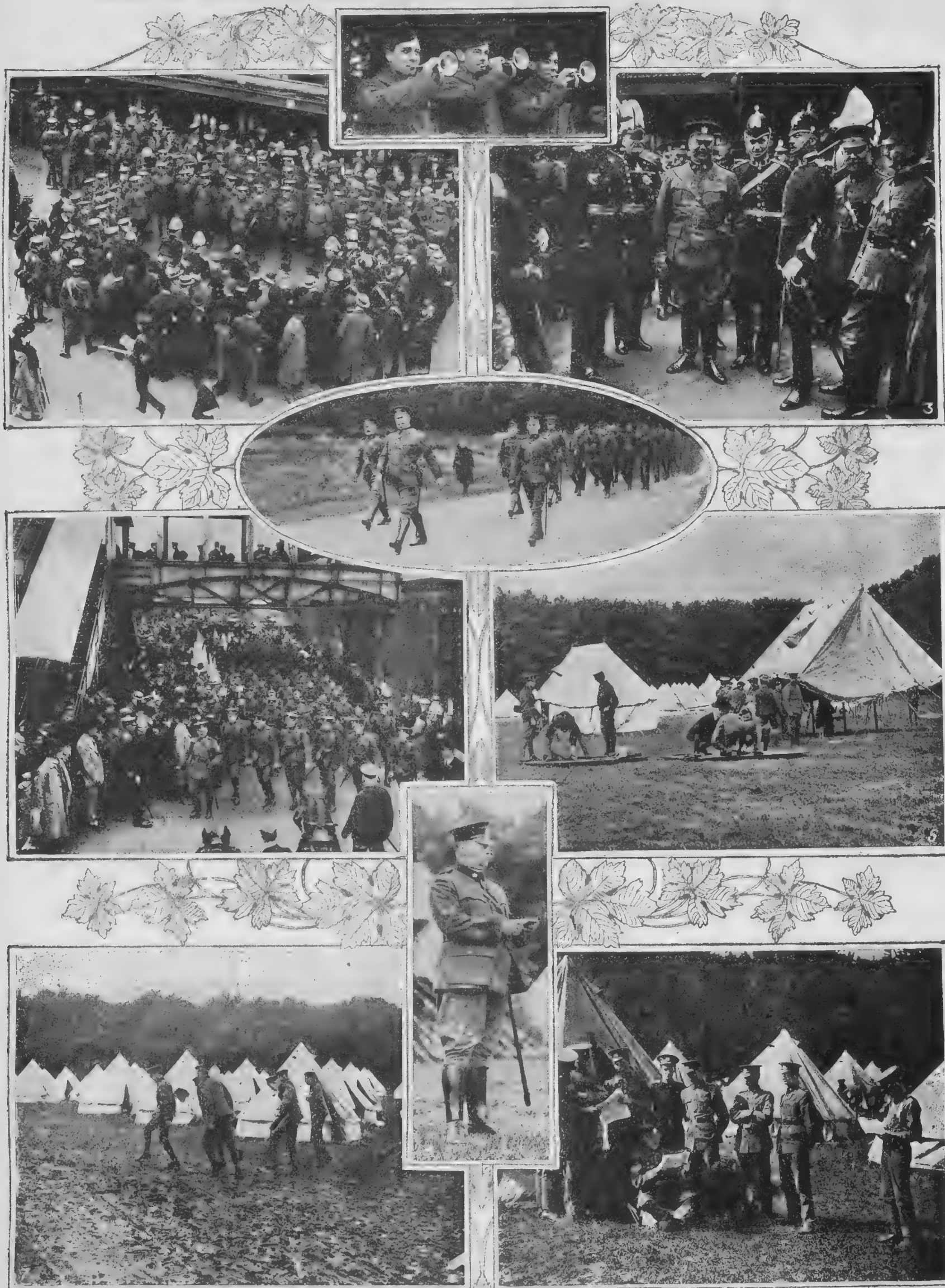
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Vancouver, British Columbia

coupons or write a letter if you prefer. Investigate the matter carefully, just as your judgment says is best.

◆ Queens Own Rifles of Toronto at Liverpool ◆



1. The arrival of the 2nd Regiment Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, under Sir Henry M. Pellatt, at Liverpool: The Official Reception. 2. Buglers of the Regiment. 3. The Commanding Officer of the Regiment: Colonel Sir Henry M. Pellatt, with some of the Officers who received the Canadians. 4. Leaving the "Megantic" to entrain for Aldershot: The Troops disembarking at Liverpool. 5. Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt leading the Regiment on a March-out at Aldershot. 6. Making ready for their stay at Aldershot: Men of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada erecting Tents. 7. Welcomed by an English Summer: Canadians wading through mud at Aldershot soon after their Arrival. 8. Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt, who has brought the Regiment to England.

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Never Before Has Such a Generous Offer Been Made. We Supply Men and Women with Everything Needed to Start, Including a Complete Outfit of Silverware Samples in Handsome Case. YOU SEND NO MONEY. Simply Fill Out and Mail Coupon Below.

We know that \$3 a day is the very lowest. We have many agents who are clearing from \$7 to \$10 a day. We haven't a single working agent who is clearing, on an average, less than \$3 a day. If you want a good chance to work and get good pay for it, fill out coupon below and mail to-day.



S. W. Brandt



Mrs. W. B. Walker



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W. H. Moore



Mrs. Laura Reach

Here are the Pictures of Six Successful Agents. Each One Has Sold Over \$1,000.00 Worth of Our Goods

Double Replace Steel

We Give a Guarantee to Replace Any Broken Article with Two New Ones, Free of Cost.

Among the new things that we have for you to show, demonstrate, and sell, is a new line of steel-made articles. This steel gets its name from the guarantee that is given with every article made of Double Replace Steel that is sold.

Double Replace Steel cannot be bought in any of the stores. It is a product that we control, having all the bending and flexible qualities of ordinary steel, but having a clear, ringing sound when hit on anything.

We guarantee to replace a broken article made of Double Replace Steel with two new articles, free of charge, if the article is ever broken. This does not mean inside of one year or two years, but it does mean that at any time, if such an article should show a defect and break, that we would replace it with two new articles at any time. It makes no difference whether the article has been used for one year, five years, or ten years.

We make and manufacture over twenty-five different articles and sizes, all made of Double Replace Steel. These twenty-five different articles and sizes made in Double Replace Steel cover a large line of Scissors and Cutlery, including more new patented patterns made in different shapes and sizes than you have ever seen or heard of.

Anyone can see what a great bargain you are offering them when they can buy such articles, having all the qualities that ordinary steel articles have, and with a guarantee to replace any broken article with two new ones, free of charge, at any time.

Brazil Silver

Warranted for Twenty-five Years

Brazil Silver is believed to be the very best metal in existence for the manufacture of forks and spoons: it has all the lustre and brilliancy of burnished coin silver, and is much harder and more durable; in fact, it is impossible to wear it out. It is absolutely indestructible. The goods made of this metal are the same all the way through, there being no plating to wear off, they will remain as good as new for any length of time. For all practical purposes in the manufacture of tableware this Brazil Silver is superior to coin silver. Our confidence in the metal is so great that we give a guarantee signed by the company warranting the goods to wear, and to give perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years. And further more, our guarantee, warranting the goods to give satisfaction for twenty-five years, clears the agent from all responsibility in the matter; for if any article fails to give perfect satisfaction, no matter how long it has been in use, we hold ourselves ready to refund the money paid for the article. You can sell these goods to your best friends with perfect confidence, for every sale is as much a benefit to your customer as to yourself.

If you want to make money fast now is the time to do it. If you think that five-dollar bills are good things to have, now is the time to get them.

It is easy to make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business.

All Marked With Initial Letters, Without Any Extra Cost

Among all classes there has always been a strong desire to have their tableware marked with their initial letter, but on account of the heavy expense of having it marked only a very few have been able to afford it. Heretofore the cost of artistically marking tableware has been even greater than the cost of the goods; now, by our new methods, we are able to offer these elegant Brazil Silver goods, all marked with any initial letter desired in the very highest style of the art, without any extra cost for marking.

It is easy to make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business.

Our Free Sample Offer

In the past hundreds of the best agents in the country have seen and gladly grasped the wonderful opportunity to make good pay in this easy, enjoyable work. They gladly and willingly wrote us asking for our agency, and paid us cash in advance for our valuable case of samples. However, we have decided that in some cases, perhaps, we lose good agents because they have not faith enough in any company to send money for a Case of Samples because they have been fooled, misled and deceived by little one-horse concerns who seem to be in business for the sole purpose of cheating people. Now, for this reason, we are sending out our Outfits free on trial to all who want to become our agents.

Now, you see the faith that we have in you and the faith that we have in our business, for if we did not have this faith, and if we did not know that the goods were all that we represent them to be, and that with our instructions and advice you would make a success of the business, it would be foolish for us to spend our money getting up these handsome Sample Cases and sending them out on trial, unless we got live, hustling agents.

The case of samples which we send to our agents contains samples of the following articles:

Paring Knife made of Double Replace Steel.

Pull-Cut Shears—made of Double Replace Steel

Dessert Knife made of Brazil Silver.

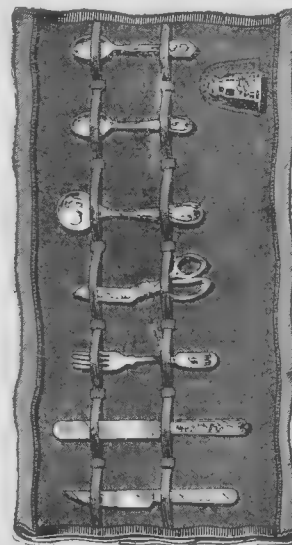
Dessert Fork made of Brazil Silver.

Tea Spoon made of Brazil Silver.

Soup Spoon, made of Brazil Silver.

Tea Spoon, Triple Silver Plate.

Salt Shaker, Triple Silver Plate.



We also send with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrated in colors, containing 100 pages, full instructions, price list, and our guide book.

**Fill in
and Mail
this
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The Home Doctor.

Smoking.

Doctors are divided as to whether smoking is, in itself, good or bad, but they are unanimous as to the awful things that lie in wait for you if you smoke too much.

One of the most curious effects of over-smoking is one that affects the eyes. When turning his eyes from one scene to another, the man suffering from this defect is apt to confuse the two images.

When attempting to cross a street at a busy crossing, for instance, a motor and a hansom may seem to him to be occupying the same space. And a man who sees traffic only as a confused jumble is in a dangerous condition.

The Cancer Error.

The excessive smoking of tobacco seems, in some mysterious way, to make the retina of the eye retain the picture of an object long after the eye has ceased to look at that object.

The old belief that excessive smoking brings on cancer of the lip has been exploded long ago. Smoking does not cause cancer at all. If, however, there is already a tendency to that disease, smoking may bring it to a head on the lip.

As most men who smoke too much know, over-indulgence in tobacco, if continued for long, may cause a serious weakening of the memory. The soothing effect, too, produced by moderate smoking, gives place to irritability. One grows disinclined for mental exertion of any sort. And that inability to work is accompanied by a curious restlessness. One wants to work, but cannot.

The gums of the heavy smoker often turn pale. The throat is so much overworked that it grows weak, and renders its unfortunate owner unusually subject to colds and coughs.

All heavy smokers have heard of, and dread, smoker's heart. But few people seem to know exactly what this is. It is not painful in the slightest. What excessive smoking does is to slow the beating of the heart, and to make it less regular. In fact, the heart often drops one beat in four or five.

Almost all great smokers have this irregular action of the heart. If your heart seems to stop for a second now and then you have it, too.

A strange variety of color-blindness is the lot of many a man who smokes too much. He finds great difficulty in distinguishing between a sixpence and a half-sovereign. This sometimes comes on quite suddenly.

However, there is one great consolation for this, as for almost all the other evil results of over-indulgence in the weed. A sudden drop in the weekly consumption of tobacco renders the eyesight normal again.

Nerves and the Man.

Noises in the ear are another frequent result of over-smoking. If one is foolish enough not to take warning by them they may grow to partial deafness.

Again, the man who smokes too much has usually rather shaky nerves. The muscles, too, are distinctly weaker and laxer than they should be. It is no wonder that smoking is forbidden to athletes in training and to working watchmakers.

Heavy smoking of cigarettes darkens the teeth and fingers. The smoking of pipes, however, has, for some unexplained reason, no effect on the teeth whatever. As for the fingers, if you smoke too many pipes, and you always use the one finger as a stopper, you will permanently sear your finger-tip. Nothing will cure that.

But there is one consolation for the misguided sufferer. His pet vice shows that he is the possessor of sound lungs. No man whose lungs are not perfectly healthy ever feels any inclination to smoke to excess.

How to Sleep Restfully.

A. Payson Call.

When we are not necessarily overtired, but perhaps only a little tired from the day's work, it is not uncommon to be kept awake by a flapping curtain or a swinging door, by unusual noises in the streets, or by people talking. How often we hear it said, "it did seem hard when I went to bed tired last night that I should have been kept awake by a noise like that—and now this morning I am more tired than when I went to bed."

The head nurse in a large hospital said once in distress, "I wish the nurses could be taught to step lightly over my head, so that they would not keep me awake at night." It would have been a surprise to her if she had been told that her head could be taught to yield to the steps of the nurses, so that their walking would not keep her awake.

It is resistance that keeps us awake in all such cases. The curtain flaps, and we resist it; the door swings to over and over again, and we resist it, and keep ourselves awake by wondering why it does not stop; we hear noises in the street that we are unused to, especially if we are accustomed to sleeping in the stillness of the country, and we toss and turn and wish we were in a quiet place. All the trouble comes from our own resistance to the noise, and resistance is nothing but unwillingness to submit to our conditions.

If we are willing that the curtain go on flapping, the door go on slamming, or the noise in the street continue steadily on, our brains yield to the conditions and so sleep naturally, because the noise goes through us, so to speak, and does



Hudson's Bay's Dog Trains.

not run hard against our unwillingness to hear it.

There are three facts which may help to remove the resistance which naturally arises at any unusual sound when we are tired and want to get rest.

Overcoming Resistance.

One is that in almost every sound there is a certain rhythm. If we yield to the sound enough to become sensitive to its rhythm, that, in itself, is soothing, and what before was keeping us awake, now helps us to go to sleep. This pleasant effect of finding the rhythm in sound is especially helpful if one is in sleeping cars. The rhythm of sound and motion in sleeping cars and steamers is, in itself, soothing. If you have the habit of feeling as if you could never get refreshing sleep in a sleeping car, first be sure that you have as much fresh air as possible, and then make up your mind that you will spend the whole night, if necessary, in noticing the rhythm of the motion and sound of the cars. If you keep your mind steadily on it, you will probably be asleep in less than an hour, and, when the car stops, you will wake only enough to settle comfortably into the sense of motion when it starts again. It is pleasant to notice the gentleness with which a good engineer starts his engine at night. Of course, there is a difference in engineers, and some are much more gentle in starting their engines than others, but the delicacy with which the engine is started

while someone is knocking my lame arm, nor can I go to sleep while a noise is hitting my tired brain; but in such cases we can give up expecting to go to sleep, and get a great deal of rest by using our wills steadily not to resist; and sometimes, even then, sleep will come upon us unexpectedly.

Avoid Drugs.

With regard to the use of the will, perhaps the most dangerous pitfall to be avoided is the use of drugs. It is not too much to say that they never should be used at all for cases of pure sleeplessness, for with time their power to bring sleep gradually becomes exhausted, and then the patient finds himself worse off than before, for the reactionary effect of the drugs leaves him with exhausted nerves and a weakened will. All the strengthening, moral effect which can be gained from overcoming sleeplessness in wholesome ways is lost by a recourse to drugs, and character is weakened instead of strengthened.

When one has been in the habit of sleeping in the city, where the noise of the street is incessant, a change to the perfect silence of the country will often keep sleep off quite as persistently as noise. So with the man who has been in the habit of sleeping under other abnormal conditions will sometimes keep him awake until he has adjusted himself to them, and it is not uncommon for people to be so abnormal that they resist rhythm itself, such as is heard in



Having a Smoke after the Kill.

by the most expert is delightful to feel, and gives us many a lesson on the use of gentle beginnings, with other things besides locomotive engines, and especially in our dealings with each other.

The second fact with regard to yielding, instead of resisting, in order to get to sleep, is that listening alone, apart from rhythm, tends to make one sleepy, and this leads us at once to the third fact, that getting to sleep is nothing but a healthy form of concentration.

Concentration.

If true concentration is dropping everything that interferes with fixing our attention upon some wholesome object, it means merely bringing the brain into a normal state which induces sleep when sleep is needed. First we drop everything that interferes with the one simple subject, and then we drop that, and are unconscious.

Of course, it may take some time to make ourselves willing to submit to an unusual noise if we have the habit of feeling that we must necessarily be disturbed by it, and, if we can stop the noise, it is better to stop it than to give ourselves unnecessary tasks in non-resistance.

Then again, if we are overtired, our brains are sometimes so sensitive that the effect of any noise is like that of being struck in a sore spot, and then it is much more difficult to bear it, and we can only make the suffering a little less by yielding and being willing that it should go on. I cannot go to sleep

the rolling of the sea, or the rushing of a river.

The re-adjustment from abnormal to normal conditions of sleeping may be made surely if we set about it with a will, for we have all nature on our side. Silence is orderly for the night's rest, and rhythm only emphasizes and enhances the silence, when it is the rhythm of nature.

The habit of resistance cannot be changed in a single day—it must take time; but if the meaning, the help, and the normal power of non-resistance is clearly understood, and the effort to gain it is persistent, not only the power to sleep, but a new sense of freedom may be acquired which is quite beyond the conception of those who are in the daily habit of resistance.

When we lie down at night and become conscious that our arms and our legs and our whole bodies are resting heavily upon the bed, we are letting go all the resistance which has been left in our muscles from the activities of the day.

Yielding.

A cat, when she lies down, lets go all resistance at once, because she moves with the least possible effort, but there are very few men who do that, and some men go to their rest with more or less resistance stored in their bodies, and they must go through a conscious process of dropping it before they can settle to sleep as a normal child does, without having to think about how it

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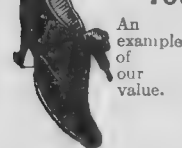
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is done. The conscious process, however, brings a quiet, conscious joy in the rest, which opens the mind to soothing influences, and brings a more profound refreshment than is given even to the child—and with the refreshment new power for work.

One word more about outside disturbances before we turn to those interior ones, which are by far the most common preventatives of refreshing sleep. The reader will say: "How can I be willing that the noise should go on when I am not willing?" The answer is, "If you can see clearly that, if you were willing, the noises would not interfere with your sleep, then you can find the ability within you to make yourself willing."

Will Power.

It is wonderful to realize the power we gain by compelling and controlling our desires or aversions through the intelligent use of the will, and it is easier to compel ourselves to do right against temptation than to force ourselves to do wrong against a true conviction. Indeed, it is most difficult, if not impossible, to force ourselves to do wrong against a strong sense of right. Behind all our desires, aversions and inclinations, each one of us possesses a capacity for a higher will, the exercise of which, on the side of order and

righteousness, brings into being the greatest power in human life. The power of character is always in harmony with the laws of truth and order, and, although we must sometimes make a great effort of the will to do right against our inclinations, the ease of such effort increases as the power of character increases, and strength of will grows steadily by use, because it receives its life from the eternal will and is finding its way to harmony with that.

It is the lower, selfish will that often keeps us awake by causing interior disturbances.

An actor may have a difficult part to play, and feel that a great deal depends upon his success. He stays awake with anxiety, and this anxiety is nothing but resistance to the possibility of failure. The first thing for him to do is to teach himself to be willing to fail. If he becomes willing to fail, then all his anxiety will go, and he will be able to sleep and get the rest and new life which he needs in order to play the part well. If he is willing to fail, then all the nervous force which before was being wasted in anxiety is set free for use in the exercise of his art.

Looking forward to what is going to happen on the next day, or within a few days, may cause so much anxiety as to keep us awake; but if we have a

good, clear sense of the futility of the resistance, whether our expected success or failure depends on ourselves or on others, we can compel ourselves to a quiet willingness which will make our brains quiet and receptive to restful sleep, and so enable us to wake with new power for whatever task or pleasure may lie before us.

Of course, we are often kept awake by the sense of having done wrong. In such cases the first thing to do is to make a free acknowledgment to ourselves of the wrong we have done, and then make up our minds to do the right thing at once. That, if the wrong done is not too serious, will put us to sleep; and, if the next day we go about our work remembering the lesson we have learned, we probably will have little trouble in sleeping.

If Macbeth had had the truth and courage to tell Lady Macbeth that both he and she were wicked plotters and murderers, and that he intended, for his part, to stop being a scoundrel, and if he had persisted in carrying out his good intentions, he would never have "murdered sleep."

The War on Consumption.

Part II.

Perhaps you might think that a more appropriate title would be, "What the gets into it. But there is your mis-Bacillus Does to the Body" when it take, for nine times out of ten—yes, ninety-five times out of a hundred—it is the body that "does things" to the bacillus when it has surrounded it. It nearly made our blood run cold to discover, a decade or so ago, when we had become able to recognize every mark and trace of tubercle bacillus in the body, that of all the patients dying in our great hospitals of other diseases than tuberculosis, and coming to the post-mortem table, from 70 to 90 per cent. showed the scars in their lungs, or other evidences of a healed tuberculosis. The old German saying, "Jeder mann ist an ende ein bischen tuberkulose" ("Every one is sooner or later a little tuberculous"), was proved to be literally true. Literally, the whole human species was riddled with it. What hope could there be of escape? It was not until some years later that the reverse of this gloomy shield, the silver lining of this bacteriologic cloud gradually dawned on us—that eight-tenths of us have tuberculosis and have recovered from it without knowing anything about it! This is corroborated by the death rate, as only one in ten of us now die of it, though we have probably all been exposed to it scores of times, many of us almost every week. What are the concealed weapons which the body carries and can use with such deadly effect against the bacillus?

The human body was not born yesterday, nor the day before, either, thank you. It has not been eating vegetables for millions of years without discovering that some of them are poisonous, and taking precautions accordingly. In the first place, every drop of its blood and every fluid in or secreted by its tissues, is loaded with living germicides, sometimes weak, sometimes powerful—but always present. The mucus poured out in our noses and throats not only mechanically protects their surfaces, but can prevent the development and even destroy the vast majority of the weaker germs, which are breathed in or taken into the mouth. Only exceptionally will they succeed in getting a foothold here, and then we develop a "cold in the head" or a sore throat. The tubercle bacillus is too tough a germ to be destroyed in this way, but too slow and stolid to often be able to catch a foothold in nose or throat, so, though he may be sucked directly into the lung he is often enveloped in the mucus and swallowed with it down into the stomach. Here, if he has been at all affected by the germicides of the saliva, or if his waxy coating is sufficiently thin, he will be promptly



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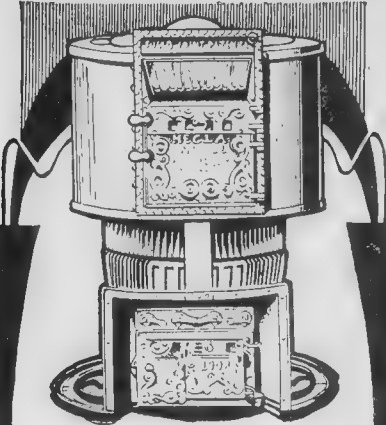
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melted down and digested like any other particle of the food. Perhaps eight-tenths of the tubercle bacilli, taken into a perfectly healthy stomach, would be destroyed in this way in the process of digestion. By building up the digestion of the consumptive we not only enable him to combat the germs already embedded in his tissues, but to digest and destroy all new germ invaders that he may breathe into his nostrils or swallow in his sputum.

If the bacilli escape the acid digestion of the stomach they are passed on to the alkaline digestion of the intestines, which attacks them even more viciously. Should they survive this onslaught they still have their hardest fight before them—to get through the wall of the bowel into the body proper. Whatever is in the food canal, the stomach and bowels, though inside the body, is not yet in it, strictly speaking. The bacillus has, apparently two chances of getting inside the fortress. One is by finding some slight scratch, wound, or ulcer in the intestinal wall. The other, possibly by getting himself mistaken for a droplet of fat by one of the little microscopic fingers of the bowel wall (the villi), which are engaged in sucking up the fat of the food.

The chief protection possessed by the tubercle bacillus is a thick, fatty, covering which protects him against any but the most vigorous of digestive juices, and which, incidentally, enables us to put a red stain on him that won't come off, and thus detect him in the sputum. Probably the majority of bacilli which have escaped digestion are unable to penetrate the wall of the bowel, and so are simply swept along into the feces and out of the body. So that even our arch enemy may simply make a procession through our interior without getting any foothold.

If the bacilli have succeeded in penetrating the bowel wall they will find their way into the lymph channels, but even here every inch of their progress is stoutly contested. They are carried first to the little lymph glands or "kernels," such as when swollen and inflamed we can feel in our necks and under our armpits; there they are sharply challenged and attacked by the "special mounted police" of the body, the white blood cells or "leucocytes," who hurl themselves upon them and endeavor to devour them. If they break through this skirmish line they are carried through the larger lymph tubes, poured into a large vein close to the heart, and from there promptly pumped into the lungs. Here a large majority of those that succeed in getting a foothold in the body, whether breathed in directly or swallowed, settle and begin to multiply; but even the lung cells do not sit idly by and wait placidly to be devoured. On the contrary, they sound the inflammation "fire alarm," call new levies of of leucocyte cavalry out of the blood, breed new cells from their own ranks for the attack, and swarm angrily around each group of bacilli. Each little knot of these attacking cells, when it becomes large enough to be visible to the naked eye, form a little shot-like, grayish body known as a tubercle (little tuber), from which both the disease and the bacillus took their name.

If the body wins the bacilli are melted down and devoured by the leucocytes, the levies are withdrawn, the local militia paid off and returned to their homes, and the whole field is swept clean of every trace of the battle. If the invaders win the mass of fighting cells dies and begins to break down under the influence of poison secreted by the bacilli in the centre. A little droplet of pus (matter) is formed: this increases in size to a little abscess, which breaks through the wall of encircling cells and discharges into a bronchial tube; the pus is coughed up, the bacilli are found in the sputum, and the diagnosis is made. On a larger scale this process forms a cavity. In many cases the fight results in a draw. The fighting knot of

cells find that it cannot kill and eat the bacilli in its centre, so it proceeds to bury them alive. Locking hands, as it were, around the invaders, it proceeds to turn itself into a mass, first of fibrous or scar tissue, and later of chalky stuff, in which the bacilli are imprisoned for life. So desperate is the tenacity of both prisoner and jailers that scars of this sort found in the lungs after death and apparently at least twenty year old have been cut open and scraped, the scrapings injected into guinea pigs, and the pigs promptly die of tuberculosis.

This same process of scar formation, with or without embedded bacilli in its interior, is the method by which healing occurs in the lungs in those cases which recover from an attack of consumption.

While for some reason the favorite point of attack and most fatal "hold" of the tubercle bacillus is the lung, its inroads are not by any means confined to that organ—in fact, it can settle in and attack almost any other tissue of the body. What we call consumption is tuberculosis of the lungs, and the cause of two-thirds of all deaths from tuberculosis; but we also have tuberculosis, indeed, as we sometimes call it "consumption" of the bowels, the bones and joints, the glands, the skin, the kidneys, and the brain. Next after the lungs the most frequently attacked are the lymph glands or "kernels" all over the body—in the abdomen, the chest, and most noticeably in the neck. The well-known "kernels" or abscesses in the neck, popularly known as scrofula, or struma, are, in eight cases out of ten, a tuberculosis of the glands of this region. The distressing and frequent hip joint disease in children and "white swelling of the knee" are tuberculosis of the joints and the bones about them. The varying degrees of caries of the spine or "spinal disease," which softens the bones of the column and allow it to bend and crook with the resulting hump-back deformity, are nine-tenths of them tuberculous. It would be safe to say tuberculosis makes two-thirds of our cripples, and practically all our hunchbacks. The disfiguring ulcerative disease of the skin, especially of the face and neck, known as lupus (Latin for wolf), is simply a tuberculosis of the skin.

Should the bacilli be carried to and lodge in the membranes covering the brain (meninges) they set up a somewhat rarer, but exceedingly fatal, form of the disease known as tuberculous meningitis. This is the cause of a large percentage of the fatal convulsions of infancy, and is distressingly frequent among the children of consumptive parents. Many of the deaths in children from "chronic dysentery" "wasting of the bowels," tabes mesenterica, etc., are now known to be due to ulceration of the intestines, caused lupus, half the fatal convulsions of childhood, and a large share of fatal bowel disorders in children.

In fine, by stopping tuberculosis you stop not mere consumption, but two-thirds of the manufacture of cripples, three-fourths of scrofula, all by the tubercle bacillus.

Not Beyond Him at All.

In a certain restaurant at one time customers' wants were looked after by a waiter who was renowned for the clever way in which, when shouting down the dumb waiter to the cook, he interpreted the different dishes. For instance, if a customer ordered sausage and bread, he told the cook "a doorstep and a bag of mystery" were required. In consequence of this, two city men had a wager, one of them saying he was sure he could give an order which the waiter would find it impossible to twist in his usual way.

Accordingly they repaired to the restaurant and Mr. Brown gave his order: "Waiter, bring me a couple of poached eggs on toast with the yolks broken."

The waiter shouted down to the cook: "Adam and Eve on a raft and wreck 'em."

"CEETEE" Underwear conforms to every movement of the body.

It fits perfectly. That's a "Cee-tee" feature you should know.

Perhaps your old underwear is of the "sack" variety—

Cut from the woollen fabric and sewn into shape—that sags, wrinkles or binds—a constant annoyance to grin and bear.

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do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to fifty different shapes and sizes, bust raised or lowered; also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order and will last a life-time. Write for illustrated booklet containing complete line of dress forms with prices. Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. R, 70-76 Pearl St., Toronto, Canada.

MONDAY ILL 20

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GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known Canadian Towns, and fulfill conditions below, we offer our 15-Dollar Lady's **SOLID GOLD WATCH**, fully jeweled (English Government Stamped) as a **FREE GIFT**. (Silver Watches are presented to Gent.)

Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply, to **FELLOWS & Co., Wholesale Watch Merchants, Birmingham, England**. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last competition were:

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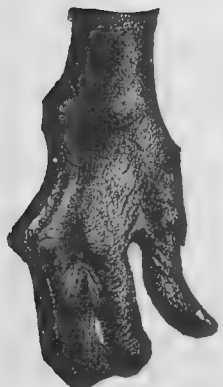
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I Will Mail FREE To Anyone Suffering From Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica (Who Will Enclose This Advertisement)

A 50 Cent Box of my Rheumatism Remedy Free.

My Remedy has actually cured men and women seventy and eighty years of age—some were so decrepit that they could not even dress themselves. To introduce this great remedy I intend to give fifty thousand 50 cent boxes away and every suffering reader of this paper is courteously invited to write for one. No money is asked for this 50 cent box neither now nor later, and if afterwards more is wanted I will furnish it to sufferers at a low cost. I found this remedy by a fortunate chance while an invalid from rheumatism and since it cured me it has been a blessing to thousands of other persons. Don't be sceptical, remember the first 50 cent box is absolutely free. This is an internal remedy which goes after the cause of the trouble, and when the cause of rheumatism is removed, have no fear of deformities. Rheumatism in time will affect the heart, so do not trifle with this merciless affliction. Address enclosing this adv., JOHN A. SMITH 492 Laing Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

Temperance Talk.

The Parting of the Ways.

An Old Man's Story.

By Mary G. Crocker.

The partin' o' the ways? Well, stranger, yes, Thet left-hand road'll take ye straight to town Ez straight ez ye kin get, I ruther guess, But won't ye rest a bit and set ye down? I know which way them roads go, ye kin bet, Fur I've had cause to know 'em. 'Twas this way—Mebbe ye won't mind listnin', as ye set, To an old tale I don't tell every day.

I don't tell everybody, stranger, no, For most folks wouldn't noways care to hear A poor old man go pratin' on, and so I haven't told it now fur many a year. But it was this way: Me and Nancy Brown

But mebbe, stranger, ye don't know how strong

A grip the devil sometimes gets on men;

Mebbe ye don't know, but it wasn't long—

I'd found the partin' 'o the ways again.

And things went on, ez bad ez bad could be,

All through the winter, an' one summer night

All warm an' full of perfume, there was me,

A-coming from the tavern, an' a sight. Stranger, I saw I never kin forget;

Nancy had come to meet me an' she stood

There at the bars, in white, I see her yet,

And in her arms the boy so sweet an' good.

But I—my brain was crazed, stranger, I think—

An' I know what I say—I've cause to know—

The devil himself was in me, fur the drink

Made me a fiend an' not a man, and so



(Montreal Standard)

Snapshot at a Railway Depot of some futur, Canadians.

Had been a'keeping company a year, When we got hitched, sir, yes, an' settled down In this same little cottage ye see there.

An' happy! well, I ruther guess we was; An' Nancy with her lovin', gentle ways, Went singin' 'round the house ez wild birds does, Too happy fur much talkin' in them days.

Too happy! but it couldn't last. There came

An awful shadow into Nancy's eyes. 'Twas all along o' me. I was to blame Fur all them sleepless nights, an' tears an' sighs.

Ye must ha' seen it ez ye came along— The tavern, standin' where the two roads part;

Well, it was thet ez made all go wrong, An' it was that was breakin' Nancy's heart!

Well, one bright day, when harvest-time was past,

When Nancy's baby loked up into my face,

I said, "God helpin' me, I've spent the last

I'll ever spend in that soul-cursing place."

I struck at Nancy standing there so sweet,

So sweet and pretty in her muslin gown,

And there she fell, right at my very feet,

My little Nancy, I had knocked her down.

I thought I'd killed her, an' the curse o' Cain

I felt was on me, for I'd sobered then, An' startin' off, I ran, my maddened brain

Drivin' me fur from every haunt of men.

All night I laid an' fought an awful fear

There in the woods, and all the fiends o' hell

Fought for my guilty soul. Sir, I could hear

Them ravin' round with shout an' jeer an' yell.

The mornin' came. I staggered to my feet

An' tried to find the way home. Oh, thet day!

The sun shone, an' the birds sung loud an' sweet,

And all the earth was blossomin' with May.

An' right across the fields I saw my home,

An' started toward it. Not a sign o' life,
An' nobody to meet me when I come.
Why should there be ef I had killed my wife?
No, stranger, no, don't start so, I was not,
Thank God, a murderer, but goin' in There I saw Nancy kneeling by the cot
Thet held the baby. No, no! not that sin.

But one well-nigh ez black—the boy was lame,
Was lame fur life, an' I hed done it, too;
An' there I stood in all my sin and shame
An' Nancy lifted up her eyes so blue
An' looked at me. Her face was white and set,
Her voice was cold and hard.
"Stephen," says she
Thet awful look I never shall furgit
"Stephen, may God furgive ye! As fur me,

"I kin ef He kin, but the baby there,
Will never walk again, long ez he lives.
Oh, Stephen! Stephen! go to God in prayer
And ask him if such sins He c'er furgives!"
I think thet God forgave me, fur ye know
He saves them to the uttermost that come,
Even with sech black sins as mine was.
Yes, an' so
Peacefuller days came to our little home.



Bird's Eye View of Brandon.

Fur the strong demon Drink never again
Set foot inside it; but that couldn't take
Away the memory of the awful pain,
The dreadful guilt and shame, and couldn't make
Our poor lame baby well again. Poor dear,
He went, ere long, to where the lame kin run
An' not be weary. More than forty year
He's been there in the land o' fadeless sun.

Stranger, taint often thet ye see the tears
Run down the cheeks of men ez old ez I;
No, and I hope it may be many years
Before ye see one with sech cause to cry.
But I won't keep ye longer with my talk;
Keep to the left-hand road, sir, all the way;
And, stranger, may God give ye grace to walk
A straighter road than I did. Well, good-day!

Cost of Liquor in Cook County.

By John F. Cunneen.

Of the \$10,500,000 per year expended by the State of Illinois, at least \$3,000,000 of the expense is caused by caring for the criminality, delinquency, feeble-mindedness, pauperism and insanity brought on directly or indirectly by the liquor traffic. This means an ex-

pense of sixty cents for each person in the state. Cook County's share of this state expense will be at least \$1,200,000.

Of the \$8,460,601 for expenses appropriated by Cook County at least \$3,000,000 was made necessary in caring for the criminality, delinquency, dependency, pauperism, accidents, and insanity brought on directly or indirectly by the liquor traffic.

At least \$4,000,000 of the \$23,000,000 annual expense of the city of Chicago is caused directly or indirectly by the liquor traffic.

Summary

County's share of State expense due to drink.....	\$1,200,000
County expense due to drink..	3,000,000
Chicago City expense due to drink	4,000,000
Total	\$8,200,000
License fees paid by saloons..	7,400,000
Direct loss to County on account of the liquor traffic...\$	800,000

In addition there is the loss to the people of the money paid to saloons, which amounts each year to at least \$55,000,000.

Then there is the loss to the community of the unproductive labor of those engaged in the liquor traffic. They add nothing to the wealth of the community. On the contrary, they live upon the wealth of the people. If engaged at productive labor the 15,000 persons engaged in the liquor traffic in Cook County would be worth to the community at \$5 a day, \$75,000, or \$22,-

500,000 for a year of three hundred working days.

Then, again there is an annual loss of at least \$10,000,000, due to accidents, mistakes, sickness and loss of employment caused by drink.

Summary.

Loss to Cook County on account of expense of crime, pauperism and insanity due to saloons	\$ 8,200,000
Cook County's annual drink bill	55,000,000
Loss through unproductive labor of those engaged in the liquor traffic.....	22,500,000
Loss due to accidents, mistakes, sickness and loss of employment, caused by drink	10,000,000
Total	\$95,700,000
License fees paid by saloons..	7,400,000
Net loss	\$88,300,000

This counts the loss only in dollars. There is the moral loss, which is of far greater importance, but is too often lost sight of. The saloon advocates say that the records of criminal, pauper and insane institutions do not show a large number of inmates whose admission was caused by drink, but we must go back of the records to get at the real cause. There is a poor old woman in the Cook County Infirmary who lived a sober life. She was cared for in her old age by a son until he became so enthusiastic in support of Chicago's saloons that he preferred to spend for liquor the few cents a day it cost

Five Good Tips On a Favorite

Are the **PATENT TIPS** on the fingers and thumb of the



H.B.K. PATENT RIPLESS TIPS



RIPLESS GLOVE

These tips are protected by extra pieces of leather which **CONCEAL THE SEAMS** and **PROTECT THE STITCHING.**

The only practical and reliable glove made because it is positively guaranteed

NOT TO RIP

Unlike other gloves, the longer it is worn, the greater the protection to the stitching, consequently the less likelihood of a **RIP.** It is strictly an **OUTSEAM GLOVE**, with no seams inside to hurt the hand. Neat in appearance.

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NO RUBBING REQUIRED.

Simply wipe the floor with a cloth moistened in Waxoil. It dries quickly with a rich velvety lustre on hardwood or softwood floors. For sale by The Hudson Bay Co., Robinson & Co., Ltd., J. H. Ashdown, Whiting Hardware, Ft. Rouge, E. G. Flook, Logan Ave.

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With Express Charges Prepaid to any Railway point in Canada.

This outfit consists of a fine double barrel breech loading gun, 12 gauge, with good quality barrels, left barrel choked. It has rebounding bar locks, patent fore end and pistol grip. All parts of this gun are interchangeable so repairs cost but little. With this gun goes a complete re-loading outfit consisting of a rimmer, loader, de-capper, powder and shot measure and a shell extractor, also leather-bound canvas gun cover take down style. We guarantee every article in this outfit, and will pay express charges on it to your nearest express office.

Club your orders for loaded shells and write for our special "quantity price."

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Western Canada's Representative Home Magazine, Illustrated and

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Western Canada's Representative Newspaper,

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If already a subscriber, send both papers to friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada who are hungry for news and illustrations of the West and to whom you are too busy to write regularly.

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Address—**THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.**

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to keep his old mother, and then he deserted her and let her go to the poor-house. It was not drink that directly brought that old woman to the poor-house, but all who know the facts must admit that drink was the indirect cause of her going there.

A few years ago a young woman was sent to the Cook County Insane Asylum. She had never drank liquor. A few years previous she married a drinking young man. She loved him and expected to reform him, but she could not. He abused her and neglected her and a few years of that treatment drove her insane. No one could truthfully say she went insane directly through drink, but all who know the facts admit that drink was the indirect cause of her going insane.

Here are some facts about Cook County records for 1908:

Number of inquests in Cook County, 1908.....	4,214
Number of suicides.....	535
Number of homicides.....	171
Number of jurors (grand and petit)	13,978
Cost of jury service.....	\$248,000
Number of arrests made.....	63,132

The following are comments in inaugural address of William Busse, president of Board of County Commissioners:

"The increase of inmates of our charitable institutions is exceeding the natural growth of the population and each year places a heavier burden on the financial resources of the county."

"The insane asylum is so overcrowded that a large number of inmates have been sleeping on the floor."

"Alcohol patients must be cared for by the county, but the city receives the saloon license revenue."

"The evil of wife desertion is increasing. It has become a common thing for husbands to abandon their wives and children, who frequently become county charges."

Following is a summary of the work performed by the Department of Poor Relief for the year ending November 30, 1908:

Families given relief.....	12,461
Number of persons comprising these families.....	53,251
Number of visits made by department visitors.....	17,118
Persons placed in infirmary and cases given medical aid in homes, at dispensary, county jail and juvenile detention home.....	19,078
Total number admitted to Cook County Hospital.....	30,037
Number of cases of alcoholism.....	259
Deaths from alcoholism.....	30
Paid for wines and liquors at County Hospital.....	\$970.65
Number of insane cases disposed of.....	1,666
Total number of insane of Cook County in Cook County and State insane asylums.....	4,806
Number of hearings in juvenile court	5,667
New cases	2,959

What is to be thought of a people who will submit to conditions such as are indicated by the figures given in this article?

Temperance Opinions.

The sin of drunkenness lies at the root of the whole family of sins.—Bishop of Ely.

If God hold the helm by which your life is daily steered, you will never be seen sailing into a saloon.—The Issue.

Drunkards now form fifty-five per cent. of the insane persons in Paris asylums. In this fact lies a whole temperance sermon.—Chicago Herald.

Of all things known to mortals wine is the most powerful and effectual for exciting and inflaming the passions of mankind, being common fuel to them all.—Lord Bacon.

Light wines—nothing so treacherous! They inflame the brain like fire, while melting on the palate like ice. All inhabitants of light wine countries are quarrelsome.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Intolerable hurts and troubles to the commonwealth doth daily grow and in-

crease through such abuses and disorders as are had and used in common ale-houses and other houses called tipping-houses.—Edward VI., 1552.

It is mere mockery to ask us to put down drunkenness by moral and religious means when the Legislature facilitates the multiplication of the incentives to intemperance on every side. You might as well call upon me, as the captain of a sinking ship, and say, "Why don't you dump the water out?" when you are scuttling the ship in every direction.—His Eminence Cardinal Manning.

It is too clear that the rapid extension of this system of saloon drinking is threatening the very life of the community; that it is producing a physical and moral pestilence more deadly, in the deepest sense, than any other plague which stalks the infested cities of the east; that it is bringing great masses of our working classes into a self-imposed bondage, more complete and more degrading than slavery itself; that it is not only filling the present with unspeakable misery and vice, but blighting the prospect of labor for the future.—Prof. Goldwin Smith.

The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs. Intellectually, a stupor amounting to almost paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol he is most incurable, and more generally diseased. It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety. The most dangerous kind of ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers. Recourse to beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality.—Scientific American.

The Emperor Menelick of Abyssinia has issued an edict prohibiting the importation of alcoholic drinks into his empire. French wines and German beer have, he says, found their way to his Court. He has watched their effects, and has come to the conclusion that if he does not put a stop to the drinking that is going on his empire will soon fall a prey to other nations.

The Kaiser, addressing some students, said the habit of drinking so much beer was most prejudicial to health, and the custom of forcing newly-joined students to drink enormous mugs of beer at one gulp as a punishment for infringing some slight rule of the club was quite absurd.

One for the Judge.

A well-known bald-headed judge, while lecturing a prisoner, said:

"This is your thirty-fifth time before me, and I am inclined to think that your character is as black as your hair."

"My lord," replied the prisoner, "I am afraid that if one's character is judged by their hair, your lordship would have no character at all."—H. H. Pratt, 41, Albert Road, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire.

How Newman Hall Signed the Pledge.

At a certain reception Dr. Newman Hall once told how, in the year 1840, he had been persuaded to sign the pledge by Mrs. Sherman, the wife of his predecessor at Surrey Chapel.

He argued against it, but Mr. Sherman said:

"Oh, dear friend, none of your logic! My wife has been praying for you, that you might sign the pledge."

"There is no withstanding a lady's prayers," said Mr. Hall; "I will try it for a month."

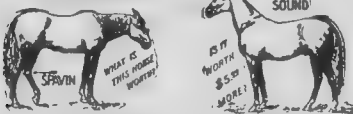
On the eve of his eightieth birthday, Dr. Hall told us:

"I did, and I have been trying it ever since."

Not only did he try it by personal practice, but till the day of his death he advocated it wherever he could.—A. Simon, Tern Hill, Market Drayton.

"SAVE THE HORSE" SPAVIN CURE.

REG. TRADE MARK



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El Paso, Tex., May 17, 1910. Some time ago I tried it on large windpuffs; these were hard and she was too lame to drive. Used one bottle and she worked all summer on ice wagon and never showed a sign of lameness. JOHN SCHUBERT.

Easton, Pa., May 23, 1910. Just purchased a bottle of A. J. Odenweller for sprained ankle. Have great faith, as I cured one ringbone of three years standing and a spavin with one bottle. L. F. HUSTED, R. D. 6, Box 20.

\$5.00 a bottle, with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet & letters from business men & trainers on every kind of case. Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone (except low), Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boli, Injured Tendons & all Lameness. No loss or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. Dealers or Exp. agents.

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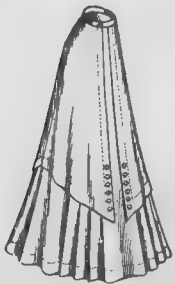
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\$6 PANAMA SKIRT \$3.50



Send to day for this skirt. It is a \$6 all wool Panama Skirt. It comes in Black, Navy, Brown and Green also Dark red. It is one of the new Fall styles. New overskirt effect Inlaid front panel, pleated flounce, Trimmed with 12 satin buttons and made generally just as pictured. Opened in back with an inverted pleat. Beautifully tailored, guaranteed to fit as perfectly as a skirt can fit, will give complete satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in fine luster same shades as the Panama \$3 also in Heavy Vicuna cloth same shades \$3.25. Give waist and hip measure also length skirt desired. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains to day. Add 35c for postage. Order skirt D.

STANDARD GARMENT Co.
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DEAFNESS CURED.

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 6953 Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery absolutely free.

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Sunday Reading.

God Speed You.

Camilla Sanderson.

God speed you on the upward march!
Faint not nor falter by the way,
For yonder, where the clearer day
Is breaking 'neath the arch
Of night-clouds flying fast,
Stands with invitingness
The gateway to success
In all God means shall last.

Be up and doing. Rest's beyond.
Here are ripe fields, wide acres tilled
By willing hands Death stopped unfilled,
Leaving for you their bond
Of service, and for me,
That we may watch the growing,
And reap their patient sowing
Of truths that make us free.

No sluggard in this vineyard fair
Has standing room. Each toiler's place
Well filled leaves naught of grace
For idler, nor for petty care
About the reaping just begun
Beside us in the field,
Or seen afar, with yield
Beyond what we have done.

There's working room for all. No strife
Has source in Him whose law is love,
For by that law our feet must move
To beatings of glad life,
God's life within the soul.
That must through each give forth,
To east, or west, or north,
Full share of life's great whole.

Strive not for man-made creeds. Beware
Of "little foxes" spoiling vines
That promise for us life's best wines
Of service. Truth speaks fair
And kind to all. We stand
Together, or we fall,
Instead of conquering all
By banded heart and hand.

Be glad if by some other way
A brother climbs and gains a peak
Above you. Yonder goal we seek
Is for us all. To-day
He gains. To-morrow I
May win its heights and hear
Our Father, speaking near,
"Well done! Come up on high."

And so I say to you, God speed!
And so I sing of purpose true,
Of old resolve, made ever new,
To feel and meet the need
Of weak ones in the fray,
To seek for naught but Right,
For Truth alone wins Light,
And Love gives right of way.

Building a Christian.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

"I never let fools or bairns see my work until it is done," said a famous Scotch painter. He knew that no production of human art could be rightly judged until it was completed. I remember that when I first saw Cologne Cathedral nearly fifty years ago, it had a stumpy and unimpressive appearance, for it was towerless. The next time I saw the edifice it was disfigured by scaffolding on which workmen were busy. But when, in the summer of 1894, I beheld the completed towers in their flashing splendour, I felt that it was a mighty and magnificent poem written in marble.

That illustrates the way in which the Master builds a true Christian. The Bible declares that the Christian is "Christ's workmanship created anew unto good works." Anyone who looked at a company of church members in a prayer meeting or at a sacramental table might say that some of them were quite imperfect specimens of workmanship, as he could testify from intimate acquaintance. Very true; but if that same person wished to purchase a melodeon, he would not go into the manufactory where the different parts were being fashioned;

he would go into the salesroom and inspect the completed instrument.

This world is the great workshop in which Jesus Christ by His Spirit constructs Christian character. "Ye are God's building," wrote the Apostle Paul to his brethren at Corinth. Of himself he wrote at another time: "Not as though I have already attained, either were already perfect." He was still in the hand of his divine and loving architect. The scaffoldings were not yet taken down, and the work of grace was not yet completed.

It is easy to discover some flaws in even the best men and women; but the critic must consider the materials our Master has to work with in frail and fallen human nature, so often disfigured and defaced by innate depravity. Napoleon used to say that "he had to make his marshals out of mud." Certainly no power less than that of the Holy Spirit could have constructed such a conscientious and effective Christian as John Newton out of so hardened and desperate a sinner. A very eloquent and spiritually-minded minister once said to me: "Before I was converted, I wondered how any one could live in the house with me."

During my forty-four years of pastorates, when I received converts into the church, I often recognized the fact that one candidate for membership had been reared in a frivolous and worldly family—and another had a naturally violent temper—and another was constitutionally timid and irresolute—and still another had to contend with hereditary sensualities of temperament or practice. Some of the over-hasty and headlong had to be held back and tested, and some desponding doubters had to be encouraged. A study of the experience of our blessed Lord in building twelve disciples out of the material that came to his hands is full of solemn suggestion, and one of those twelve tumbled into ruin under the very eyes of the Master Builder!

Character building is like cathedral building—a gradual process. No Christian is born full grown, else there would be no sense in divine injunctions to "grow in grace" and to "press towards the goal of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The corner-stone of every truly regenerate character is the Lord Jesus; other foundation can no one build on without risking a wreck in this world and eternal ruin in the next world. The first act of saving faith is the joining of the new convert to the atoning Savior. Then upon that solid foundation must be added the courage, the meekness, the patience, the conscientiousness, the honesty, the loving kindness, and the other graces that make for godliness. Let no young beginner be disheartened. Oaks do not grow like hollyhocks. A solid Christian character cannot be reared in a day—nor is it to be done simply by Sabbath service or by sacraments. Some poor pumice-stone has to be thrown out, and not a little bad timber rejected in spite of the varnish on it.

The Bible is the only plumb-line to build by, and it must be used constantly. All the showy ornamentation that a man can put on his edifice amounts to nothing if his walls are not perpendicular. Sometimes we see a flimsy structure, whose bulging walls are shored up by props and skids to keep them from tumbling into the street. I am afraid that there are thousands of reputations in trade, in politics, in social life, and even in church life that are shored up by various devices. No Christian can defy God's inexorable law of gravitation. It is a mere question of time how soon every character will "fall in," if it is not based on the rock, and built according to Jesus Christ's plumb-line. It may go down in this world; it is sure to go down in the next. Let everyone, therefore, take heed how he or she buildeth; for the last great day will test the work of what sort it is.

Finally, let us all bear in mind that if we are Christ's workmanship, we must let our wise and loving Master take His own way. We must allow Him to use

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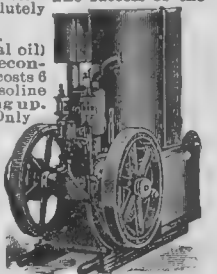
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His own tools. Oh, how much cutting and chiselling we often need! How keen, too, and sharp is the chisel which He sometimes uses! The sound of His hammers is constantly heard; and with it are also heard the wondering cries of some sufferer who exclaims: "Why art Thou applying to me the file, the saw and the hammers?" Be still and know that whom He loveth He chasteneth! If we are Christ's building, then let Him fashion us according to His divine ideal of beauty, at whatever cost to our selfishness or pride, or indolence, or vainglory. Christ working in us and upon us—and we working with Christ and for Him—that is the process that produces such structures as He will present before His Father and the holy angels.—Religious Herald.

Our Unexpected Perils.

By Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.

Many of life's worst dangers are unsuspected. Disease lurks oft-times in a soft, still, dreamy atmosphere, which we think delicious, with its sweet odors, while the chill, rough, wintry blast, from which we shrink as too severe, comes laden with life and health. Most of us think of a life of ease, leisure and luxury as the most highly favored lot, one to be envied. Yet there is no doubt that a life of rugged toil, hardship and self-denial, which we look upon as almost a misfortune, is far safer than one of ease.

There was laid one morning on the minister's pulpit a little folded paper, which, when opened, contained the words, "The prayers of the congregation are requested for a man who is growing rich." It certainly seemed a strange request for prayer. If it had been for a man who, through misfortune, had become suddenly poor, or for a man who was suffering in some great adversity, or for one who had met with sore loss or bereavement, every heart would at once have felt deep sympathy. Such experiences as these are thought to be trying and perilous ones, in which men need special grace. But to ask prayers for a man who was growing rich, no doubt, to many people in the congregation seemed incongruous. Should it not rather have been a request for thanksgiving for this man's success?

Yet when we open the Bible we find that the experience of growing rich is indeed set down as one full of spiritual peril. It was Jesus who said, "How hardly shall they who have riches enter the kingdom of God!" And St. Paul said, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is a root of all evil." There is no doubt that when a Christian is growing rich he needs the prayers of God's people whether they are requested for him or not. Countless men have buried their manhood in the fabrics of earthly prosperity which their hands have reared. Many a man's envied fortune is in God's sight but the splendid mausoleum of his soul. We do, indeed, need the prayers of God's people in the time of prosperity that our hearts may be kept warm and soft, and that we may be sheltered by the love of God from all the insidious dangers and hurtful influences that belong to the experience of worldly favor.

Another condition that, according to the Scriptures, hides an unsuspected peril, is one of unbroken prosperity. "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God." Those who are thus described are free from trouble, from adversity, from misfortune, from disappointments. It is not usual that such an experience is regarded as one of danger. Indeed, we naturally consider such persons as peculiarly favored. For example, here is a home which has gone on for a long time without saddening changes. Business has prospered, and the circumstances of the household have become more and more easy. There have been no long serious illness, causing pain and anxiety, no deaths breaking the happy circle of loved ones. No one naturally looks upon that

household as in any peculiar danger. The neighbors do not have special prayers for it in the church. Yet there is no doubt that insidious moral dangers do lurk in such an experience. Oft-times God has less and less welcome in such a home. Christ is lost out of the household life, and beneath the bright earthly prosperity the angles see spiritual death.

The same is true of individual life. Unbroken prosperity is the bane of spiritual good. For one thing, it hinders growth in knowledge and experience. There are truths that can be learned better in darkness than in light. We should never see the stars if there were no night to blot out the glare of day. And there are truths in the Bible which are perhaps never learned in the brightness of human joy. There are divine promises which by their very nature are invisible in the noonday of gladness, hiding away like stars in the light, and revealing themselves only when it grows dark around us. The deeper meaning of many a word of Scripture is learned amid life's painful changes.

There are also developments in spiritual growth which cannot come in time of unbroken prosperity. The artist was trying to improve a dead mother's picture. But the son said: "No; don't take out the lines. Just leave them, every one. It wouldn't be my mother if all the lines were gone." It was well enough, he said, for young people who had never known a care to have faces free from wrinkles; but when there have been seventy years of love, service and self-forgetfulness, it would be like lying to cover up their tracks. The very beauty of that old face was in the wrinkles and the lines which told of what her brave heart and strong hands had done for love's sake. There is a blessing in such a life. But in the life of ease which many a woman lives there hide sore perils.

Another of the unsuspected perils of no changes is the lessening of dependence upon God. While there are no breaks in the flow of favors, we are apt to forget that all our good gifts came from our Father's hand. It is a sad hour in any life when the consciousness of the need of God fades out of it. It seems pleasant to go on making plans of our own, and carrying them out without check or defeat. We like to say we are masters of circumstances, that we make all things serve us, that we turn all obstacles into stepping-

stones, climbing continuously upward upon them. But a little thought will show the peril that hides in thus having always one's own way. It is not the doing of our own will, but God's, that leads to perfect character and blessedness. Unless, therefore, we are filling out God's plan for our life, the unbrokenness of the prosperity is not an unmixed good. Most of us need to be baffled oft-times in our schemes, to be defeated in our projects, to have our plans fail, to be compelled to yield to a stronger will. In no other way can the sense of dependence and obligation be kept warm in the heart. If we always get our own way, we are apt, being human, to grow proud, wilful and rebellious. It is a sore misfortune to any of us if, in having our own way, we forget God and cease to love and follow Christ. Says Archdeacon Farrar: "God's judgments—it may be the very sternest and most irremediable of them—come, many a time, in the guise, not of affliction, but of immense earthly prosperity and ease."—Interior.

Consciousness and Conscience.

By Frederic Denison Maurice.

That word "conscience" is one on which we cannot meditate too earnestly. You should consider it along with the adjective "conscious." You should consider what you mean when you say, "I am conscious" of something. You should remember that it is derived from two words signifying "to know" and "together with." You must see that it implies that you know or take account of something which is passing within your own self. It leads us into this deeply solemn thought that a man can not only perceive the things that are without him, but that he has eyes within, and that there is a whole world for him there to contemplate. But this is an appalling reflection if we do not pursue the thought higher, if we do not ascend from the word "consciousness" to the word "conscience" if we do not reflect that it is not our own voice merely, that is speaking within, but the voice of another, the perfect Teacher, Reprover, Guide; and if we do not believe that it is possible to ascend from the consciousness of His presence into communion with His character and will.

The New Nature.

By Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

When Napoleon was on the island of St. Helena, the government gave orders that he should not be greeted as an emperor, but should only receive the salute of a general. When they told Napoleon that the British government had stripped him of his imperial dignity, that they were to come in and speak to him as a general, he replied: "Ah, but they cannot take myself from myself. I am imperial to the end."

Sometimes crowns disappear from your brows, and communion is taken away, because you have been neglectful and unwatchful; but the childhood that salvation brings to you, the new nature that the indwelling Spirit expands and develops in you, cannot be taken away; you are Christ's to the last. Stand fast, then, Christ is looking on, and He will keep you. Be an honour to Him, and you will get home.

Our Duty.

By Samuel Smiles.

We have each to do our duty in that sphere of life in which we have been placed. Duty only is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life. The truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfilment. Of all others, it is the one that is most thoroughly satisfying and the least accompanied by regret and disappointment. In the words of George Herbert, the consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."

Enthusiasm Plus Prudence.

By Phillips Brooks.

There are trees whose fruit does not ripen till their leaves have fallen; but we are sure that the ripe fruit does not laugh at the fallen leaves, whose strength it has drawn out into its own perfected shape and color. If you do not see the visions you saw when you were a boy, that does not prove that the vision is not true. That boy's belief that man is essentially noble, and the world is full of hope, is as genuinely a part of your total life as

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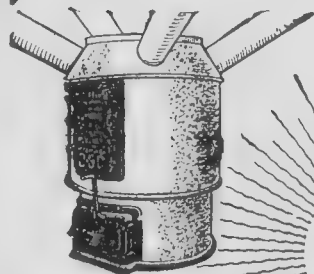
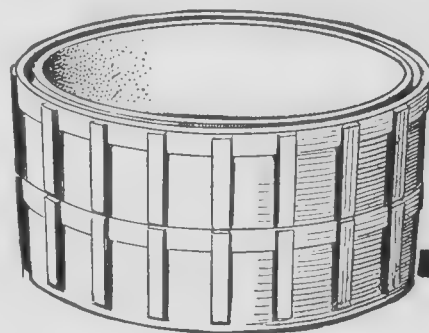
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this man's experience that men will cheat, and that the world's great wheels move very slowly. The emotions grow less eager and excited, but the convictions ought to be growing always stronger—as the kernel ripens in the withering shell. Believe in man with all your childhood's confidence, while you work for man with all a man's prudence and circumspection. Such union of energy and wisdom makes the completest character and the most powerful life.

Tighten the Buckles.

It is related that a cavalry officer, with a small number of followers, was pursued by an enemy who were in large force. He discovered that his saddle-girth was becoming loose; his comrades were urging him on to greater speed; but he dismounted, tightened the loose buckle, and then rode on, amid the shouts of his companions. The broken buckle would have cost him his safety—perhaps his life. His wise delay ensured his safety, and sent him out of the reach of his pursuing enemies.

This incident suggests several spiritual lessons. A very obvious one is that the Christian who is in such haste to rush off to his business in the morning that he does not spare any time for his Bible or for prayer, is quite likely to "ride for a fall" before sundown. One of the most eminent Christian merchants of New York told me that he never met his family at the breakfast table until he had a refreshing interview with his God over his Bible and on his knees. His family worship afterwards was not only a tightening of the buckle for himself, but was a means of safety to his household. One of the greatest dangers in these days is that too many children are growing up—even in nominally Christian families—with sadly lax sentiments in many vital directions. They have loose views about God's Day and God's Book, and very loose practices as to attendance upon God's worship. They start out in life with a broken buckle, and when the stress of temptation comes, they are easily thrown to the ground. Fathers and mothers owe to their children as well as to themselves the duty of tightening the saddle-girth.

Not only do many families suffer from laxity in parental government, and godly parental training, but I fear that some congregations suffer from laxity in the teachings of their ministers. No church is very likely to rise higher than its own pulpit. If the shepherd of the flock holds loose doctrines; if he is so "liberal" that he gives away, or throws away vital truths; if he lets down too many bars, that the Bible puts up, then it is no wonder that the flock wanders off into the ways of worldliness. There is no danger in these days of excessive strictness, or of "puritanical" principles or practices. The danger is just from the opposite direction. Would it not be a wise thing if some pastors, who see that their churches are being overtaken and demoralized by worldly temptations, should call a halt, and tighten their buckles?

The incident at the head of this brief article has a very close application to the maintenance of a vigorous, happy and useful Christian life. The very word "religion" is derived from a Latin word that signifies "to bind fast." True religion means the being bound fast to the Lord Jesus Christ in constant dependence on Him and obedience to Him. It is the very opposite of loose thinking and loose living. How to keep up a healthy spiritual life is the daily problem with every Christian. The parable of the buckle gives a hint. True piety is never self-sustaining. We only can "do all things through Christ that strengtheneth us." Without Him nothing, with Him everything. Therefore it is that our Bible exhorts us with prodigious emphasis to "pray without ceasing." When we relax in this vitally important duty, the enemies will soon overtake us, and leave us in the dust. Brethren and sisters, tighten the prayer-buckle.

A Sermon for To-day.

By Henry F. Cope.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi., 11.

In the prayer that men of almost every creed and those of none can join in praying we ask for the gift of daily bread. Does this mean that any are so foolish as to suppose that by miraculous intervention in answer to that petition

our tables will be spread and our natural appetites satisfied? Perhaps it has this childish meaning to some.

But to those who enter into the universal significance of this petition it has a finer, greater content. It stands for that of which we are always conscious when we come into the presence of the infinite and find ourselves in the light of truth, and that is that we are never sufficient for any day without the bread that must be given to us, the food that strengthens the inner life.

Intellectually and spiritually we have not grown much beyond the high chair if our life has no deeper and more constant needs than those of meat and drink, if we have not come to know that man does not live by bread alone, if we have not come to feel that no matter how great the abundance of things may be, unless we are nourished and supplied within we are in miserable poverty and famine.

That is the bitter tragedy of many lives, that they never come to know a



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Now, I can't cure everything. I don't claim to, and I don't take a case that I don't feel sure of, but all these troubles which come from an early waste of vitality, from dissipation of any kind, from decay of nerve power, or from any organic, stomach, liver or kidney weakness, I can cure, and those are the cases I am willing to tackle and take chances on. I am curing them every day. All I ask is reasonable security for my Belt while you are wearing it.

Dear Sir,—I have worn your Belt as I should for over a month now and I feel as if life was worth living. I now spring at everything and never quit until it is done. I now have no pains if I bend my back, and no racking headaches. People say, "Is that the young fellow that used to walk around like an old man? What has come over him?" If they ask me the question I will tell them. My ambitions have risen sky-high; before they were in the grave. I cannot thank you enough.

G. Pratt, Treherne, Man.

Dear Sir,—I am getting along nicely now. My nervous system is getting stronger all the time. Your Electric Belt has certainly worked wonders for me and I will have great pleasure in recommending it to any one who may wish to use one. I would not be without it now for far more than it cost me. You may use this as you wish.

That's enough. You need the cure. I've got it. You want it. I'll give it to you or you need not pay me a cent. Come and get it now. The pleasurable moments of this life are too few, so don't throw any away. While there's a chance to be husky and strong, to throw out your chest and look at yourself in the glass and say, "I'm a man," do it and don't waste time thinking about it.

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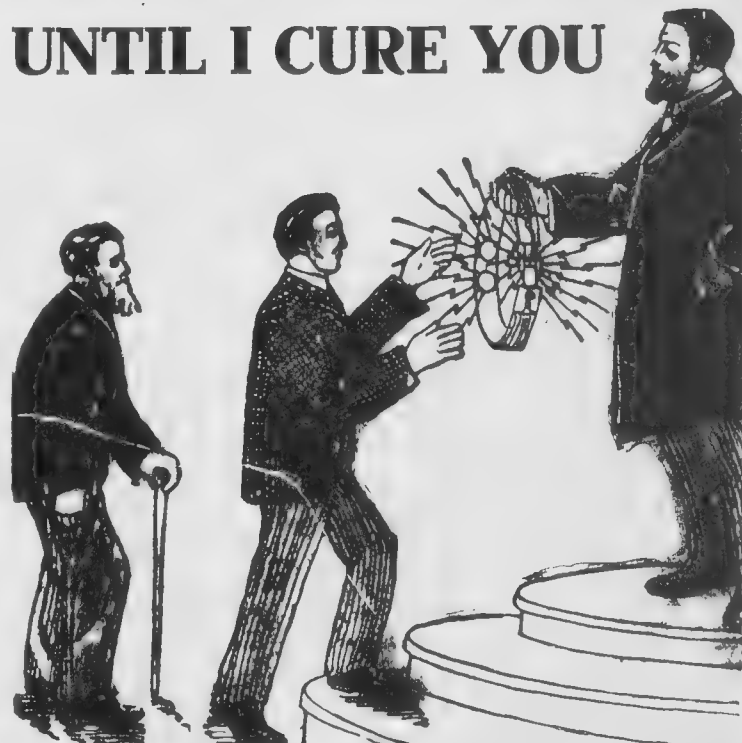
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That part of our nature which we call the emotional is much more highly developed in women than in men. They are more sensitive, more tender, more sympathetic, more pronounced in their likes and dislikes, more susceptible to the extremes of pleasure and pain; and these refined mental qualities, no less than beauty of form and feature, make up the atmosphere of attractiveness and charm which always surrounds true womanliness.

The continued existence of these winning, engaging womanly characteristics depends to a very large extent on the regularity of the womanly functions and the condition of the womanly organs; and when these functions and organs become disordered or diseased the same mental qualities which are the glory of a well woman become the source of suffering and torture almost indescribable. Her cheery hopefulness is changed to a feeling of despondency, almost of despair, and she is haunted with forebodings of worse evils to come. Instead of being entertaining and companionable, she becomes moody and irritable, being unable to keep her mind from dwelling on her troubles. She becomes morbidly sensitive, imagining that she is being slighted or forsaken by her relatives and friends and she has a most humiliating sense of her miserable condition and of her loss of her womanly attributes. If she is religiously inclined she is very liable to be oppressed with doubts and fears in regard to her spiritual condition, or to think that she is eternally lost. In addition to this, she has also to endure the most distressing aches and pains.

What makes the case still more pitiable, especially with married women, is the fact that few men understand or appreciate the extent of their suffering, or the seriousness of the troubles causing it. Many doctors even speak of these disorders as subjects for ridicule, and the poor sufferer often gets a reputation for being a crank or a scold when she more nearly approaches being a martyr.

As these disorders are due to a disordered condition of the womanly organs, it is evident that to effect a cure these organs must be restored to normal condition; or, in other words, the circulation, which has become congested and stagnant in these parts, must be improved so that the waste matter will be expelled, and the nourishment so badly needed be brought to these suffering organs. It is the waste matter, or broken down tissue, which is held in the stagnant blood vessels in these parts, that causes most of the suffering by oppressing the nerves located in these parts.



certainly and as positively on all female troubles as anti-toxin does on diphtheria.

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hunger not satisfied by the delights of the flesh; they live and die in a world circumscribed by things. Neither this nor any other prayer can have any reality to them, because their hands can grasp all their hearts seem to need. They may use the phrases of another life, but they are wholly limited to this one.

The meaning of this prayer may well be the measure of a man. If it means but bread what is he more than a digesting animal? But if it means longing after truth, hunger for love, the passion for perfection, the desire for the presence of great thoughts, then he has in him godlike capacities. Then to him prayer becomes not simply a possibility but a necessity which compels the habit of aspiration.

This is the prayer that humanity has been breathing in all its art, its music and poetry; this has been the root of religion, the sense of the unsatisfied life and the unceasing endeavor to find that which meets those needs not catalogued in our physiologies nor met by our markets. Because man is a spirit he cries aloud for the life and light that lie beyond the dust and clay.

The reason so many even professedly religious people live such brutish lives is because they are crushing down this longing; they are too busy with the trifles and tools of living to provide for the needs of life itself, or they foolishly hope to satisfy and nourish their souls by weekly, predigested meals.

No man can make a greater mistake than he who neglects the appetites of his heart, who perhaps thinks to himself, I am a practical man; I have no time to waste in moonshine, in poetic or idealistic dreamings. The most impractical lives are those that have no time for dreams and the emptiest those whose hands are so full they have no time for their hearts.

When you get back to the secret of all great lives you will find this always true: That their roots struck deep; far from below the surface they were daily securing strength, endurance, courage to attempt high things and faith born of a sense of the things that do not change—the eternal verities.

We must find time to nourish the affections, feed the flame of high faith, satisfy life's inner longings for food that never was on table nor on board or we shall die at the roots, and, while maintaining all the other forms of life, shall be but walking forms from which the soul has fled.

We need to pray "Give us this day our daily bread" to reach out our hands to the infinite, to believe that in some way the great Father of spirits knows our spirit, can speak with us; that the life beyond, the larger, completer life for which we were born, may be seen at times; its fair fruits may sometimes be our portion and in the strength of that food we may live our days as those who live forever.

Memories Worth Having.

Life's best days are not those to which we look forward with most expectation of happiness, but those to which we may look back with most of gladness. They are those in which we were helped to do some disagreeable duty manfully, or to make some sacrifice for others, or to enter into truer and more loving relations with our fellow-men. They are the days which stand the test of experience and reminiscence and are lit up with the light which shines on duties done, troubles faced, burdens borne. For the beautiful things of life are most often those which were harsh and painful actualities when they were close at hand, but which have grown gracious and lovely as they have passed into the region of memory. So they live on with us when mere pleasures and diversions are forgotten, and we love to turn back to them in thought, while for many of our happinesses and our pleasures we may be most inclined to ask the power to forget.

My Pa Wont Play With Me.

My paw he's the bestest man, he brings me lots of toys,
And candy, too, and all sich things,
what's good for little boys;
He lets me go to circusses and spend my money free,
He buys me lots of Sunday clothes, but he won't play with me.

Most evening after tea, I gits my ball to play,
And ask my paw to catch it, but he's allus sure to say,
"Don't bother, son, I'm busy now; go on to bed," says he,
Then off I go a wishin' that my paw would play with me.

Sometimes when I kneel down at night, just sorter so, to pray,
Old Nick slips in betwixt the lines and almost makes me say,
"Oh, Lord, send me a paw that ain't got so much biz, so's he
Can find a little weency, teeny time to play with me."

I 'specks that great big mens don't want to have some fun no way,
And maybe 'twouldn't look just right to see them run and play;
But I jis' can't help thinkin', sir, what great sport 'twould be
If paw'd been born a little boy, so he could play with me.

Some day when I feel sorter tough, with sand up in my craw,
And ain't a-skeered of gettin' licked, I'll bet I tells my paw,
"Say, dad, if you jis' want to be right up to date you see,
You'd better come down off your perch and learn to play with me."

I ain't much on philosophy, but I got it on my slate,
Jis' chalked it down in black and white, and feel compelled to state,
"Of course, I loves my paw, and then he loves me, too, but we
Could love each other better if he'd only play with me."

—W. Halleck Mansfield.

Making Men Believe You.

You must win men's faith before you can do anything to make them wise or happy. Therefore it is that the mere amount of a man's intellectual power or the mere degree of truth in a man's doctrine is never a complete test or assurance of the power he will have over other men. A crazy character or a blatant infidel will make the whole world listen and fill men with his folly if he can only make men believe in him; while Wisdom herself may cry aloud in the chief place of concourse and no man hear, and the whole crowd go away as foolish as it came.

If you really want to help your fellow-men, you must not merely have in you what would do them good if they should take it from you, but you must be such a man that they can take it from you. The snow must melt upon the mountain and come down in a spring torrent before its richness can make the valley rich. And yet in every age there are cold, hard, unsympathetic wise men standing up aloof, like snow-banks on the hill-tops, conscious of the locked-up fertility in them, and wondering that their wisdom does not save the world.

Ottawa Ladies' College.

The Ottawa Ladies' College has just completed a most successful session. One hundred and seventy-three pupils were enrolled during the year, sixty-four of whom were in residence.

Sixteen young ladies graduated and several others took diplomas and certificates in the domestic science and in the commercial course. The aim of this college is to develop womanhood, strong, intelligent, cultured, prepared for the duties of life in the house, society and in the church.

The staff is unsurpassed in efficiency and character, and the whole work of the college proceeds harmoniously under the guidance of the President, Rev. Dr. Armstrong.

The Little Ones.

One of the Little Women.

(From the Chicago Post.)

One of the Little Women, she came up to heaven's gate,
And seeing the throng was pressing, she sighed that she fain would wait.
"For I was not great nor noble," she said; "I was poor and plain.
And should I go boldly forward, I know it would be in vain."

She sat near the shining portal, and looked at the surging crowd,
Of them that were kings and princes, of them that were rich and proud;
And suddenly she trembled greatly, for one with a brow like flame
Came to her and hailed her gladly, and spoke to her her name.

"Come, enter the jeweled gateway," he said, "for the prize is thine;
The work that in life you rendered was work that was fair and fine;
So come, while the rest stand waiting, and enter in here and now—
A crown of the life eternal is waiting to press thy brow."

Then trembled the Little Woman and cried: "It may not be I;
Here wait they that wrought with greatness, so how may I pass them by?
I carved me no wondrous statues, I painted no wondrous things,
I spake no tremendous sayings that rang in the ears of kings.

"I toiled in my little cottage; I spun and I baked and swept;
I sewed and I patched and mended—O, lowly the house I kept!
I sang to my little children, I led them in worthy ways,
And so I might now grow famous; I knew none but care-bound days.

"So was it by night and morning, so was it by week and year;
I worked with my weary fingers through days that were bright or drear;
And I have grown old and wrinkled, and I have grown gray and bent;
I ask not for chants of glory now that I have found content."

"Arise," cried the waiting angel. "Come first of the ones that wait;
For you are the voices singing, for you do we open the gate;
So great as has been thy labor, so great shall be thy reward."
Then he gave the Little Woman the glory of the Lord.

The Wind's Children.

The wind was blowing the big trees, and tossing their branches up and down as if it would tear them all to pieces.

Arthur and Minna stood at the window watching the great gale; they were half scared at its wild work. "Poor little birdies," said Minna, with a trembling lip; "the wind'll blow their nesties down."

"No, indeed!" cried mamma; "the birdies know how to fasten their nests tight. God teaches them how."

"Does God send the wind, mamma?" asked Arthur, leaving the window and going over to rest his elbows on mamma's knee. Then mother told him that the wind was God's servant, too, like the sunshine and sweet air.

"What does the wind do?" asked the little boy again.

"Oh, a thousand things!" was his mother's answer. "I can't tell you a thousand, but I will tell you one. Once upon a time there was a bunch of pretty wool-grass growing by the side of a little stream."

"What is 'wool-grass'?" asked Arthur.

"Don't you know? Well, when we go to walk to-morrow I will show you some. This bunch had bloomed in the summer, and now its seeds were ready to be planted and grow into more bunches of grass. 'If I let my seed fall

down here by me,' said the mother bunch, 'it won't have room to grow.' The seed babies had six little white wings to fly away on. But as they could not fly alone, they had to wait until God's messenger, the wind, came along. He caught up all these seed babies and blew them to a nice new place, where there was room for them to grow into beautiful new bunches of wool-grass."

Arthur and Minna were smiling until all dimples showed at this true story of the wind and his seed babies.

Sir Jack the Boastful.

(M. E. R. in the Child's Hour.)

"There they come! Hark to the music! That's the grand car for the band. It always goes first in a procession," said Minna, thrusting an eager face through the window.

"Yes," replied the thoughtful Jess; "but how tired all the poor horses look!"

"See, here come the camels," shouted Jack and Elsie; "yes, and two elephants!"

"I wonder," said Mary, "if they will all be performing at the circus this afternoon! They won't have any time to rest."

"Those great covered waggon holl the lions' and tigers' cages," said Jack. "I wish they were open so that we could see them. I went to a Zoo once and heard the beasts roar, but I wasn't a bit afraid; I'm such a brave boy!"

"Really?" questioned Minna, doubtfully.

"Why, yes, of course; a boy's bound to be brave, you know. We boys are not like a pack of cowardly girls."

"Thank you!" said Mary laughing.

"If," continued Jack, cocking his little snub nose and holding his head high, "if I were to meet a lion or a wolf in the street, I would face him boldly till he turned and ran away to avoid my eye. There was a roar of merriment at this, and Jack, much offended, went on. "You know what uncle said the other day about wild beasts not liking to be stared at. Well, I should stare at the beast till he—"

"Jumped and ate you up?" suggested Jessie; and Jack, finding that all his arguments were unconvincing, and that his own high opinion of his courage was not shared by his sisters, subsided into a sulky silence.

That afternoon they all went out for their half-holiday walk, and coming to a stile, they spied a large dog sitting close on the other side. He seemed to have been left on guard, for a basket was lying close to him, on which he kept a watchful eye.

Jack had not seen the dog before mounting the stile, and now he only peered down distrustfully, looking disturbed in his mind.

"Over with you, Jack," cried Jessie; "you're keeping us all waiting."

"It's—there's a dog here!" stammered Jack.

"Well, what of it?" questioned Minna; "there are dogs everywhere."

"But this one's a strange dog," pleaded Jack; "and I'm afraid he'll bite."

A ripple of laughter went round among the girls at this confession. Then little Elsie, taking hold of Jack's ankles, pulled him down from his perch, and, taking his place, got over the stile, and in a moment was on her knees by the dog, patting and kissing his beautiful head. Then she looked up, her eyes dancing. "Now, Jack," said she, "I'll hold this wild beast while you get over." And Jack, with very red cheeks, scrambled across the stile.

That evening the children were all sitting round the table doing their lessons for the next day, when there came a sudden piercing shriek from Jack, who jumped up from his seat and leaped on to the sofa, whence he peered down at the floor in a perfect panic of fear.

"Why, Jack dear," said his mother, "What is the matter?"

"Oh, mother," cried the boy, "it was a real live mouse! I saw it run over

A MAN'S NEW STOMACH

A cable message from the States relates a most wonderful surgical operation. A man entered the hospital with his stomach in such a bad state that death seemed certain. But the doctors removed his stomach and replaced it by the healthy stomach of a man who had just been accidentally killed. The cable states that the operation proved successful.

This story seems contrary to all natural laws. But it is a fact that thousands who have had weak disordered stomachs have restored them to perfect working order by taking the best—and best-known—of all stomach and liver tonics—Mother Seigel's Syrup. This world-famed remedy is made of roots, barks and leaves which tone and strengthen weak stomachs and stimulate the action of the liver and bowels. Thus it prevents the many ailments that spring from a disordered state of the stomach, such as pains after eating, headaches, dizziness, biliousness, constipation, or languor.

Mr. Simon T. Clannon, Point Michaud, Richmond Co., Nova Scotia, says:—"I began to experience pains after meals, that made me dread to eat. Headaches and constipation followed, and I became weak and pale. After taking two bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup I felt better and soon my cure was complete." Jan. 24, 1910.

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And Mr. A. Matheson, of Boularderie Centre, N.S., writing on January 26th, 1910, stated as follows:—"I find that with Mother Seigel's Syrup at hand, doctors' bills are saved. I would consider myself criminally negligent if I did not have this wonderful medicine always in the house."

Mother Seigel's Syrup has never failed the people who have used it; and it will not fail you. It will renew a weak disordered stomach, and in this way it gives a new lease of life to many people who would be "played out," but for the help that Mother Seigel's Syrup gives.

"I am well acquainted with Mr. Warnell; in fact, I have known him since boyhood. Four years ago he did not seem to me as if he could live three months. He is keeper of the Big Iron Drawbridge of Jeddore, which entails considerable work, and he was obliged to cease his labors on account of sickness. Now, after the help of Mother Seigel's Syrup, he can attend to his duties as well as any man.

Yours truly, P. W. MASKELL,
Stipendiary Magistrate, Halifax Co., N.S.

Mr. David Hickie, of Lorne, Restigouche Co., N.B., writes under date of January 16, 1910:—"For about five years I have suffered continually from Liver Complaint. I used only one bottle of Seigel's Syrup and was entirely cured. It is now over a year since I took the medicine and I have not felt any return of the sickness."



Mrs. Eutache Vandette, of Penbrooke, Ont., says:—"I suffered for over six years from stomach troubles, palpitation of the heart and rheumatism. I suffered very much from a kind of tired feeling, after eating, and was subject to headaches and sleeplessness. I began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup, and three months' time was sufficient to cure me. January 1st, 1910.

the end of the table and then pop down, and it must be on the floor now.'

Jessie looked up slyly.

"That's the second time to-day, Jackie," said she, with a twinkle in her waucy eye.

There was silence for about ten minutes, and then Minna, who was the scribbler of the family, produced a scrap of paper upon which she had written the following elegant poem:—

"Sir Jack was a hero, and brave to a fault.

Quite ready—in words—for defense or assault.

He feared not the beasts in the great lion-house,

But he drew the line at a dog and a mouse.

We would counsel Sir Jack, when to fighting he goes,

To slay Giant Brag as the worst of his foes."

"Never mind, Jackie dear," said little Elsie, stealing a hand into her brother's, when Minna's verse had been read out. "You'll be the bravest of the lot of us some of those days."

"I don't think so," said poor Jack; "but, anyway, I'll never brag any more."

Dragon Alcohol.

"I saw the funniest thing, mother, on my way home, and I cannot stop laughing about it," and Bill could hardly talk for laughing.

Mother waited for him to control himself, then asked him what in the world he had seen that was so funny.

"Why, mother, it was Mr. Hunt, and he was so drunk that he could not walk straight; he bumped into lamp-posts and nearly fell into the gutter two or three times, and he was muttering to himself all the time. The boys said they had never seen such a funny drunk."

"Bill, do you really think that was funny?" asked mother, looking very serious. "Would you think it funny to see your father coming up the street in that condition?"

"Why, of course not, mother; father would never do such a thing," said Bill indignantly.

"Let me tell you something, Bill. Mr. Hunt has three children, the youngest a boy about your age. Once he was a rich man; he loved his family and took good care of them; but some of his friends told him that an occasional glass of beer

would be good for him, so he began to have it in his home, although Mrs. Hunt tried to persuade him against it. He said, 'A glass once in a while won't hurt me.' But it soon got to be more than once in a while.

"In a short time there was a great change came over Mr. Hunt; he would be cross when he came home, and nothing seemed to please him. So it went on from bad to worse, until now, that dreadful 'Dragon Alcohol' has him completely in his power. He cannot get enough money to take proper care of his family.

"You see, dear boy, that what you thought was so funny is really very sad, and mother hopes you will never laugh when you see a man drunk; but think of the dear children he may have who are suffering for food to eat."

Bill did not laugh any more, but sat very quiet for a long while; then he said: "Mother, may I give Mr. Hunt's little boy some of my things?"

The Coming of Perseus.

Many years ago, a king wanted to get rid of his daughter, Danae, and her

beautiful little boy, Perseus. He feared to kill them, so he put them in a chest and set them adrift on the sea. Night came on. In the chest sat the mother holding her baby close to her, while the moon shone down and the little stars peeped out from their playground in the clouds. The small waves lapping against the box made a sound like sweet music. When the baby looked up at his mother and smiled she would smile back at him and sing a sweet lullaby and he would fall asleep. The moon and stars watched the mother, and the mother watched her baby hour after hour. And always the chest rocked up and down, up and down, carrying the boy and his mother on toward a stretch of white sand behind them. By and by the moon and stars went to their home in the west, and the new day crept up in the east. But always the box went up and down, up and down, nearer and nearer the white sand. A fisherman who lived there and who had no children looked at the box and wondered. He was sad, as was his good wife, for they had no dear little boy of their own. As the chest drew nearer the shore the fisherman, whose name was Dictys, saw the mother and child, and when the chest touched the sand he ran down, in great excitement, and asked of the mother:

"Who are you?"

And she replied:

"I am Danae, and this is my little son, Perseus. But we have been driven out on the ocean, and have no home, and must die."

"Seek no farther," said the kind fisherman. "Come with me to my quiet home and to my good wife. She will care for you both. We have no children, and we will care for Perseus and you."

"But how can I repay you?" asked Danae.

"By teaching the child to love us," said the fisherman. "For the love of children is the greatest blessing of old age."

So Danae and Perseus, Dictys and his wife, lived all together, and were happy for the balance of their lives.

A Trip to Toy-land.

And how do you get to Toy-land?
To all the little people in joy-land?
Just follow your nose
And go on tip-toes;
It's only a minute to Toy-land.

And ho! but it's gay in Toy-land,
This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land;
And woolly dogs white,
That never will bite,
You'll meet on the highways to Toy-land.

Society's fine in Toy-land;
The dollies all think it a joy-land,
And folks in the ark
Stay out after dark,
And tin soldiers regulate Toy-land.

There's fun all the year in Toy-land,
To sorrow 'twas ever a coy-land;
And steamers are run,
And steam-cars, for fun,
They're wound up with keys down in Toy-land.

Bold jumping-jacks thrive in Toy-land;
Fine castles adorn this joy-land;
And bright are the dreams,
And sunny the beams
That gladden the faces in Toy-land.

How long do you live in Toy-land?
This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land.
A few days, at best;
We stay as a guest,
Then good-bye for ever to Toy-land!
—Eugene Field.

How the Rose Got Her Moss Dress.

There was once a pretty little boy whose name was Love. One day he was out at play and played so hard that he got very tired. So he lay down under a rose tree and went fast asleep. On the tree was a pretty pink rose, and it leaned down and watched him while he slept, and nodded up and down to frighten away any flies or insects that might bother him. The birds

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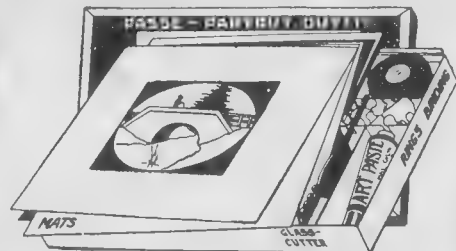
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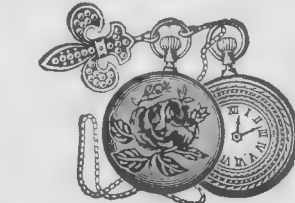
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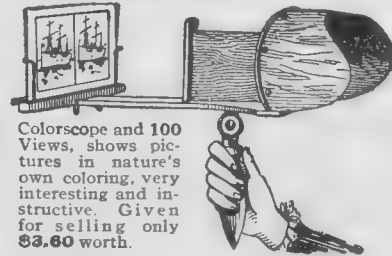
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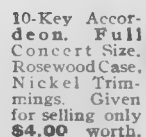
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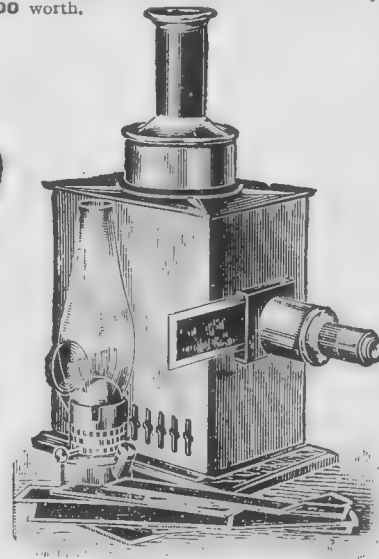
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saw the boy, and sang songs to keep him asleep. The sun came along and looked at him so hard that he woke up. At first the little boy was frightened, but when he saw the pretty rose bowing and nodding to him he was no longer afraid, and he said:

"Have you been watching over me while I was asleep?"

"Yes," said the rose, "I watched you every minute."

"Thank you," said Love. "I wish I could do something for you since you did that for me."

"Can't you give me something to make me prettier than I am now?" asked the rose.

Just for fun the little boy, Love, caught up a handful of moss and threw it at the rose. It fell all around her pink face and clung there.

She laughed, but said:

"Is that all you can do for me?"

"You are prettier than ever," said Love, "for what Love gives us makes us prettier than that of which we boast on our own account."

And from that time that rose has been called the "moss rose," and everybody who sees it loves it.

The White Geranium.

One warm afternoon in the late autumn, in the park of a large town, I had spent an hour lazily watching first an exciting game of hop-sotch among the bigger boys, and then a merry jumping chase at "tag" among the smaller children. They were all just scattering for home, and I was about to go, too, when a little boy and a little girl came and sat down on the bench beside me.

I could see by their clothes that these children were poor, but in spite of that they were quite happy and so excited that they did not seem to notice that someone was sitting on the bench beside themselves. The little girl was talking at a great rate.

"And Jimmy," said she, "teacher said she was going to give a prize for the prettiest one."

"What's it going to be?" asked Jimmy. "I hope you get it, Mary!"

"She says it's a book that'll come every month for a year," answered Mary.

"How can a book come every month?" Jimmy asked her.

"It'll be like a newspaper," said Mary, wisely, "and the postman'll bring it to the house like a letter."

"Oh, 'twill be a magazine," said Jimmy. "I've seen 'em. It's got stories and pictures into it. I hope you get it. They're fine, magazines is."

This conversation was not very clear to me; but in the next breath they began to speak of the plants in the flower-beds near us, and I got an idea of what they were talking about.

"That one's a dandy!" said Jimmy, pointing to a white geranium. "If you gets that one, you's all right!"

"Oh, I hope I do!" exclaimed Mary, clapping her hands together. "There will be a lot of red ones, but I don't think anyone would have a white one but me—a white one is so scarce!"

"Do the park people give these plants away?" I asked, turning to the children, though, of course, I knew all about the annual fall distribution of the city plants.

"Yes, sor, they do," answered Jimmy; and then he told me that every year, when the weather got too cold for the flowers, the gardeners dug up the plants and gave them away, to poor children mostly, who took them home, or to school, where they were "set out" in the window boxes.

And little Mary spoke up, too, and told me about the prize her teacher had offered her scholars for the prettiest plant that was brought into school.

"But they mostly always keep the nicest ones home with 'em" she explained, with a quaint disgusted little air, "and then they're just sure to let them die!"

The next afternoon I came back to the park, for Jimmy and Mary had told me that the distribution was to take place at two o'clock. There was quite a crowd of children clustered around the

gardener, who was digging up the plants in the large bed near the bench where I had sat the day before. He was digging as fast as he could, and giving one plant apiece to the children. The boys were as eager for a flower as the girls. Jimmy and Mary were there, standing together, waiting their turns. I went over and stood near them. Jimmy had a basket in one hand, and was talking excitedly, in a low tone, to Mary.

"Do you think you's got a chance with the white one?" I heard him ask.

"I hope I do," Mary answered, her eyes on the one white geranium in the centre of the bed, "But we can't tell. Perhaps the city won't give that one away. A white geranium is so scarce."

"Do you think we might speak to him?"

"I'm afraid," Mary answered. "He might think we were sassy and not give us any at all."

It soon came their turns! The gardener gave Jimmy, who was nearest, a large coleus, putting it himself in Jimmy's basket. Then it was Mary's turn. I saw her looking longingly at the white geranium. The gardener stooped over. He made no motion toward the white geranium. He gave her a very fine beautiful pink geranium, but the tears started in little Mary's eyes as Jimmy took it for her and laid it with his coleus.

"You never mind," said Jimmy stoutly. "A pink geranium is pretty, anyway."

"Oh, said Mary, "lots 'll have pink ones—there's seven pink ones in this bed! I wanted the white one 'cause it was sure to get the book!" Little Mary struggled to keep back her tears.

They waited, watching the distribution. The white geranium had not yet been dug. Mary still stood there looking at it longingly. I walked over to the gardener. "Can I have that white geranium for a poor child?" I asked.

"I s'pose so, sir," he said, and he put the plant into a flower-pot for me.

When I carried it over to Little Mary and gave it to her, she was so astonished she could not say a word. But Jimmy spoke for her. "I thank ye, sor, I do." They honorably handed back the pink geranium, and then turned and walked away, Mary marching in front with the white geranium in her arms.

One day, about two weeks afterwards, as I was on my daily way through the park, Jimmy and Mary came running up to me quite out of breath.

"She got it!" Jimmy exclaimed. "Mary got it!"

"Good! Good!" I answered. "And was it a nice book?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Mary joyfully. "It is awful full of pictures and stories. May we bring it to you Saturday and show it to you on the lucky bench?"

"She calls it the lucky bench on account of you, sor!" explained Jimmy.

I meet both children quite often in the park, and they always tell me that the white geranium is doing splendidly at school!

—Alden Arthur Knipe.

Peggy's Dolly.

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With no hat on her head and no shoes on her feet.

Yet no little maiden, with dolls by the score,

Is nearly so happy as this child of four. With this one single dolly that's made out of rags,

And the carriage to draw it, a broom that she drags—

For to Peggy's mind's eye, 'tis a beautiful thing,

And the coach dolly rides in just fit for a king.

—M. B. Thurston, in Little Folks.

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The Young People.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)

How the Woodpecker Knows.

How does he know where to dig his hole?
The woodpecker there on the elm tree hole.

How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum or to burrow in?
How does he find where the young grub
grow?—
I'd like to know.

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him.

"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that."

He said, as down on his tail he sat,
"Just listen to this—rrrrr-rat-tat-tat!"
Away to the pear tree, out of sight,
With a cheery call and a jumping flight!
He hopped around till he found a stub.
"Ah, here's the place to look for a grub!
'Tis moist and dead—rrrrr-rub-dub-dub!"

To a branch of the apple tree Downy
hied,
And hung by his toes on the under side.
"Twill be sunny here in this hollow
trunk;
It's dry and soft, with a heart of punk—
Just the place for a nest—rrrrr-runk-
tunk-tunk!"

"I see," said the boy, "just a rap or two;
Then listen, as any bright boy might do.
You can tell ripe melons and garden stuff
In the very same way—it's easy
enough!"

Polly's Day of "Fun."

By Eleanor H. Porter.

Polly Ann Smith was plainly in a bad temper. Her forehead was puckered into ugly frowns, and her eyes looked out from beneath with a cold, unloving gleam.

To begin with, Polly did not like her name, and as to-day was the first day of school, she had just been obliged to tell it to the new teacher. Moreover, Annabel Moore sat right across the aisle and the teacher had called Annabel "dear"—Polly thought "Annabel" the prettiest name in all the world, and "Polly" the homeliest.

When recess came Polly marched off by herself into a corner; from there she sulkily watched her friends playing tag. Pretty soon, a pair of flying little feet dashed by her, and a smart tap tingled on her arm.

"Tag! You're it!" exclaimed Annabel Moore, breathlessly.

"I ain't neither—I ain't playing!" said Polly, sourly.

Annabel laughed good-naturedly.

"O come, Polly," she coaxed. "Don't be so grumpy. Come—be good and play."

"I don't want to be good! Good folks are stupid!" declared Polly, crossly.

"Why, Polly Smith, what an idea!" exclaimed Annabel in a shocked voice.

"Well, they are," insisted Polly, again. Poor Polly's father and mother were dead, and Polly had spent the greater

part of her ten years of life in the care of her grandparents, who were good, and who meant to be kind, but who were very strict and severe. They did not understand in the least how to make a small maid of ten happy.

Annabel's cheeks flushed scarlet.

"My papa and mamma are good and they are not stupid! I know lots of other folks who are good, too," said she, stoutly.

"Well, what is being good?" demanded Polly, quickly.

The sudden question surprised Annabel not a little, but she began her answer bravely enough, though she faltered after the first two words.

"Why, it's—it's being good, of course; doing things for folks to make 'em happy. You—you won't be happy yourself, either, if you aren't good!" she added with sudden dignity, trying to speak like mamma.

Polly shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

"How perfectly horrid everything and everybody is today," she thought miserably. "I'm sure if there's anything to make me happy, I'd like to try it."

A few minutes later, recess being over, Polly sat in her seat, listlessly turning the leaves of her Reader. Suddenly she started, and looked fixedly at a few words near the top of one of the pages. "The easiest way to be happy one's self is to make some one else happy," she read, and shut the book with a bang, causing the teacher to look down sharply at her.

Hard as she tried, Polly could not drive this new idea from her thoughts, and it made her restless all the afternoon. By night she had sullenly decided to "try it and see what 'twas good for, anyhow!" She made up her mind that she would begin the next morning and see if she could find any one to make happy. She told herself that "it wouldn't work," but she went to bed that night with a queer little exultant feeling, much as though she were about to try a new game.

The first thing Polly thought of the next morning was her new plan. She jumped out of bed and ran happily to the window, but a frown quickly appeared on her forehead—it was raining, and Polly particularly disliked rain.

Her face was the picture of woe when she sat down to the breakfast table. She had forgotten all about what she was going to try to do that day, nor did she think of it again until she saw her grandmother hunting everywhere for her glasses.

"O dear," thought Polly, impatiently, "I wonder if that is the kind of things that makes folks happy! Have I got to hunt up those tiresome glasses?"

But in another moment she was searching in what she knew were the favorite hiding-places of those frequently lost glasses, and it was not long before she found them and carried them with sheepish smile to her grandmother.

"Why, thank you—er—dear," murmured the old lady in some surprise.

Polly turned quickly and ran out of the room. There was a queer little feeling in her throat; she wondered what it was.

"Pooh! I don't see as I am so very happy," she declared, with a sour look out into the rain. Then she put on her hat and coat, and catching up her books and her lunch basket opened her umbrella and started for school.

Just ahead of her she spied the familiar red hair belonging to Nellie Jones, and involuntarily her steps shortened. Polly did not like Nellie Jones; in fact, none of the girls did, and the poor child was left forlorn on all occasions. Nellie had made several attempts to be friendly with Polly, but in vain, for Polly had not hesitated to snub her unmercifully, regardless of all rules of kindness or politeness.

For a minute Polly hesitated. "Dear me!" said she to herself with a despairing sigh. "I s'pose 'twould make her happy, now, if I let her walk to school with me. Well, then, I expect I'll have to do it—but I don't see as

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there is anything so happyfying to me in this sort of doing!" And she hastened her steps until she reached Nellie's side.

"Do you want to walk under my umbrella?" asked Polly, a trifle ungraciously.

The supreme delight that showed at once on Nellie's plain little face sent that same queer feeling again to Polly's throat. By the time the schoolhouse was reached, the two girls were chatting quite happily together; Nellie was telling Polly of a brand-new place to find blackberries.

The morning passed quietly. Polly began to take a strange interest in looking for chances to loan her pet pencils and the big, soft sponge that the other girls so admired. She was wonderfully gracious with her smiles all the morning, too.

"At lunch time Polly opened her basket eagerly. She was unusually hungry, perhaps because she had played 'tag' and 'fox and geese' so heartily at recess time. The thin slices of bread and butter and the cold chicken looked very tempting as she spread them out on her napkin which she used as a table cloth. The small frosted cake was Polly's favorite kind, and there was a luscious bunch of grapes for dessert.

Polly's little white teeth sunk happily into the bread and butter, and her thumb and forefinger had just picked up a generous piece of chicken, when her roving eyes chanced to fall upon two hard-looking biscuits and a doughnut that lay on a desk near her. Nellie Jones sat dejectedly before this unappetizing array of food, and Polly could not help



"Unwilling Subjects."

noticing that Nellie's eyes were gazing longingly in the direction of her own chicken and grapes.

"Dear suz me!" sighed Polly. "Why is it that it's always the hard things to do that makes other folk happy!" Then she beckoned Nellie to come to her.

The little girl jumped to her feet and almost flew to Polly's side.

"I—I'm not so very hungry, after all, Nellie," said Polly, gulping down something that seemed to rise in her throat. "You'll have to help me eat my lunch-eon, I guess."

By afternoon Polly had forgotten all about her new "game," as she called it for her studies and recitations kept her very busy.

When school was dismissed she joined a little group of girls outside the schoolhouse, and helped to make joyous plans for the picnic that was to come off Saturday afternoon. As she turned to go home a little later, she found a new teacher at her side.

"Well, my dear, you seem to be wearing a very smiling face. I think you must be happy over something."

Polly skipped joyously. She was thinking of the picnic.

"I am—and I've had lots of fun, today, too!" she exclaimed; then she suddenly remembered, and stopped short, looking up into the teacher's face in as-

tonishment. "Why, Miss Adams—it did work, didn't it?"

"What 'worked' my dear? I haven't the least idea what you mean," replied Miss Adams in mild surprise.

Polly laughed, and colored a rosy red. "O, nothing much, but—I—I—guess I'll try it again, sometime!"

Saved by Water.

I was fifteen years old, very shy and rather sentimental. I had been brought up in the strictest seclusion in my father's country parsonage, and all my mother's time and care had been bestowed upon me, their only child.

I need hardly say I had never been from home, and had never even contemplated the horrors of such a possibility. My dismay, therefore, may be better imagined than described, when one morning after breakfast, just as I was running off to my poultry-yard, my mother called me back, saying that she and my father wished to speak to me. I couldn't help feeling very guilty, and very conscious of the fact that "Lalla Rookh" was at that moment hidden under my mattress. Was it possible that mamma had seen its circulating library cover peeping out? My heart beat fast, and my face was very red, while I stood to hear what she had to say.

"My dear Clara" (of course my name was Clara, and I wore curls), "my dear Clara, your father and I have thought it best to accept for you an invitation to spend a day and a night at your godfather's, Sir Thomas Bullyon, at Golding Park. How shall you like it?"

I felt that it was "out of the frying-pan into the fire." I had much rather they should have found "Lalla Rookh." I had a horror of strange faces, even

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when papa and mamma were present to give me the support of their countenance. But, the idea of being among strangers, alone in a great, grand house, and for a whole day and night, was insupportable. I wept, and bewailed, and entreated in what I considered the most moving terms, such as ought to have melted a heart of stone. But in vain! My parents were for once, inexorable, and I was to go.

I need not detail all I suffered on my journey, nor during my first day. With all Lady Bullyon's kindness, the day dragged wearily on, but I managed to amuse myself tolerably till bed-time, when, after a good-night, I went up to my room, and found, to my horror, that the lady's maid was waiting there to undress me.

"Am I never to be let alone?" I thought.

But I had to submit to her fingers and her tongue, which latter never stopped, to make up for the silence of mine, I suppose. Among other things, she particularly cautioned me not to mistake a rope that hung beside a closet door, for a bell-pull. I inquired why.

"O miss, don't you know?" she said, evidently delighted at the notion that she was about to astonish me by what she had to tell. "Why, miss, the people that lived here before had a raving mad old uncle with a great deal of money, and this was his room, miss, where he lived with his keeper. That closet, miss, is a shower bath, with a great, big cistern over it, big enough to drown you and me; and when he was more than common fractious, his keeper used to lock him in there (you see the key is on the outside) and pull that rope, which let all the water down on his poor old head till he was half dead.

One day when they went to take him out he was quite dead, and his family got all the money. Which 'ill-gotten gains never prosper,' as doubtless you have heard, miss, and it didn't do them much good, seeing they havn't a penny now, owing to spending it all, and was obliged to let this house to Sir Thomas, and hide their heads in foreign parts. They do say, miss, that the poor old gentleman may be seen at night in the shower-bath, beweeeping and bewailing the cruelty of those that killed him, which they did for certain. Good-night, miss, and I hope you may sleep comfortable."

She had certainly not taken the best means to insure that happy result; but though I was shy, I was not in the least nervous about that sort of things, and consequently did not trouble myself much about her parting words. I had to turn my whole thoughts and energies to the consideration of an important question, viz.: how I was to get into bed! It was piled up so high that any ordinary means would have been wholly inadequate. The chairs were all so large and heavy (I suppose to prevent the mad old gentleman throwing them at his keepers), that I found it quite impossible to lift one to the bedside and help myself up that way. The only plan was to take a run and jump, and after many failures, I at length alighted on the top of this mountain of feather-beds. There I lay for some time, watching the flickering of the fire on the ceiling, thinking of home, and of my different misadventures since I had left it so short time ago.

The house had become quiet, every one must have been in bed, when all at once an odd fancy seized me to look into the shower bath and see what sort of a place it was. I fought against

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the idea for some time, but finding it kept me awake, I thought it best to indulge it, and after much hesitation, and not a little laughing at myself for being inquisitive, I descended carefully from the bed, and advanced on tip-toe toward the mysterious door.

I had already placed my hand on the handle, when I suddenly heard a slight noise within. My heart stood still. I thought for a moment, what if it should be the old gentleman's ghost?

But as quickly dismissing so absurd an idea, I remained perfectly still, holding my breath to listen. There! I heard it again, a low rustling such as a person breathing heavily in rather stiff clothes. I had no longer any doubt that some person was hidden there with an evil design. Quick as thought I turned the key so as to lock the door, and seizing the rope which hung close beside, I pulled it violently, at the same time screaming for help. A gasping strangled shout came from within the closet, and then no sound was to be heard but my own screams and the steady down-pour of the water from the cistern. Soon footsteps came running from all directions; my door was opened, and a confused troop of servants, with Sir Thomas at their head, rushed in. But I still clung to the rope as if for my life, screaming, "Don't let him out! Don't let him out!"

Sir Thomas, in the shortest of night-shirts, and the most wonderful night-cap with a tassel at the top, stood motionless with astonishment, grasping in one hand a pair of trousers, and in the other an old scabbard without a sword. The servants, too, overcome with terror, did not stir beyond the door; and had not the water in the cistern failed at last, I know not how long we might have remained in our respective positions. When nothing came of all my tugs at the rope but a few slow, heavy drops, I let go my hold, and gasped out to Sir Thomas: "He is there; I'm sure of it. But you may open the door now; I don't think he can hurt you!"

They did open the door, and sure enough, there lay a half-drowned fustian-clothed ruffian, whose bunch of skeleton keys, and other burglarious implements, sufficiently showed what he had come for. He was thrust into the strong room as soon as he had recovered consciousness, which was not for some time, thanks to my exertions with the rope.

A guard was placed at the door, and he was left to his own meditations till he could be conveyed in the morning to the nearest county magistrate, who would commit him to the county jail. I was taken to Lady Bullyon's own bed, where, all my shyness having departed in the excitement of the moment, I answered all her questions, returned her kisses, and then fell into a dreamless slumber, from which I did not awake till a late hour on the following morning.

The hero of the shower-bath had been already carried off to prison when I at length awoke, but Lady Bullyon told me he had owned to having selected that place of concealment on account of the superstitious horror in which it was held by the servants, as was well-known in the village. He had been watching his opportunity some time, and had made himself so well acquainted with the ways of the household and the interior of the house, that while the servants were at supper, and we were in the drawing room, he quietly walked in at a side door, and went up-stairs to the haunted closet. The arrival of so unimportant a person as myself, and the fact of my occupying that room, had not reached his ears, else he might have probably deferred the execution of his project till another night. As it was, he felt so secure of being uninterrupted, that, without even

locking himself in, he merely shut the door, leaving the key on the outside, and the closet, or rather bath, being very roomy, he sat down on the floor to fill up the time by taking a nap. Thus he never heard me come to bed, nor the maid's conversation, nor indeed anything, till down came the water and roused him with a vengeance, only to deprive him of breath and consciousness almost immediately after. We afterward heard that he was fully committed for trial at the next assizes, where he was condemned to penal servitude for seven years.

Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon overwhelmed me with praises and thanks. They did not know how to make enough of me, and I was only afraid their gratitude might take the form of inviting me to stay longer. But I showed such evident uneasiness when they hinted at it, that they kindly led me go at the time agreed upon, not, however, without many expressions of friendship, and many wishes that they might some day have an opportunity of doing me essential service in their turn. I need not tell you my dear mother's delight at hearing of my exploit. "Who knows what may come of it?" she said; and something substantial did come of it.

When Sir Thomas died, some few years afterward his will was found to contain a bequest of three hundred pounds a year, "as a mark of gratitude for the services he rendered me, and of admiration of her courage and presence of mind. Upon this three hundred a year I live, retired and happy. I was too shy to marry, even ever to be asked to marry, but I am not the less content on that account.

Often when sitting alone with my cats and dogs in the winter evenings, and looking round on my many comforts, my memory carried me back to the various accidents and happy results of my first visit, and the singular adventure which made me a kind of involuntary heroine.

The Power of Eloquence.

By W. Bob Holland.

Nearly the whole town had assembled to watch the final struggle for the life of John Freeman. He was on trial for the murder of Cyrus Maxwell, and all of the evidence had been heard.

The prosecution had established a strong circumstantial case—there was no direct evidence of the prisoner's guilt.

"Cyrus Maxwell is dead," asserted one citizen. "and some one killed him. If John Freeman didn't do it, who did? Tell me that."

No one could tell, and the belief was general that Freeman would be convicted. He said that he had no money; and a young attorney who felt little interest in the case had been appointed to defend him.

A few days before the trial a stranger appeared, had a consultation with the prisoner, and later met the prisoner's counsel. The announcement was then made that the newcomer was an attorney and would be associated with the defense. But during the trial the two attorneys did little, and the cross-examinations of the State's witnesses were perfunctory. The strange attorney took no part in them and paid but little attention to the trial.

The prisoner was a young man, and comparatively a stranger. The man he was accused of slaying was not regarded as a particularly desirable citizen; if a plea of self-defense had been made and had been fairly well established, the community would have been glad if John Freeman had been set free. But the defense was an alibi, the most dan-

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'Canawella' Tea

gerous defense that can be made when it is not clearly proven; and John Freeman did not prove a complete alibi.

Few witnesses were examined for the defense; then the strange attorney arose to make a plea for the prisoner. He was tall and dignified. His smooth-shaven face was lean and his eyes were sharp. Pictures of such a face may be found hanging on the walls of many a State capitol in the South. His hair was white and long and as fine as silk. His frock-coat was buttoned tightly around his slender form, and a black string tie was knotted around his tall collar.

The attorney paid no attention to the jury. He addressed the court and said a few words that were scarcely audible to those in the jury box, and which were entirely lost on the spectators that crowded the court-room. Then he turned to the prisoner, gazed for a moment on the young man, and said:

"John, my boy, you must die. You must leave the world in which you have spent only your youth, and must go to another world about which we have all surmised much but of which we know little. And you must die by hanging.

"You must die the death of a felon in the manner prescribed by the statute. But it will be through no fault of yours and through no fault of the Judge or jury. And it is no fault of the law. The law of this great Commonwealth is all right, John, though you die innocent.

"The law may sometimes expose perjury, but it cannot always reach the man who swears falsely. It cannot always take into account the mistakes of human judgment, to say nothing of the deliberate falsifier who wants to swear away another man's life. Judges and juries have not the power of Almighty God, though they sometimes exercise His authority.

"The human mind cannot look down into the hearts and minds of men and see the malice, hate, vindictiveness, and private purposes that will twist and color facts until they seem to mean something entirely different from what they do mean.

"But it is too late to change all that. We can't help it now; and you must die as you have lived, a brave man.

"I know that you will do that. You come of a race of brave men and brave women. You will go to your death as uncomplainingly as ever a man accepted the cards that fate dealt to him. Your mother, when she was a bride, and yet in her teens, carried from a bloody battlefield the bleeding, senseless form of your father, shot down on the plantation where he was born. And as she carried her loved one to the shelter of the old brick house in which you later first saw the light of day, bullets and shells whistled around her and the shrieks of the wounded and dying filled the air.

"Your father recovered, and for many years he repaid by his tender devotion the bravery of that loving wife. We laid his maimed body to rest only last week, John. He is sleeping with his forbears in the little cemetery you remember so well, and in which I promise that you shall rest. You have lived and will die among strangers, John, but your body will then lie among your kinsmen, by the side of that father and mother who loved you so well.

"But this case does not end here, John. There is another world and another Judge. Your parents are there, John, and you will be with them soon. And there this case will be tried again before a Judge who is all-wise and before whom false witnesses are stricken dumb. Your father and mother will attend that trial; and when the final verdict is rendered, they will know that their confidence in their boy has not been misplaced, and that when tried before a Judge who needs not the aid of counsel or jury the verdict will be 'Not Guilty.'

The tall lawyer stepped in front of the prisoner, who was sobbing audibly, took both of his hands and held them for a moment while he gazed at the tear-stained face. Then he stooped and kissed the prisoner twice on the forehead as he said in a low voice: "We can wait for that day. So, good-bye, John, my boy."

The lawyer sat down beside the

prisoner, holding one of his hands. The prosecuting attorney arose, cleared his throat, and began his speech. He did not talk long, and he closed with a request that the members of the jury do their duty. The Judges' charge was scattering and disconnected, and the jury paid little attention to it.

The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty" within ten minutes, and fifteen minutes later the acquitted man was in a room in the hotel with the gray-haired lawyer.

"Your father," said the lawyer, "has settled with me. And he gave me five hundred dollars which I am to hand to you with the understanding that you leave the United States at once. He says that he has helped you out of trouble the last time he will, but that if you will go to Australia, South America, Africa, or China, you will receive through me two hundred dollars every three months.

"But he also says that if you ever communicate with him directly, or write to your mother, he will cut off the allowance. And I guess you and I both know him well enough to know that he will do as he says.

"You will go to South Africa? Well, I think that is best. Let me know your address and I will see that drafts are mailed to you regularly. No, I don't think I want to shake hands with you. I am too good a friend of your father's to be friendly with you."

The Song Desirable.

Give us the song with the savour of joy in it,

Tickling the heartstrings, and tingling the toes;

Life has too much of a leaden alloy in it; Lighten it, then, of its burden of woes.

Wan, wailing measures may sound more poetical

Who really cares for such sorrowful throes?

Laughter's the thing for us peripatetical Poets who cannot be present-day Poes.

Ripple of brook with a magical rune in it,

Chuckle of raindrops that dapple the pane,

Even the sunshine has a sort of tune in it,

Dancing along to a cheerful refrain!

True, there are songs of a timbre more terrible,

Songs of the storm or the thundering main;

But storm-songs for life make a prospect unbearable

Give us a rollocking measure again!

Two Kinds of Sport.

Calla Harcourt.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman said.

"The world looks so happy, let's each take a gun,

Go out and kill something for pastime and fun,

And proudest be him who counts the most dead."

They blotted out lives that were happy and good,

Blinded eyes and broke wings that delighted to soar.

They killed for mere pleasure, and crippled and tore,

Regardless of aught but the hunger for blood.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman said,

Who carried a kodak instead of a gun.

"The world looks so happy, so golden the sun.

I'll slip to the woods where the wild things hide."

The dear that he "shot" never dreamed of his aim.

The bird that he "caught" went on with her song.

Peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter and wrong.

Yet rich were his "trophies" and varied his "game."

—Our Dumb Animals.

"I FEEL IT MY DUTY

To Give You a Statement In Regard To 'Fruit-a-tives'"

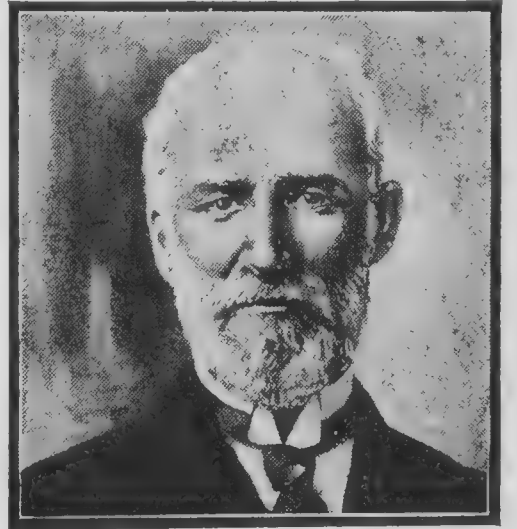
HARDWICKE, MIRAMICHI, N.B., Jan. 17th, 1910

"I feel it my duty to give to you and the world an unsolicited statement in respect to the wonderful cure I received by taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' Chronic Constipation was the complaint I suffered with for years. My general health was miserable as a result of this disease, and I became depressed and alarmed. I was treated by physicians without the slightest permanent benefit, and I tried all kinds of pills and tablets but nothing did me any good.

I saw the strong testimonial in favor of 'Fruit-a-tives' by New Brunswick's 'Grand Old Man', the Hon. John Costigan, and I knew that anything he stated was honest and true and given only to help his fellow-men. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effects were most marvellous, and now I am entirely well from all my Chronic Constipation that I suffered from for so many years. My general health is once more excellent and I cannot say too much to express my thanks for the great benefits derived from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

A. G. WILLISTON.

"Fruit-a-tives" is not gotten up by druggists or expert chemists—who know nothing about disease and the needs of the human body—but is the scientific discovery of a well known physician, and is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



MAKES FAT VANISH

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured. No Charge to try the new KRESSLIN TREATMENT

JUST SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND A SUPPLY WILL BE SENT YOU FREE—DO IT TO-DAY

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be sent, free of charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the Kresslin Treatment, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of



This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases

fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an absolutely harmless way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 1261E, 41 West 25th Street, New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of indorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let him hear from you promptly.

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Broken Knees, Sore Throat, Sore Shoulder, Sore Udders of Cows not in Milk, For Sore Mouths in Sheep and Lambs, For Foot Rot in Sheep, Sprains in Dogs, Cramp in Birds.

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About the Farm.

It's Great to be a Farmer's Wife.

It's great to be a farmer's wife
And live upon a farm.
And rise up early in the day
To fires bright and warm,
That the farmer man has kindled
For his faithful loving one,
Who now prepares his breakfast
And thinks it first class fun.
She hears the bluebird singing,
And she hears the robin's call,
And she serves a wholesome breakfast
To the music of it all.

It's great to be a farmer's wife
And breathe the country air;
To raise the chicks and gather eggs,
And sell for prices fair.
She has her own sleek driving horse,
And carriage of her own,
She's about as independent
As a queen upon her throne.
The children love their mother
And the father loves her too,
And to keep her kingdom moving
Is all she has to do.

It's great to be a farmer's wife
And raise the garden sass,
And have her own fine berries
And gather in the cash.
She has her own sweet Jersey milk,
The butter and the cream;
And a glimpse into her larder
Is like a pleasant dream.
With hours for work and time for rest
She makes the life a charm,
She plans her work and works her plans,
This woman on the farm.

Oh, it's great to be a farmer's wife,
I do not talk for show,
Nor do I talk to hear myself,
I'm telling what I know.
I've loved the Bobwhite's whistle
And I've loved the chicken's talk,
And I've loved the dear free farm life
Since I began to walk.
The country's wide and pure and free,
Untouched by city strife;
I'm glad I was a farmer's child
And now a farmer's wife.

GRACE BANKS-GRIFFITH.

Farmer Boy Stronger.

That farm boys have a finer physical development than boys from the city is shown by statistics compiled by Dr. J. C. Elsom, medical examiner of men at the University of Wisconsin, from measurements of 150 students in the

short course in the college of agriculture compared with those of the freshman class and of 8,000 students of all classes in other colleges.

Though it is claimed that the long hours of heavy labor on the farm, sometimes without sufficient sleep or food, tends to produce an inferior physical development, Dr. Elsom finds his figures prove the opposite, at least for this year's class.

"Ordinarily, in spite of the life in the open air," says Dr. Elsom, "the lung capacity and chest expansion of many of the men from the farms is found to be deficient. This is in part accounted for by the fact that much of the work done on the farm is of heavy, slow character and does not call for an increased respiration, and so often does not favor large chest expansion and lung capacity. The prevalent custom among certain farmers of poorly ventilating their sleeping rooms also contributes to this lack of large capacity of lung."

The farm boy is nearly 6 pounds heavier than the freshman, and 9 pounds more than the average student. His shoulders are broader, his chest measure, inflated, is nearly an inch above average, and an inch and half more than that of the freshman. His waist measure is almost two inches greater than the freshman's and an inch



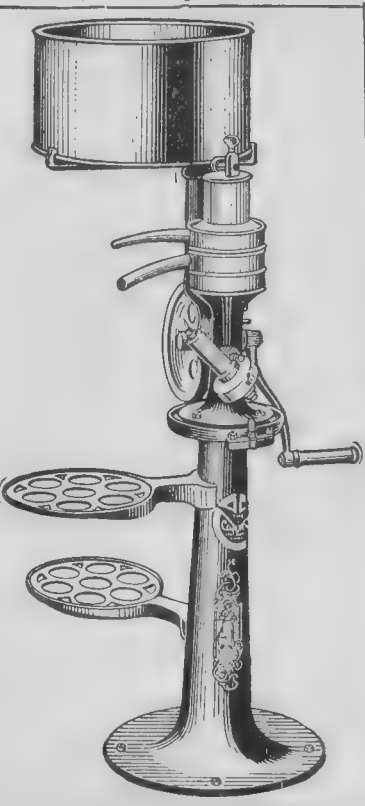
Mary's little lamb.

and a half above average. His right biceps, right forearm and right thigh are larger, and his right calf, though the same as the average, is larger than the freshman's.

His lung capacity is unusual, being 255 cubic inches, 25 inches more than the average and 9 more than the freshman's. In strength of back he is almost 15 kilos above the freshman, in strength of leg 42 kilos above the average and 37 above the freshman, and in strength of forearm he also excels. He is, however, slightly shorter and two years older than the freshman.

The Farmer's Wife.

In reply to question about the farmer's wife, I must say that she is coming to the front, slow but sure. She is treated more as an equal than as a slave. To illustrate, I will tell of a family in our neighborhood. This family consisted of the mother and father and four children. This mother and her four daughters' labor is lightened by a furnace, cream separator, carpet sweeper, sewing machine, washing machine, modern churn and several rugs instead of carpets. She has a piano, organ and a phonograph. She reads the latest papers and books by gasoline light. In the summer her cooking is done on a gasoline stove and her food cooled in a refrigerator. She has ice in an ice house near by and an ice cream freezer. Most of her chickens are hatched in an incubator and raised in a modern



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This book is full of hard-and-fast facts—separator facts—which every dairyman owes it to himself to know; facts which will prove a revelation to the dairyman who is not familiar with The Capital.

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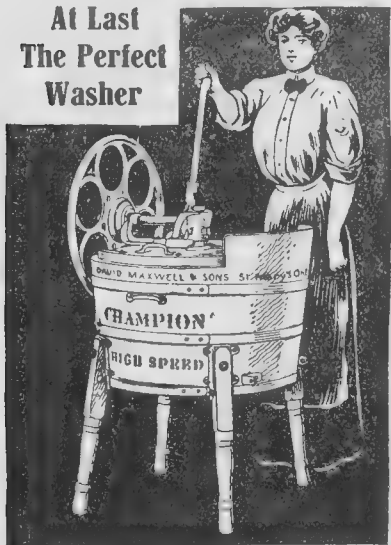
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will remove them and leave no blemish. Does not blister or remove the hair. Cures any puff or swelling. Horse can be worked, \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 6 D free.
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brooder. Her meat is smoked with liquid smoke. She has hot and cold water piped into her kitchen, bath and toilet room. She draws her pin money from the bank where her husband deposits it. She uses her own road wagon and driving horse. Her two oldest daughters have each a saddle horse and riding outfits. She goes to town on Saturday dressed as well as any town woman and knowing her debts are paid.

Now, of course, there are some farmer's wives here that are not so well fixed. There are always some farmers who can't afford as much but there are many who have more labor-saving machinery than the one mentioned.

When to Transplant Trees.

It is best to take up trees and transplant them as soon as the leaves begin to fall, which shows that the activity of growth has almost, if not wholly ceased. In the middle Northwest the best time to take up trees is in September or October. It is usually well to transplant trees not much older than two years. At this stage of life the roots have developed reasonably well and their growth is vigorous. Wounds from ill-treatment in removal will heal easily at this time.

The roots are, as yet, not extensively distributed, therefore labor and time will be saved in digging them out. In handling trees for transplanting one

ity of food materials. In putting the tree in place care should be exercised in getting the tree in a straight and upright position and the roots not crowded or bent. As far as possible, get the tree in same position, or a little deeper, than it was in the nursery.

In covering up, the first few shovels should be of the friable, fine soil, lightly tamped between the roots cover up the roots, then add considerable water so as to thoroughly saturate the soil and bring the soil in closer contact with the roots. Finally add the rest of the soil. Caution—do not add soil until the water has been taken up by the watered soil. Do not tamp or compress the top soil. Fill a little higher than the level of soil around the tree. Allow the soil to be porous so that the air can come in contact with the roots quite freely. Should not enough soil be placed on roots, then there may be danger of the roots freezing in severe winters, or scalding in hot summers, especially in case of freshly planted trees. Should the trees be taken up in the fall of the year and intended for spring planting they should be buried in moist soil over winter.

Improved the Pieplant.

Luther Burbank, the famous California plant propagator, has produced a new variety of pieplant which he thus describes: It is a variety which produces luscious, juicy stalks perpetually



Poultry keeping pays dividends other than dollars and cents. Children delight in caring for the flock.

should be extremely careful not to cut or chip the stem or the main root near its base. If the wound is too large it may prove fatal.

It is a better practice to prune the tree before it is planted, that is prune the lateral roots to about two-thirds of their length, particularly those necessitating a large unproportioned hole to set them in. It saves labor. Prune every root that is mangled or injured and make a nice smooth cut with a sharp knife. Be careful not to prune the large roots too close to the tree for these take up and conduct much nourishment to the tree.

From the stem all lateral branches should be removed and especially those that might give the tree poor form. It is best to leave from three to five of the symmetrical buds on the main branch, so that the tree will continue to grow in length. Always trim the branches proportionately to the extent of the development of root area. Otherwise the development of root area might draw too much upon the weakened and impaired root system and for want of the ability of roots to take up food from soil, the tree eventually dies. It is always best to limit the crown of the tree to the distribution of the roots.

In making the hole for the tree to be planted, always dig it large enough so as not to crowd or coil the roots in any shape. It is best to loosen the soil below as much as possible so as to give the roots a chance to penetrate. If possible, introduce some humus soil or some that does not contain a scarce-

throughout the year, and that do not have the rank, strong taste, or, as some express it, ground flavor, which we naturally associate with the older rhubarbs. In place of this is a mild but pronounced fruity flavor, very much resembling strawberries or raspberries so much so that when this rhubarb is once tasted no one ever cares to taste the old kinds. Being perpetual, it produces a much greater weight of stalks throughout the season than other varieties.

The Hog Quarters.

On many farms the hogs are more neglected than any other farm animal. In the summer time they are allowed to forage and root for themselves and at this they do well. They pick a good living from the clover pastures and spend much of their time in the hog wallow in the ravine. In the winter they cannot rustle as well for themselves and so must receive added attention. Their bed must be made comfortable and plenty of good food has to be provided if they are to make the expected gains. A cold, damp bed is uncomfortable and unprofitable. A straw pile pen soon draws much dampness and allows huddling, which is, not infrequently, responsible for several cases of smothering during the course of the winter.

A warm, roomy, well ventilated, well lighted pen is the only really good bed for the drove. In this column we give

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Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

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Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

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"Am highly pleased with "FIFE" boots. They are the acme of solid comfort. We have had an exceptionally wet Spring, but I have never had a damp foot in them. Previous to this the reverse was the case. Thanking you for prompt attention to order."
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by a practical country shoemaker, the "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Leathers, the kind that is soft and pliable and does not get hard in wear; and can be had with or without hob nails as desired.

PER PAIR \$4.75, CARRIAGE PAID
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but specific prescriptions for particular ailments.

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We will furnish to any physician or druggist, on request, a list of the ingredients in any Na-Dru-Copreparation. Ask your druggist.

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9. On Sale Throughout Canada

If your druggist hasn't the particular Na-Dru-Co article you need, he can get it within 2 days.

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If any Na-Dru-Co preparation is unsatisfactory we will gladly refund your money.

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Stop a headache in 30 minutes. Contain no harmful drug.

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Cures sour stomach—heartburn—flatulence—indigestion—chronic dyspepsia.

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41



Motherless.

the plan of the pens used by Joseph Gordon of Mineral Point. This veteran breeder of Poland China has used this style of pen for many years and considers them both sanitary and convenient. The hinged doors may be swung open and allow every portion of the pen to receive a thorough sunning. The pens are usually faced toward the south in order to secure the most sunlight. Another advantage of the Gordon pen is that it may be easily cleaned and, perhaps, the only objection to this style of pen is that the doors may be left open through oversight and allow rain or snow to beat in upon the bedding.

Lillies-of-the-Valley in Winter

By Eleanor M. Lucas.

There is nothing in the floral world the eye can rest more peacefully on than a well-grown pot of lillies-of-the-valley. To obtain a supply of these blossoms in winter is not a difficult matter, yet few amateurs succeed in forcing them.

Nothing can be daintier for a centerpiece on the dining-table than a low, flat dish filled with these blossoms amid their green foliage. In such a dish, with care as to temperature, they will last for weeks, as they are grown in it, and thus have their own grace, which no florist's skill can produce.

Planted in numbers, lillies-of-the-valley resemble a fairy garden in bloom-time. Shallow boxes of comely shapes, or low, flat seed pans filled with pips of lillies-of-the-valley, will become masses of green leafage and snowy bells, completely covering the soil from sight, and filling an apartment with perfume that is delicate and suggestive of balmy spring.

To grow these plants without a hot-house, proceed in this way: Procure

the best Holland pips. These arrive in this country during November and December and are plump, being especially prepared for forcing. Wrap each pip in moss, wet the moss thoroughly; place in boxes or pots out-of-doors where they may experience the effect of freezing weather. If the wet moss should be frozen stiff it is all the better. Allow them to remain out-of-doors for two weeks or less; then arrange them in the pots, baskets or boxes in which they are to bloom. Place a layer of broken charcoal in the basket or pot, cover with a thick layer of moss or sand, on which put the pips, and pack moss between them. They should be about one inch apart, and let their tips just reach the surface. Bank all about with moss, pressing it down firmly. Water thoroughly, and place in a position where they will get bottom heat and darkness.

The best plan for the amateur is to pack the pots or baskets in a box with a close-fitting lid, and set the box over the register, hot water pipes, or even on a shelf over the kitchen range. Warm water in sufficient quantity should be given to keep the moss moist at all times. Never allow it to become dry.

In about twenty days from the time of planting the buds will appear. Wait until they have long stems and the buds are quite large; then bring the pots to a cool room, and put them at a window with good light, but no sunshine, where the leaves will grow stronger and take on a green color, and the flower stems develop their buds.

In a heated atmosphere and a sunny window the flower stalk will shrivel and the leaves curl up. Give warm water when required. The moss must be kept moist but not wet.

Keep the pots or baskets in a cool place when not in use, that the flowers may retain their fresh beauty as long as possible. Start the pips in succession, thus bringing them into bloom at different periods.



Lincoln ewes. Good enough for any flock.

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Address—THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.

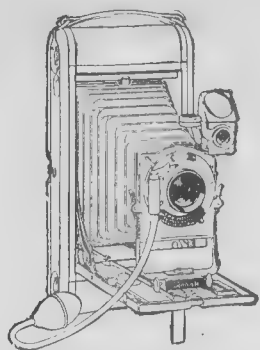
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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling

in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

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Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. C. Kinsman, Box 957, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

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We give all grades of Watches for selling our Fine Art Post Cards at 10¢ per pkg. Order 20 pkgs. today. When sold, send us the \$2.00 and we will send you an elegant 5 YEAR GUARANTEED WATCH, also a FINE SIGNET RING and a CHAIN, postpaid, as per our premium list. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. Write us today.

BEAUMONT MFG. CO., Dept. 63, CHICAGO

Correspondence.

Women Should Do No Chores.

Edmonton, Alta., August 7, 1910.

Sir.—As my brother is a subscriber to your valuable paper I am going to venture to write a few lines. I am an Englishman and came to this country five years ago. Two years ago my father and the rest of the family came out here and bought a farm in Sunny Alberta. We are very interested readers of your valuable paper, and for my part I like the competition best, though the correspondence column is also very interesting. My views on women doing chores are that they might look after the poultry if they cared for that sort of thing, but not do anything else outside. On this farm my brother and I do the milking, the ladies having not learned that noble art, and as long as I have anything to say in the matter, will not. Probably my ideas on the subject are not usual, but I think the women in this country have all they can do in the house without seeking work outside. Please send enclosed letter to "Sweet Genevieve," of the March number.

"Old Dewsburian."

Bluebell is all Right.

Glenboro, Man. July 19, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a reader of the W. H. M. for some time. I do not take it myself, but my uncle, with whom I

Rival," of the April issue, or any lonely one who cares to write. My address is with the editor. Wishing the W. H. M. every success.

"Bluebell."

Rollicking Bill is a Rancher.

Kalowna, B.C., Aug. 14, 1910.

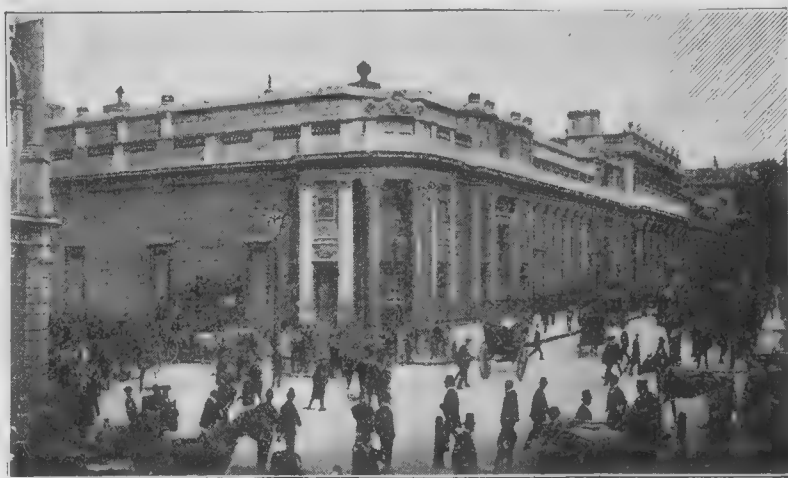
Sir.—I have seen one or two copies of your splendid paper through a friend and have enjoyed it awfully. I think the correspondence page a ripping idea, and should like to join your circle. It seems the rule to describe yourself, so here goes. Size, about 5ft. 10 in., and dark, neither handsome or ugly, 21 years of age; smoke cigarettes but don't drink. Mosquitoes sometimes make me swear. I am fond of music and sport and painting. Am an Englishman, but have been in B.C. 18 months forest ranching. I should like to correspond with any nice girl from 17 to 20. Should like to hear from "Snowdrop" and "All Smiles" if either of them care to write. I will close now, hoping you will publish this letter. Wishing your paper every success, I remain

"Rollicking Bill."

Another letter from the Doctor.

Meridian, Sask., August 9, 1910.

Dear Sir.—As months pass on we all of us grow a little wiser, and find out something new. As we look over the papers we find items which suit our



The Bank of England.

live, has been a subscriber for years. The lonely bachelors of this western country certainly have my sympathy. Life must become very monotonous to them at times. I think I could excuse some of them if they did use tobacco if they find any comfort in the use of the weed. But I can find no excuse for the man who takes strong drink for it unfits him for life's battle and destroys his manhood. There seems to be a great deal of discussion on women's right to a share of the chores on the farm. Well, I certainly would not think much of the man who would make a chore boy of his wife. If a woman does her work and keeps her home as it ought to be kept, she will have very little time for much work outside. Still, it does not hurt any woman to help milk, especially in the busy season, providing the stables are kept clean enough for a woman to visit. A woman does not think very much of her husband if she leaves all the milking and calf feeding for him to do after he has worked hard all day in the field. Such a wife cannot expect her husband to be a very cheerful companion for "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." I am a Canadian girl, with brown eyes, hair the same color, and healthy complexion. I am a little over 5 ft. in height and weigh 120 lbs. I came to Manitoba from Ontario about a year ago to visit relatives here and liked the country so well I decided to stop for another year. I love the farm life, and am fond of good reading, music and flowers, also horses. I expect I am going to be an old maid for I cannot live without a cat. I would like to hear from "Barkis," "Rambler" and "A

disposition and we find others that do not fall in our line. I think that we could improve our ideas and opinions by listening to those of others. But such is not always the case. In the April number of the W. H. M. my attention was drawn to the criticisms of my last letter. One spoke of it as nonsense and the other, of course, did not approve of my idea. With these two criticisms in view, I will, of course, speak in my own defence. Holding every respect for the views of these two farmers, I wish to criticise the picture which "Just a Bachelor" gives. He certainly seems to think that the farmer attains his wealth quickly. If he does, I can surely pity him, because there is an enormous distance between the farm and a place of retirement. I am a farmer's son, and I know for myself that a farm is no place for an ambitious young man. How many bright young fellows say, "There is no place for me but the farm!" What an idea! As to the many conveniences which a farmer can have, allow me to tell you, "Bachelor," that a very small percentage of the farmers are ever able to own such conveniences. As far as I can see, the general run of farmers are not trying to improve the soil. Eleven farmers out of a dozen never attain the position in which they can own an automobile and steam plow. If they do they become too ambitious and generally fail in business. Now, let me have a chat with "Farmer." He calls the farmers the backbone of all industry. I do not want to contradict him but that is hardly the truth. What good is a backbone without other portions of the body? What good is the

HIS FACE AND NECK WERE COVERED WITH PIMPLES

Pimples are caused by bad blood. There is only one way to get rid of them, outward applications are no good, and that is to get at the seat of the trouble, by using a good reliable blood medicine.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

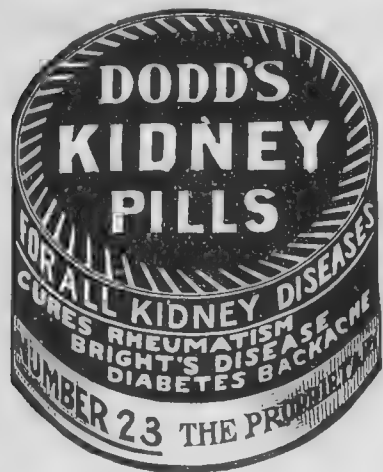
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This offer is made to any man or woman who wishes to regain their energy, strength and vitality.

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foundation of a house without the frameworks? I will confess that the farmer does play a great part in the industry of the country. Let us pay attention to the merchant, the train hands, the sailor, the soldier, the miner, and other people who follow other trades. What of them? Are they not worthy of note? Are they not working for the world as a whole? They are striving year after year to build up a mighty nation. Now, my friends, Mr. "Farmer" and "Just a Bachelor," do you not think that the aforementioned trades are as worthy as the farmer? I do not think that you have any reason to be proud of your occupation, Mr. "Farmer," but I would not dare to go so far as to call you a fool. Hoping that you, Mr. Editor can spare room for this letter, I remain
"The Doctor."

Jolly Boy Likes W.H.M.

Rocanville, Sask., Aug. 7, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a subscriber to your interesting journal for ever three years now, although I get it through a news-vendor, and so I thought I would write a letter for you to put in print. I wish to say since I have read your paper, I don't think I have read such an interesting book before, and, what's more, I send it to England every month and they really enjoy it. The correspondence columns are of great interest, in fact, the book should be \$1.00, not 75c. subscription, and I think others will agree with me there. I wish it the greatest of success, also the editor of it. I should be very pleased to hear

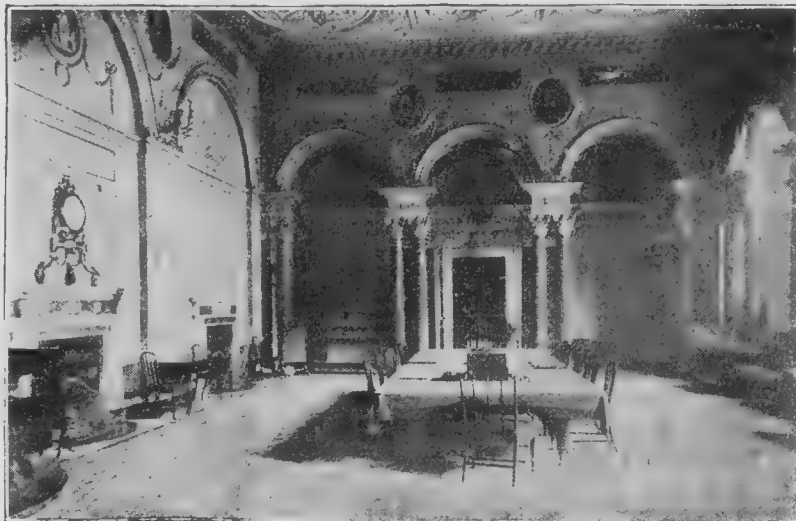
they are sometimes called. Of course, it may be rather lonely at times, but I think if a young fellow has pluck enough to strike out alone and settle down, he doesn't need very much pity. But I certainly do pity those shy little prairie maids. They don't have the chance to get round and see things like the bachelors, and I think it must be more lonely for them. Oh, well, cheer up girls, I am coming west again this fall. Ask the editor for my address and drop me a line, so I can come and see you when the harvest days are over.

"Globe Trotter."

Smiling Sunbeam Is a City Girl.

Calgary, Alta., May 9, 1910.

Sir.—Having been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for several years, and especially the correspondence columns, I have at last found courage to write a few lines, hoping to gain a few correspondents of the sterner sex. Needless to say, I enjoy your paper very much and look forward to it every month with great pleasure. I am a city girl so do not know much about farming, and I am afraid I could never endure life on a farm. I have travelled quite a bit, but am at present keeping house for my only brother, who is working here. I like it very much, only I do not know many people and it gets rather lonesome at times, so would like to correspond with any of the sterner sex who are not farmers. They must be tall, dark complexioned and rather well-built. I will give a short description of myself. I am 20 years of age.



Board Room at the Bank of England.

from any young lady who cares to write. They will find I will answer all letters promptly. I am an Englishman, age 24, 5 ft. 7 in., dark complexion, good habits, do not drink nor chew; I smoke a little. I also do not work, because I am a phenomenal baritone vocalist and comedian. I have toured England, America and Canada. I also play the piano, organ and banjo. I dance, and am very fond of writing. Now, girls, if you want any nice and sensible letters, write me. I have lots of time to spare. Don't be shy. I'm not. My address will be with the editor. Wishing his paper and himself the greatest success in the future, I will sign myself as
"Jolly Boy."

Globe Trotter Is Coming West.

Trenton, Ont., Aug. 5th, 1910.

Sir.—I find the Western Home Monthly very interesting, instructive and amusing, especially the correspondence columns. I have taken your valuable paper for some time. It does not reach us Ontario folks until nearly the end of the month sometimes, which seems like a long wait for so interesting a paper. I do not think I will take part in the discussions that so often take place. However, if I were thinking about a wife, I would want one to be a companion and not a slave. I am very fond of travelling and have seen several different parts of the continent. I visited the Western Provinces last fall and was delighted with the country. I read a lot of letters of sympathy and pity for those poor, lonely bachelors, as

German descent, fair complexion, 5 ft. 4 in., and weigh about 120 lbs. My address is with the editor if any wish to write. Hoping to see this letter in print, I will close, wishing the editor every success. I will sign myself
"Smiling Sunbeam."

Successful This Time.

Moose Jaw, July 14, 1910.

Sir.—One time last summer I tried to get a letter in your interesting columns but failed to see it in print. This time I expect to make a better success. All your correspondents seem to be happy except "The Doctor." I am going to take pity on him as nearly everybody is pulling his hair. Miss Isabel writes a nice letter but rather insulting to the chickens, not mentioning "Hazel Stubbs." I think if someone offered me chicken money for ice-cream and pea nuts I wouldn't lack ambition. Would it not be more wise to be on a level with the chickens than to be a star gazer with a millionaire feeling without chicken money? I've been standing on the bank long enough, so will jump right in the same puddle with the rest. I am a farmer, with dark complexion, dark brown hair (somewhat sunburnt around the edges), dark blue eyes, height 5 ft. 7 in., weigh 145 lbs., and 25 years old. Any girl not over 23 years old who wishes fun and pastime can have some of my wandering thoughts by answering this letter, and with the kindness of the editor. I will sign myself
"One of the Flock."

HAD TRIED MANY REMEDIES FOR CONSTIPATION

FOUND NONE TO EQUAL

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills

Constipation is one of the most prevalent troubles the human race is subject to, and is the greatest cause of many of our ailments. Keep the Bowels open and you will very seldom be sick.

Mrs. M. Bell, 467 Harris St., Vancouver, B.C., writes:—"I had tried many remedies for Constipation and never found any so satisfactory as your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills."

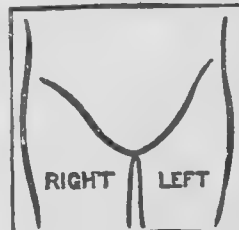
We always keep them in the house and would not be without them.

"I recommended them to a neighbor and she is highly enthusiastic about them, as her's is a very difficult case, and she expected no good results from them. You may imagine her surprise and gratification when she found that they completely cured her."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c per vial, or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, FREE. Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to

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a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

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Send 5c for CAMP AND TRAIL, a great 24 page weekly; or 10c for HUNTER-TRAPPER, a big 160 page magazine; both devoted to fishing, hunting, trapping, etc. With either one we'll give you absolutely free, a 64 page book, "Hints for Hunters and Trappers." Contains all the fur and game laws, many hunting and trapping secrets. Worth hundreds of dollars. A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Box 659, Columbus, Ohio

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Simpson-Eddystone
Solid Black Prints
have stood the test of three generations of women since 1842. These beautiful calico dress-goods are the best quality of cotton print-cloths, indelibly dyed with a rich, lustrous, absolutely fast black.

Show this advertisement to your dealer when you order, and don't accept substitutes. If not in your dealer's stock write us his name and address. We'll help him supply you.

The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Philadelphia
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AGENTS—\$33.30 A WEEK

Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." Hundreds of agents collecting money—\$5.00 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from finest steel. Nickel plated all over. Astonishing low price to agents—1,200 ordered by one man. Write once. Don't delay. Experience unnecessary. Sample free.

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Ten Years Younger in two minutes. For faded or grey hair, use **Hemple's Brillianina**. Highest awards Paris, Rome, Brussels, 1908. Neither a bleach nor like a dye. No washing. Dries immediately. Never unnatural tints. Defies the keenest eye. Send color required. Send pattern of hair. Large sample with brush, 90c. A six times larger case, \$2.85. Postfree of

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DRUGLESS HEALING
OR
SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS

I find so much Rheumatism and Chronic Constipation in this northern country. Constipation is a dangerous thing—will lead to Rheumatism. Appendicitis and all kinds of serious Chronic Troubles. This system of cure Constipation and Rheumatism of all kinds. I want every man and woman that is afflicted with these complaints or any other serious Chronic Trouble, to write me, stating your case, and I will prove to you the remarkable cures I have lately made. By arousing the "Latent Forces" in the body and working through God's natural laws disease and troubles get fast out of the body. I can heal you in your home. We give personal and absent treatment. This is the cheapest and quickest healing science the world knows. Plenty of references. **Prof. H. W. Banton**, Institution of Healing, office 232 13th Ave. East, Calgary, Alta. Tel. 197.

One Price and the same exceptional value for our customers all over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction—splendid value and perfect fitting garments, whatever style you choose. We make the cloth, we make the clothes. Suits to measure from \$8.45 to \$13.40. Cloth supplied from 75c. yard. Patterns and style book together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of Canada, mailed free. **C. E. Brierley & Co.**, 52 Station St., Huddersfield, Eng.

Reliable Hair Goods on Approval

Your choice of these hair goods specials sent on 10 days approval. Natural real hair wavy switch 20 in. \$1.50, 22 in. \$2.00, 24 in. \$3.00. Coronet brand 27 in. long \$3.00, lengths up to 36 in. in proportion. New fashion turban caps 35c. Extra large all over invisible hair net, 10c. Send lock of your hair. 5c for postage and if goods satisfactory remit within ten days.

PARISIAN HAIR CO., 84 Bay St. Toronto.

A Letter from Merrie England.
July 30, 1910.
Sir.—I have written to the correspondence page of your interesting paper the W. H. M. before but my letter did not appear in print.
I do hope I shall see this in the next issue. I am very interested in the W. H. M., especially the correspondence column and shall be pleased if any of your correspondents would write to me. I should be glad to hear from (Inky) in the May issue and also (Shoo Fly) in the April issue.
I suppose I must describe myself like the rest: I am 28 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches in height, domesticated, I am not dark and not very fair but the happy medium. I won't say much about looks, but I think I would pass. I intend emigrating to Canada before long and would like to make friends before doing so. I have a brother in Canada who sends us the W. H. M., and I look forward to its coming. I will leave my address as usual with the editor and all letters will be answered. I will sign myself "An English Lass."

Want to Correspond With Archibald.
Brandon, Man. June 8, 1910.
Sir.—We have been reading the W. H. M. for nearly a year and I think it is splendid, especially the correspondence column. We took special interest in (Archibald's) letter—easily perceived there is a sport behind the scene. We would very much appreciate an answer from him if he would condescend to write to two bachelor maids.
As to a description of our looks—they are divine, simply beyond description, so, of course, we will expect that to be sufficient. Then, as to sewing and cooking we are both excellent cooks and dressmakers. Now, the man that would not be satisfied with that must be looking for an angel direct from heaven. "Silly Millie and Crazy Daisy."

From a Woman's Point of View.
August 4, 1910.
Sir.—Will you give me a little space in the correspondence column to settle a vexing question?
I came to Canada to see how it would be here for single women. A man can come alone, and it is all right, why not a respectable single woman?
My idea was to teach music and assist if necessary for board, while I learned about the country and the ways. I am from the States, and I find while there is so little difference in our ways, we do not seem to understand each other; as no matter how hard I try to please, I find myself under suspicion as people wonder why a fairly educated person who understands music should be here alone. No matter how many times over they are told the truth, and even see letters and papers that should show for themselves. I never go out evenings, and only go where this business leads, and they know all about every move, yet they do not seem to be able to understand and I wonder why, and try to be patient. I do not think it is a good country for single women under such conditions. They seem to think it strange I did not come to get married, and, according to my belief, I cannot get married until I meet the right one, and as I am a middle-aged woman, widow, and "not handsome," the chance of meeting the right one is not very good. I do not throw away good time thinking about it; I want to settle the present conundrum before I worry about voting on the dower law. "Idea."

A Model of All the Virtues.
Sir.—I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for a long time, and especially enjoy the correspondence column. This is the first time I have had courage enough to write, so it won't be a long letter. I am like most of your male correspondents a bachelor. I am 21 years of age, 5 feet 10½ inches in height, blue eyes, and weigh about 150 pounds.
I think some of the girls write very sensible letters, and no man should expect his wife to do chores in the winter time, but agree that she would be a great help in the summer to tend the

chickens and milk a cow or two. I think smoking, chewing and drinking are three very bad habits and should have a stop put to them if possible. I think the Great West is a fine country, but there is one great drawback, the want of marriageable girls for the bachelors. I should very much like to correspond with some nice young girls about my own age. My address is with the editor. "A Farmer Boy."

Overcomes Her Bashfulness.
Tompkins, Sask, August 3, 1910.
Sir.—As father is a subscriber to your paper, I am a very interested reader and wish to join the happy club.
I have often thought of writing but bashfulness always seemed to get the better of me.
In reference to my description, I have brown hair, snapping brown eyes, which I am proud of, pink cheeks and pearly white teeth.
I came to the West from dear old Ontario when I was sweet sixteen, just two years ago, and I often feel rather lonely so would like to correspond with some of the Western boys, who will find my address with the editor.
Hoping this will help other bashful girls to come forward, and wishing the W.H.M. a prosperous future, I am—"Bashful Brown Eyes."

The Language of Stamps.
Vancouver, B.C., June 10, 1910.
Sir.—As I have been a reader of your paper for over two years, and have been a subscriber most of that time, you can see that my interest in your paper is still at high-water mark.
Almost two years ago I submitted to your paper the language of postage stamps, which was used to a great extent by the readers of your correspondence pages, and now, for the benefit of new readers of those columns I will again submit same.
Language of Postage Stamps:—
(1) Left corner at top, upside down, "I love you."
(2) Left corner at top, crossways, "I love another."
(3) Left corner at top, straight up and down "I wish to stop corresponding with you."
(4) Right corner at top, crossways, A kiss.
(5) Right corner at top, straight up and down, Business correspondence.
(6) Left corner at bottom, straight up and down, "Do you love me?"
(7) Left corner at bottom, upside down, "I am displeased."
(8) Left corner at bottom, crossways, "I wish to have your friendship."
(9) Left side in center, upside down, "I am already engaged."
(10) Left side in center, crossways, "Who cares?"
(11) Left side in center, straight up and down, "Accept me as a lover."
(12) Right corner at bottom, crossways, "No."
(13) Right corner at bottom, upside down, "Yes."

As it is the usual custom to describe the writer; in this case, he has seen 23 summers, is five feet 8 inches high, weighs 160 lbs and has dark hair, and anyone wishing to know more will find the address with the editor. I cannot claim to be a bachelor living on a ranch, as I happen to be living in a town, but was brought up on a farm and sympathize with the lonely boys and girls living on them. I am following electrical engineering, and, as far as I know, have not yet enrolled on the matrimonial list, but if any of the boys and girls who are readers of the W. H. M. want to know anything about this part of the West I will be pleased to furnish any information I am capable of giving. So, wishing the W. H. M. and the readers of same every success and hoping that some of the girls will brighten the hours of some of the lonely boys, I will ring off, and may now be known as "B. C. Engineer."

Is in Favor of Correspondence.
Rosebank, Man., August 4, 1910.
Sir.—I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly and would like to join your circle. I find it very amusing at times to read some of

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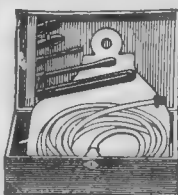
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the letters, although, some again create a sober feeling which causes a person to look at the serious side of life. For my own part I do not believe in correspondence marriages, but I do believe correspondence to be a good way of getting acquainted with distant people. Then, again, take the case of an invalid. If they care for it, letter writing is a good way to put in dull time. I like corresponding myself, hence I will make a request for somebody (or bodies) to correspond with. As I am somewhat bashful till I get acquainted with the fair sex I would ask anybody requiring my address to apply to editor. I see most of the correspondence hunters describe themselves so I will proceed to do the same. I am 5 feet 8 inches to 1, 145 lbs. in weight, have brown hair and eyes, age 22, am fond of dancing, outdoor sports and music. Am a teetotaler and non-smoker. I like the majority of the readers, am a farmer and would like to hear from anybody who is interested and will assure them I will be the same. In conclusion will say I have a broad sense of humor but am not giddy, and all letters will be politely answered. Thanking the editor for his trouble.

"Only a Boy."

This One is Not Quite Lonely.

Bowsman, Aug., 1910.

Sir.—I am not a subscriber to your popular western paper, but my chum is, and I have been a much interested reader of it for some time especially the correspondence section. Not merely because it is the medium through which distant hearts are often brought together, but because it is entertaining, educational, and highly instructive. It also gives us young settlers a nobler view of life, and brings us in contact with the better sex, who will encourage us by their willingness to leave their homes of ease and give a helping hand to the building up of this new country. I might say that I am one of those so-called lonely bachelors living on a homestead in the Northwest and existing on the ordinary hard tack and bachelor coffee. I, like my fellows, find this a hard and weary life compared to the pleasant days spent in the old home. Yet, by looking hopefully forward to future happiness and making the best of the present we often spend a much pleasanter time than is sometimes supposed. Now, as I do not want to take up too much of this valuable space, I shall not bore you with a description of myself, save that I have dark hair and sparkling eyes, which have yet to see their twenty-second summer and would sooner see our shack filled with the glow of some kind-hearted maiden than with clouds of tobacco smoke. I do not write with the intention of finding a life-partner immediately, but would write to any who wish to correspond or exchange postcards. Hoping, Mr. Editor, that you may see fit to publish this letter in your crowded columns and that you will kindly forward enclosed to "A Canadian Girl" I sign myself

"Bob-o'-Link."

Red Wing Means Business.

Manitoba, Aug. 2, 1910.

Sir.—I am a subscriber to your magazine, and have found the correspondence pages very interesting. Great credit is due the W. H. M. for adapting this excellent method of bringing the young people of this great western country in touch with one another, and also with the young people of our eastern provinces. I see that most of the correspondents give descriptions of themselves, so I will fall into line, although not in detail. I am a young school-teacher, having taught so far, only six months. I like teaching very well. I am only eighteen years of age, and have attended the ladies' college for six months. I am in hearty sympathy with farm life and especially this western country farm life. I once lived on a farm myself, and think it far from degrading, although I prefer living in the town. I can do almost all kinds of housework, though I must confess I cannot do some things as milk-

ing, making butter, etc. I think it must be lonely for some of the bachelors, and I also think that by having some correspondents, they would be cheered up now and again. I do not think a woman should be a drudge, yet I think she should help her husband, whenever possible, so long as she is not over-worked. I was quite amused in reading some of the letters from the young men, in which they ask the ladies to write first. I think this is what the men should do. I am a blonde. Have a very fair complexion, blue eyes, and fair hair. I think I have always been considered fairly good-looking. I play the piano a great deal, and am very fond of all sports, especially riding and skating. Well, Mr. Editor, I think I have imposed on you. I will be very pleased if you will be so kind as to publish this letter in the August number. Any one wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the Editor. I will notify him when my address is changed. I would be pleased if "Drug-gist" or "Nifty Kid," both of the June number, would write, or "Doctor" of Meridan, Sask. I will gladly answer promptly all letters received. Wishing the W. H. M. success, I will sign myself,

"Red Wing."

A Jolly English Girl.

Strathmore, Alta, July 29, 1910.

Sir.—As I was reading your W. H. M. I thought that I would pluck up enough courage to write to your correspondence columns. I am an English girl, eighteen years of age, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and am not bad-looking, and also am five foot five inches. I have been in Canada for just over three months and can cook and do housework very well. My favourite pastimes are playing the piano, singing, and riding. I would like to correspond with "Hooligan," and would be pleased to answer any letters.

"A Jolly Girl."

A Studious Individual.

Findlater, Sask., July 28, 1910.

Sir.—I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, the W. H. M., and have been deeply interested in its topics. "The Young Man and his Problem" is a splendid article, while the correspondence page also comes with prominence since it gives the young people a chance to air their views on various subjects. I agree with "Sylvia" that tobacco and liquor are not necessities and no young fellow should allow himself to become a victim to them. It may be possible that she find her ideal man, and I for one hopes she does. Enough philosophy; now to describe myself. I am tall and fair, a lover of athletics and all outdoor sport, in age between twenty and twenty-five. Trusting that some of the "members" of this page will see fit to agree with me. I leave my address with the Editor and retire a—"Pedagogue."

Three Jolly Canadian Girls.

Elkton, Alta., Aug 1, 1910

Sir.—As we have been interested readers of the W. H. M. correspondent columns for some time we thought we would take the liberty of using some of your valuable space. We are three jolly Canadian girls wishing to correspond with some of those lonely western bachelors. Now, boys and girls, we will give our descriptions. Red and White, the twins, age 17, Red is 5 ft 6 in. tall and a slender brunette. White is taller and a pretty blonde. Blue—5 ft. 6 in, fair complexion, blue eyes, curly brown hair, weight 130 lb., age, 29. We are all fond of music, and can play and sing. We are very fond of sports, such as skating, riding, etc. Can cook and keep a tidy home if need be. Now, boys, about that "chore" question, we do not think it any woman's place to do chores unless it is impossible to get a man to do them. The woman's place is to keep a tidy home for her "good man." As to smoking we have no objections if they do not smoke all the time. We do not think chewing a good thing. Drinking is a thing no man should do if there is any danger of its being stronger than

good tea. Wishing your paper every success. "Red, White, and Blue."

A Letter from Arkansas.

Harrison, Ark., July 30th, 1910.

Sir.—To-night I will write to you to tell you about our town. Harrison is not a very large place but it has many beautiful dwellings. You can look on each side of the town and see some beautiful scenery. The population is 3,000. We have a splendid high school, six churches, three roller mills and two lumber yards. Harrison is the greatest centre of the zinc fields of the world. The property surroundings have attracted capitalists from all parts of the U.S.A. Harrison is situated among the Ozark Hills and along the famous Crooked Creek Valley. The finest agricultural land of the state is found in and around Boone County. This town is an attractive place for pleasure and investment. We have the sparkling crystal, pure spring water, and as pure as is found in the world. It is gurgling forth from the beautiful mountains right here in our city in great abundance. We have good roads for driving and many more points of attraction for the visitor. We have no mosquitoes nor malaria. The promoters say a new railroad will soon be completed in Harrison, as I have related to you all about our county and town I could think of, I will close, "Beer Bottle."

Prefers An Irish Girl.

Fairfax, Manitoba, Aug. 25th, 1910.

Sir.—My occupation is such that I am unable to leave my work either day or night to seek a wife, and so I am taking



Clearing the smash up on C. N. R.

advantage of the columns of the W. H. M. I am a descendant of Erin-go-bragh and, of course, I have a little preference for a lass from the land of praties and buttermilk, but that need not deter others from writing, as I am not bound to have one of any nationality. I want one young and healthy. She must be good looking and good natured under any circumstances, and a good cook. I am fond of good victuals and whoever gets me gets a snap. I am modest describing my appearance, and will not say I am good looking, but I am about 5 ft. 7 in., with blue eyes and a pleasant smile. I am fond of a smoke and am not strictly teetotal, but I only indulge at wakes and weddings. Now, girls, write soon as I hate suspense and want to know my fate. Yours, "Och Shure."

Kind Words for the W. H. M.

Markinch, Sask., Aug. 9th, 1910.

Sir.—As I am a new subscriber, but an old reader, I always look for the coming of the W. H. M. with all its fine instructive reading on such a wide range of topics. Some of its best pages, I think, for the young men are, "The Young Man and His Problem," "What the World is Saying," "The Philosopher

and Sunday Reading," and last, but not least, the correspondence columns. No doubt, the ladies' favorite columns are Woman's Realm, etc., and, of course, anything pertaining to the latest fashions. I think some of the letters that are written are good and sensible ones, others just a heap of foolishness and nonsense. As for a woman doing outside work, I think a woman has enough to do to look after the house if she looks after it right. If they look after outside work they will neglect their house. Why can't a man look after the pigs and hens and other things when he is married as he did before he was married? I think it is a disgrace to see a woman carrying food for pigs and hens and milk for the calves the way some women do. For the guidance of such girls as might desire me to write to them, I will give a description of myself. I am 24 years of age, have fair hair, blue eyes, and am 5 ft. 2½ in. tall. I have a farm of 320 acres, with horses and implements to work same, and live only three miles from town. I would like to correspond with some nice lady for fun and pastime. You will find my address with the editor. "Major."

Canadian Girl Is Critical.

Scobie, Ont., August 15, 1910.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for the past two years. I have written twice before but have not seen either letters in the paper. I think some of the letters are very amusing and others are extremely foolish. I do not believe in getting married through correspondence. To be a woman in the finest and highest sense of the word is to be the best thing beneath

the skies. To be a woman is something more than to live 18 or 20 years; something more than to grow to the physical stature of women; something more than to wear flounces, exhibit dry goods, sport jewelry, catch the gaze of men; something more than to be a belle. Put all these qualifications together and they do little towards making a true woman. Beauty and style are not the surest passports to womanhood. Some of the noblest specimens of womanhood that the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul, and the purity of her character, and a woman with a kindly disposition and well balanced temper is both lovely and attractive be her face ever so plain and her figure ever so homely. She makes the best of wives and truest of mothers. If the boys are savages we want the girls to tame them, but only a true and noble woman can. Imagine some of the old bachelors out in the West sewing on their buttons, washing dishes and getting meals. I am 5ft. 6in. tall, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and weigh 130 lbs. I am a farmer's daughter and a good cook. I would not mind doing a few chores outside in a very busy time, but I think that if a woman keeps the house clean and tidy and cooks good meals that she does her share. I am very fond of music and play the piano and sing a little, and am of happy disposition. I would not mind corresponding with "Rambler" and "Weary Willie," and also "Sociable" in the April number, if they would write first. I apologize for the length of this letter and hope to see it in the paper. I will sign myself "A Canadian Girl."

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If you buy Celery Farms property—ten acres—you get your railroad fare both ways. We have 80,000 acres in the finest section in Florida, a place where one crop of potatoes in 90 days will pay for the land and put money in the bank. Rail and river transportation, the best market, the earliest market, where the owners of the Colony help every man to success. We want 1,000 families in the next sixty days and make concessions that will bring them. Don't wait to write tomorrow—DO IT NOW!

FLORIDA HOMELAND COMPANY
506 Atlantic National Bank Bldg. Jacksonville, Fla.

In Lighter Vein.

Business is Business.

Mrs. Miller had received a small check from her father, and went down to the bank to cash it without consulting her husband. The bank teller was very polite, but was obliged to insist that for business purposes Mrs. Miller was a perfect stranger to him. When Mr. Miller retired at night his wife poured out to him her grievances, which had accumulated and gathered momentum during the day.

"Well, I will go to-morrow and cash the check for you."

"But that doesn't make up for all the time I lost. I couldn't do all my shopping while I was down town because I didn't have quite money enough. That teller ought to be discharged. The idea of having such a stupid man handling all that money!"

"But, my dear," said Mr. Miller in apologetic sympathy for the teller, "it is one of the rules of the bank not to pay money to strangers. You have to be identified first."

"Identified! Identified! Couldn't the man read? There was my name right on the back of the check. How stupid you men are! And that wasn't all—"

"But, Annie," broke in Mr. Miller, "how could the teller be sure it was your name just because you wrote it?"

"Well, maybe he couldn't. But I'd just stopped in at the photographer's and got those pictures of me that you

"Why, Pat, what is the matter?" Pat answered:

"Shure and I wint upstairs, and whin I wint inter the room I seed a swell young dandy wid a whit carnationary-mum in his buttonhole and kid gloves on his hands, an' I sez to 'm, 'Who's you?' 'Shure,' he sez, 'an' I'm the best man'; and, begorra, he is."

He Would Lose, Anyway.

There is a young physician, who has never been able to smoke a cigar. "Just one poisons me," says the youthful doctor.

Recently the doctor was invited to a large dinner party. When the women had left the table cigars were accepted by all the men except the physician. Seeing his friend refuse the cigar, the host in astonishment exclaimed:

"What, not smoking? Why, my dear fellow, you lose half your dinner!"

"Yes, I know I do," meekly replied the doctor, "but if I smoked one I should lose the whole of it!"

She Told Him So.

A physician took it into his head to go hunting, says the Boston Herald, and started out bright and early on a beautiful October morning, fully armed for game.



Lover's Resort, Point du Bois.

said looked exactly like me; and I showed the man all six of them. I explained that if I'd had only one I might have stolen it; but the six altogether proved that I must be the one that signed my name on the check. The stupid way the man looked at me was simply ridiculous!"—Youth's Companion.

Absent Minded.

The absent-minded professor returned home one evening, and, after ringing his front door bell for some time to no effect, heard the maid's voice from the second storey window: "The professor is not in."

"All right," quietly answered the professor. "I'll call again." And he hobbled down the stone steps.

Pat's Best Man.

Pat was invited to a wedding. He arrived at the house faultlessly attired in full evening dress, a huge white chrysanthemum adorning his buttonhole. He was shown upstairs to the gentlemen's dressing room.

The guests assembled below were suddenly startled by hearing a great commotion above. Rushing into the hall to ascertain the cause they were somewhat startled to behold Pat come tumbling head first down the stairs, completely disheveled.

Upon the amazed host exclaiming:

About four o'clock in the afternoon he returned, tired out and empty handed, telling his wife he hadn't killed a thing, whereupon she remarked triumphantly:

"I told you so," adding, in the next breath: "If you had stayed at home and attended to your legitimate business you might have been more successful."

Maxims.

"There's no time like the present" is Wisdom well known to king and peasant,

But maxim truer still is this:
"There's no time but the present!"

Not to be Left Out.

Member of the Board—You, sir, are the biggest idiot I have ever met!

Chairman—Order! You seem to forget that I am in the room.

In Staid Philadelphia.

Irene—A girl shouldn't marry a man till she knows all about him. Evelyn—Good gracious! If she knew all about him she wouldn't marry him.

Sweet To Be, Etc.

"Did your uncle remember you in his will?"

"Yes; he directed his executors to collect all the loans he had made me."

HAS USED DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

For Over Seventeen Years

FOR DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY,
SUMMER COMPLAINT, ETC.

Mrs. Holliday, Box No. 86, Wroxeter, Ont., writes:—"I must say that we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for over seventeen years, and have found nothing to equal it for all Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc. Our house is never without a bottle of the Extract and I can recommend it to be kept in every home, especially where there are children."

You run absolutely no risk when you buy Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as it has been a standard remedy on the market for over sixty-five years.

A few doses have often cured when doctors' prescriptions and other remedies have failed. Its effects are marvellous. It acts like a charm. Relief is almost instantaneous.

We wish to warn the public against being imposed on by unscrupulous dealers who substitute the so-called Strawberry Compounds for "Dr. Fowler's."

Ask for "Dr. Fowler's," and insist on getting it, as the cheap imitations may be dangerous to life.

The original is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35c.

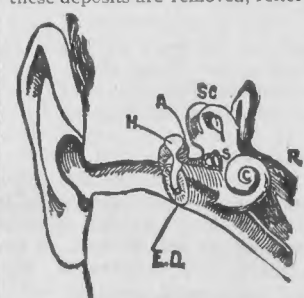
DEAFNESS

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED

By the Simplest Method
Yet Discovered.

Ninety-five per cent. of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed, relief is impossible.

The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying hence the inability of specialists to always effect a cure. Neither can eardrums cure deafness. But there is a scientific treatment for deafness and catarrh which is demonstrated every day by the use of Actina. The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear making them respond to the vibration of sound. Actina has also been very successful in relieving ringing noises in the head. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be entirely relieved by a few weeks' use. Actina has also been very successful in the treatment of hay fever, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds, headaches and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina will be sent on trial post-paid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be free as well as a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Diseases. Address, ACTINA APPLIANCE CO., Dept. 84D, Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.



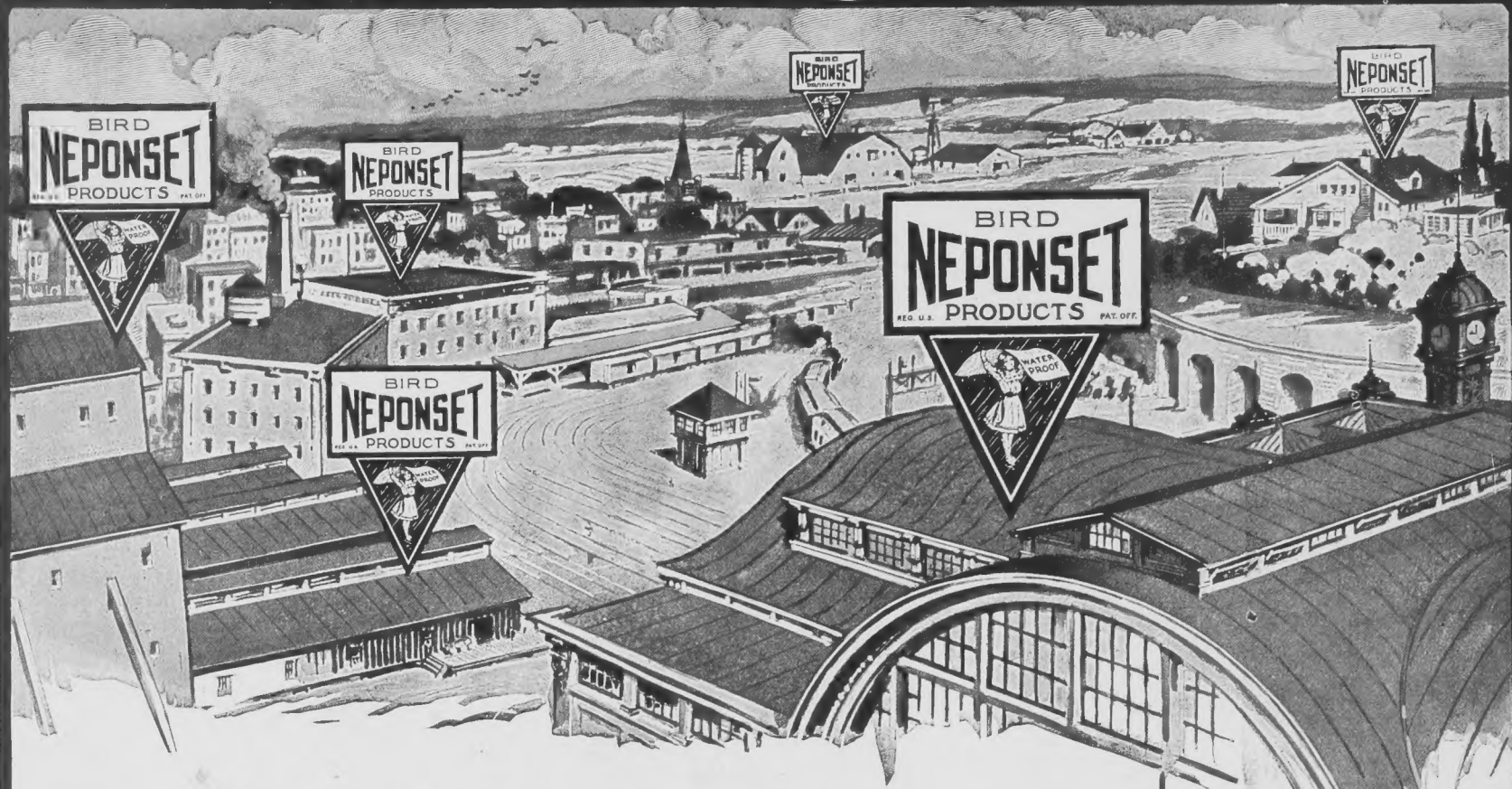
E.D. The Drum; H. Hammer; A. Anvil; S. Stirrup; S.C. Semi-circular Canals; C. Cochlea.

The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear making them respond to the vibration of sound. Actina has also been very successful in relieving ringing noises in the head. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be entirely relieved by a few weeks' use. Actina has also been very successful in the treatment of hay fever, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds, headaches and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina will be sent on trial post-paid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be free as well as a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Diseases. Address, ACTINA APPLIANCE CO., Dept. 84D, Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Are You Going to Build?



Read Why the Record of Neponset Roofings and Waterproof Building Papers is of Direct Interest to You

During the last twenty years the great Railway systems of this continent have bought over 75 million square feet of Neponset Roofings in addition to other Bird Neponset Products.

In the same period in Canada and the United States the Departments of the Government, Manufacturers, Farmers and Poultrymen have used many million square feet of Bird Neponset Products.

For a quarter of a century, leading architects and engineers have specified Neponset Waterproof Building Paper. It is the recognized standard for high-grade work. Over 75% of the refrigerator cars built in this country are insulated with Neponset Insulating Paper.

Two Hundred Million (200,000,000) Square Feet of Bird Neponset Products Sold in 1909

Bird Neponset Products will do for you what they have done so long for thousands of others.

Whatever class of buildings you are interested in, whether it be dwelling, factory, train-shed, grain elevator, barn or poultry shed, there is a Bird Neponset Product you should know about. There are special Neponset Roofings for different types of buildings and special Neponset Waterproof Building Papers for every building purpose.

Bird Neponset Products are manufactured by a firm that has been in one line of business for one hundred and fifteen years. Starting with one small mill in 1795, we now operate three large plants in the United States; two in Canada; sales offices and warehouses in both countries and agencies in all parts of the world.

We are the originators of the Ready Roofing idea and are the only manufacturers who make the entire product from the felt to the fixtures.

Bird Neponset Products are made from the highest grade materials by experts long trained to their task and tested and retested at every stage in the manufacturing process. That is why they yield most service and wear the longest.

Our claims for Bird Neponset Products rest on proof.

In every part of the country we can point to buildings which demonstrate all we claim. Test this for yourself by being shown in your vicinity a Neponset Roofing of the character you require. See for yourself exactly what you may expect of a Bird Neponset Product. Talk with the owner of the building, learn what he has found by actual experience.

Bird NEPONSET Products

Roofings and Waterproof Building Papers

NEPONSET Proslate Roofing: For roofs and sides of residences, club-houses, and all other buildings requiring artistic roofing and siding. Rich brown in color. Looks like shingles, wears like slate. Suggestions furnished for making buildings more attractive with Proslate.

NEPONSET Paroid Roofing: For roofs and sides of farm, industrial and railroad buildings. Slate in color. Has proved its worth by years of use, in all climates. Endorsed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters for its fire-resisting qualities.

For poultry buildings, brooder houses, sheds and temporary buildings, **Neponset Red Rope Roofing** is unequalled. It has been the standard low-cost roofing for 25 years, lasts three times as long as tarred felts.

NEPONSET Waterproof Building Paper: For use in residences under clapboards and shingles, in the walls, or under slate, metal, tile and similar roofs. Saves one-third the fuel bills every winter and prevents damp walls and draughts.

NEPONSET Florian Sound-Deadening Felt: For use in residences, under floors, between partitions and under metal roofs. Based on the dead-air-cell principle, it is the most effective muffler of sound and entirely sanitary. It is vermin proof.

NEPONSET Waterdyke Felt: For waterproofing foundations, bridges, tunnels, etc. Specified by all the foremost architects and engineers.

ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS AND OWNERS are invited to consult with our Engineering Department upon any waterproofing problem they may have to solve. Write us and we will send one of our experts to the office.

OUR BUILDING COUNSEL DEPARTMENT is placed at the disposal of anyone that is building or repairing. Give us full particulars and we will gladly give you expert advice on any roofing or waterproofing question.

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COOKS SING ITS WORTH”**

PURITY FLOUR

THE
“MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD”
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